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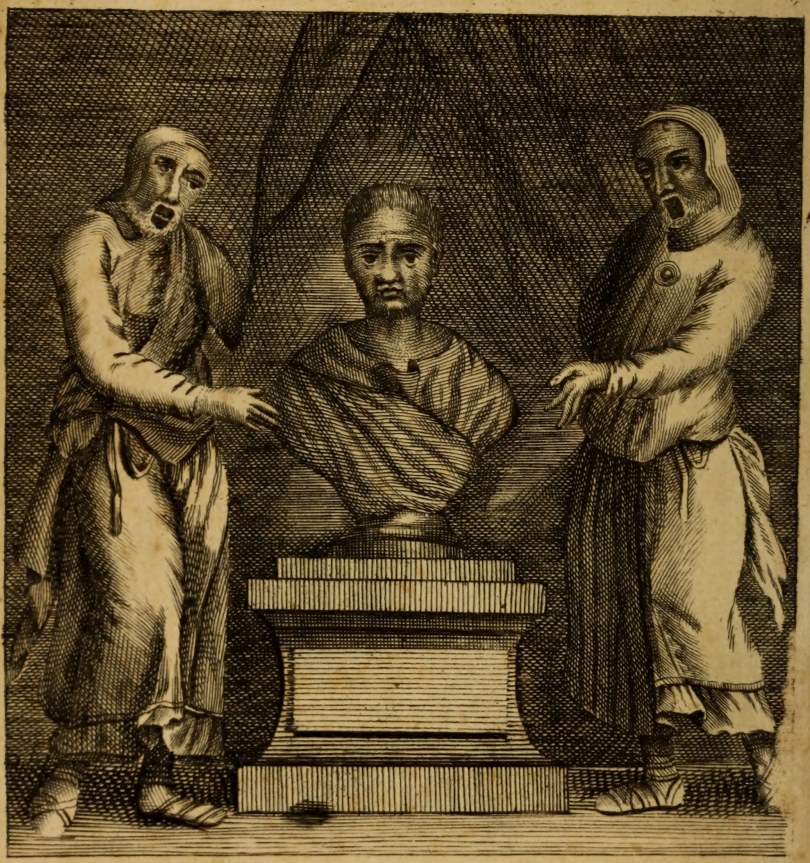

Terentius Afer, Publius

"

THE

COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE.

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

HORACE.

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PREFACE.

An attempt to give a new tranſlation of the Comedies of Terence will, I believe, ſcarce be thought to demand an apology. Bernard and Hoole were obſolete even in the days of Echard; Echard and his co-adjutors, it is univerſally agreed, preſented as imperfect an image of Terence, as Hobbs of Homer, or Ogilby of Virgil; and thoſe, who have ſince employed themſelves on this author, ſeem to have confined their labours to the humble endeavour of aſſiſting learners of Latin in the conſtruction of the original text. It is not, however, the intention of this Preface to recommend the preſent tranſlation, ſuch as it is, by depreciating the value of thoſe that have gone before it; and I will fairly confeſs, that of ſuch of them, as I thought it expedient to conſult, I have made all the uſe that the different genius of our undertakings would admit.

When the beauties of Sophocles lay buried in Adams's proſe, it was no wonder that a Greek Profeſſor, with a laudable jealouſy for the reputation of one of the firſt writers in that language, ſhould ſtep forth, and endeavour to recommend him to the notice of the Engliſh Reader by exhibiting him in a poetical dreſs. Blank Verſe is now conſidered as the life and ſoul of Tragedy; though perhaps too much attention to the language, in preference to the fable and the manners, has been one of the chief cauſes of the failure of our modern Tragedies. From almoſt all

other compoſitions that meaſure is now excluded; and ſince the days of Milton, it has been thought to reliſh ſo much of the ſublime, that it has ſcarce ever been ſuffered to tread the ſtage, as an attendant on the Comick Muſe. Wherefore, notwithſtanding the praiſes juſtly due to the Tranſlator of Sophocles, it may be thought ſtrange to make the ſame experiment on Terence; to raiſe the voice of Comedy againſt her will, and to force the author to wear the ſock inſtead of the buſkin.

To theſe, and the like objections, the reader might expect an anſwer in the following tranſlation; but there I will not promiſe that he ſhall find it. A man of very moderate talents may form a plan above his ability to execute; and his failure may ſerve the cauſe of letters though not very honourable to himſelf. It may not be amiſs, therefore, to conſider the nature of the undertaking, and to examine the propriety of an attempt to tranſlate the plays of a Roman Comick Poet into Engliſh Blank Verſe.

It is well known that Comedy, as well as Tragedy, owed its origin to a kind of rude ſong;* Tragedy to the Dithyrambick, and Comedy to the Phallica: and as each of them began to form themſelves into Dramatick Imitations, each ſtudied to adopt a meaſure ſuited to their purpoſe. Tragedy, the more lofty, choſe the Tetrameter; and Comedy, who aimed at familiarity, the Iambick. But as the ſtile of Tragedy improved, nature herſelf, ſays Ariſtotle, directed the writers to abandon the capering Tetrameter, and to embrace that meaſure that was moſt accommodated to the purpoſes of dialogue; whence the Iambick became the common meaſure of Tragedy and Comedy.

† *Hunc* Socci *cepere pedem, grandeſque* Cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, et populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

——Iam-

* Ariſtot. Περι ποιητ. κεφ. 5.
† Hor. de Arte Poetica.

——Iambicks—ſuited to the ſtage,
In comick humour, or in tragick rage,
With ſweet variety were found to pleaſe,
And taught the dialogue to flow with eaſe;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit. FRANCIS.

Some of the Tragedies of Sophocles, and more of Euripides have eſcaped the wreck of Grecian Literature: but none of the Greek legitimate Comedies, except thoſe of Ariſtophanes be ſuch, have come entire down to our times. Yet even from thoſe, as well as from the fragments of Menander, Philemon, &c. it is evident that meaſure was ſuppoſed to be as neceſſary to Comedy as Tragedy.

* In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the uſage of Greece was religiouſly obſerved at Rome. Plautus, in his richeſt vein of humour, is numerous and poetical: and the Comedies of Terence, though we cannot agree to read them after Biſhop Hare, were evidently not written without regard to meaſure. The Comick Poets indeed indulged themſelves in many licences; but the particular character of the meaſure uſed by thoſe authors, as may be gathered from Horace, was its familiarity, and near approach to common converſation.

† Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne poema
Eſſet, quæſivere, quod acer ſpiritus & vis
Nec verbis, nec rebus ineſt: *niſi quod pede certo*
Differt ſermoni, ſermo merus.

* Some paſſages in this preface are taken from a ſmall tract, publiſhed ſome time ago, entitled critical reflections on the old Engliſh dramatick writers, which has ſince been prefixed by the Bookſeller to Coxeter's edition of Maſſinger. In that little tract I firſt mentioned the idea of this tranſlation; and as the nature of the ſubject then led me to ſay ſomething concerning the uſe of meaſure in comedy, I thought it better to introduce thoſe paſſages into this preface, than to repeat the very ſame thing in other words.

† Hor. Sat. iv. lib. 1.

Some doubt, if Comedy be juſtly thought
A real poem, ſince it may be wrought
In ſtile and ſubject, without fire or force;
And, bate the numbers, is but mere diſcourſe.

FRANCIS.

Among the antients then it is evident that meaſure was always conſidered as eſſential to Comedy, nor has it always been thought improper even among the Moderns. Our neighbours, the French, ſeem to have imagined mere proſe, which, with Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meaneſt of us have talked from our cradle, to be too little elevated for the language of the theatre. Even to this day, they write moſt of their plays, comedies as well as tragedies, in verſe; and the excellent *Avare* of Moliere had nearly failed of the applauſe it deſerved by being written in proſe. In our own nation, Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Maſſinger, Shirley, and all our old writers uſed blank verſe in their comedy: of which practice it is too little to ſay, that it needs no apology. It deſerves the higheſt commendation, ſince it hath been the means of introducing the moſt capital beauties into their compoſitions, while the ſame ſpecies of excellence could not poſſibly enter into the comedies of a later period, when the Muſe had conſtrained herſelf to walk the ſtage in humble proſe.

I would not however be underſtood, by what I have here ſaid of meaſure in Comedy, to object to the uſe of proſe, or to inſinuate that our modern pieces, taken all together, are the worſe for being written in that ſtile. That indeed is a queſtion that I am not called upon to enter into at preſent; and it is enough for me to have ſhewn that Poetical dialogue was in uſe among our old writers, and was the conſtant practice of the Antients. Menander and Apollodorus wrote in meaſure; Terence, who copied from their pieces, wrote in meaſure; and conſequently they, who attempt

tempt to render his plays into a modern language, ſhould follow the ſame method. If Terence, in the opinion of Quintilian, failed of transfuſing all the elegancies of Menander into his ſtile, by neglecting to adhere to Trimeters, how can the tranſlator of Terence hope to catch the ſmalleſt part of his beauties by totally abandoning the road of poetry, and deviating entirely into proſe? If it is too true of tranſlations in general, according to the ſevere and witty cenſure of Don Quixote in his viſit to the printing-houſe at Barcelona, that they are like the wrong ſide of Flemiſh Tapeſtry, in which, though we diſtinguiſh the figures, they are confuſed and obſcured by ends and threads; they who render verſe by proſe, may be ſaid purpoſely to turn the pieces of their original the ſeamy ſide without; and to avoid copying the plain face of nature, in order to make their drawings by the Camera Obſcura, which makes the figures appear topſy-turvy.

But this matter is not merely ſpeculative. The theory has long ago been confirmed by practice, and the firſt tranſlators of the antient comic writers naturally gave poetical verſions of their plays. We are told by Mons. de Voltaire in the ſupplement to his general Hiſtory, * that early in the 16th century the beſt pieces of Plautus were tranſlated into Italian at Venice; "and they tranſlated them," continues he, "into verſe, as they ought to be tranſlated, "ſince it was in verſe that they were written by Plautus." In the ſame century, in the reign of Charles IX, Baif, an old French Poet, tranſlated the Eunuch of Terence into French verſe, and Madam Dacier herſelf acknowledges it to have been an excellent tranſlation. Menage alſo mentions another old tranſlation of all the works of Terence, partly verſe, partly proſe; and I believe there is more than one

* Pag. 183.

one tranſlation of all his plays into Italian verſe. Great part of the Andrian, and the Brothers have been tranſlated pretty cloſely into French verſe by Baron, as well as of the Eunuch by Fontaine: and it is no wonder than Madam Dacier, who tranſlated Homer into proſe, ſhould do the ſame thing by Terence. The French Heroick, if we may ſcan it by our Engliſh ears,

Legitimumque ſonum digito callemus et aure,

is, like the Greek Tetrameter, a kind of dancing meaſure, ill ſuited to the purpoſes of dialogue, noble or familiar; and ſo very inconvenient in poems of length, that the want of a proper meaſure in that language has occaſioned that ſtrange ſoleciſm in letters, an Epick poem in proſe: and yet, notwithſtanding theſe difficulties, whoever will compare Baron, Fontaine, and ſome few paſſages of Terence tranſlated by Moliere, with any proſe tranſlation, will be immediately convinced of their great ſuperiority. The Engliſh blank verſe is happily conceived in the true ſpirit of that elegant and magnificent ſimplicity, which characteriſes the Grecian Iambick: and it is remarked by the Rev. Mr T. Warton, the learned and ingenious Poetry-Profeſſor of the Univerſity of Oxford, that "an Alexandrine, entirely conſiſting of Iambick feet, anſwers preciſely to a pure Tetrametical Iambick verſe of the Antients."* The mere modern critic, whoſe idea of blank verſe is perhaps attached to that empty ſwell of phraſeology, ſo frequent in our late tragedies, may conſider theſe notions as void of foundation; and will not readily allow that the ſame meaſure can be as well adapted to the expreſſion of comic humour, as to the pathos of Tragedy: but it

* Obſervations on the Fairy Queen, ſecond Edit. p. 155.

it is obſerved by Gravina, that as an Hexameter ſounds very differently in Homer and in Theocritus, ſo doth an Iambick in Tragedy and Comedy†. Nobody will pretend that there is the leaſt ſimilarity between the ſtile of Horace and Virgil; and yet they both uſe the ſame meaſure. But not to dwell on argument, and rather to produce irrefragable proofs of the fact, let me recur to the works of our old writers. Shakeſpeare, Jonſon and Fletcher &c. ſhall be my vouchers. Let the critic carefully read over the works of thoſe authors. There he will ſeldom or ever find that tumour of blank verſe, to which he has been ſo much accuſtomed on the modern ſtage. He will be ſurpriſed with a familiar dignity, which, though it riſes ſomewhat above ordinary converſation, it is rather an improvement than perverſion of it. He will ſoon be convinced, that blank verſe is by no means appropriated ſolely to the Buſkin, but that the hand of a maſter may mould it to whatever purpoſes he pleaſes; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit humour, but even heighten and embelliſh it. "The Britons," ſays Mr Seward in his preface to the laſt edition of Beaumont and Fletcher,* "not only retained metre in their "Comedies, but alſo all the *acer ſpiritus*, all the ſtrength "and nerves of poetry, which was in a good meaſure ow-"ing to the happineſs of our blank verſe, which, at the "ſame time that it is capable of the higheſt ſublimity, the "moſt extenſive and nobleſt harmony of the Tragick and "Epick; yet, when uſed familiarly, is ſo near the *ſermo* "*pedeſtris*, ſo eaſy and natural, as to be well adapted even "to the drolleſt comick dialogue.—‡ Every one muſt "know that the genteel parts of Comedy, deſcriptions of "polite life, moral ſentences, paternal fondneſs, filial du-"ty, generous friendſhip, and particularly the delicacy and "tender-

† Della Tragedia, Napoli, 1731. p. 61.
* Pag. 38. ‡ Pag. 39.

" tenderneſs of lovers' ſentiments are equally proper to " poetry in Comedy as in Tragedy——* Such poetic " excellence, therefore will the reader find in the genteel " part of our Author's Comedies; and there is a poetic ſtile " often equally proper and excellent even in the loweſt " drollery of Comedy."

Inſtances of the truth and juſtice of theſe obſervations might be produced without number from the authors above mentioned; and perhaps the unnatural ſtiffneſs of the modern tragic ſtile is in great meaſure owing to the almoſt total excluſion of blank verſe from modern compoſitions, tragedy excepted. The common uſe of an elevated diction in comedy, where the writer was often, of neceſſity, put upon expreſſing the moſt ordinary matters, and where the ſubject demanded him to paint the moſt familiar and ridiculous emotions of the mind, was perhaps one of the chief cauſes of that *eaſy vigour* ſo conſpicuous in the ſtile of our old tragedies. Habituated to poetical dialogue in thoſe compoſitions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more ſtrictly to the ſimplicity of the language of nature, the poets learned, in thoſe of a more exalted ſpecies, not to depart from it too wantonly, nor entirely to abandon that magnificent plainneſs, which is the genuine dreſs of true paſſion and poetry. The Greek tragedy, as has been before obſerved, quitted the Tetrameter for the natural Iambick. Juſt the contrary happened on our own ſtage, when Dryden and the cotemporary poets, authors of thoſe ſtrange productions called heroic tragedies, introduced rhime in the place of blank verſe, aſſerting that the latter was nothing more than *meaſured proſe*; which, by the bye, exactly agrees with Horace's character of the irregular Iambick of the roman comedy.

——niſi quod pede certo
Differt ſermoni, ſermo merus.

* P. 43.

Theſe,

Theſe, and the like conſiderations, had long appeared to me as the invincible reaſons, why all attempts to render the comedies of the antients into downright proſe muſt prove, as they ever have proved, unſucceſsful; and imagining that we had in our own language the models of a proper diction, I was led to attempt a verſion of one of Terrence's plays in familiar blank verſe, ſomething after the manner of our old writers, but by no means profeſſing or intending a direct imitation of them. This firſt eſſay, conſcious of its crudeneſs and inaccuracy, but dubious whether it was worth while to endeavour to give it a higher poliſh, I communicated to a few friends, whoſe partiality to that effort encouraged me to proceed, and I found myſelf ſeriouſly engaged, almoſt before I was aware, in a tranſlation of all our author's pieces. How I have acquitted myſelf of this very hard taſk muſt now be ſubmitted to the public: but if I have failed in the undertaking, I will venture to ſay, that my ill ſucceſs is entirely owing to the lameneſs of the execution of a plan, which may be purſued more happily by ſome better writer.

Thus much, however, it was thought neceſſary to premiſe, not only by way of reflection on our Engliſh blank verſe, but that the reader might not expect an attempt at a different kind of poetry, than I have endeavoured to ſet before him in the following tranſlation. There are indeed ſcenes of Terence that require all the graces of poetry to give a tolerable verſion of them; but it has been* obſerved to be his peculiar excellence that his plays have ſo admirably preſerved the due character of comedy, that they never riſe to the ſublime of tragedy, nor ſink into the meanneſs of farce; and Madam Dacier has remarked with what addreſs

* Illud quoque inter Terentianas virtutes mirabile, quod ejus fabulæ eo ſunt temperamento, ut neque extumeſcant ad tragicam celſitudinem, neque abjiciantur ad mimicam vilitatem. EVANTIUS *de Tragœdia & Comœdia.*

dreſs he has accommodated the ſentiments of Euripides to the uſe of comedy. The ſcenes here alluded to are too much of the ſame colour with many in our old writers: wherefore I am the more ſurprized that Mr Seward, in his preface above-cited, while he gives ſo juſt an account of the diction uſed in the old comedies of our own theatre, ſhould yet ſpeak ſo unadviſedly of the ſtile of the Greek and Roman drama, as to ſay, that * "even the ſublimeſt ſentiments of Terence, when his comedy raiſes its voice to the greateſt dignity, are ſtill not cloathed in poetic diction."—"And again, that the Greeks appropriated the ſpirit and nerves of poetry to tragedy only, and though they did not wholly deprive comedy of metre, they left it not the ſhadow of poetic diction." That learned and elegant critic, Mr Joſeph Warton, who was the firſt that gave in Engliſh any of the fragments of Menander, when he apologizes for the tranſlation,† "remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain proſaic tranſlation," was, it is evident, of a very different opinion: and Gravina‡ mentions it as a wonderful quality of the meaſure in the antient tragedy and comedy, that while it poſſeſſes all the dignity of verſe, it has all the eaſe and familiarity of proſe.

But not only the opinion of many ingenious men among the moderns, as well as the living teſtimony of the plays themſelves, but alſo the expreſs authority of the antient critics abſolutely contradicts the aſſertion of Mr Seward. We are told by Quintilian, that Menander,§ though he cultivated a different province of the drama, was a great admirer and imitator of Euripides, which accounts for the ſentiments of that tragic poet ſtill to be met with in the comedies

* Pag. 37 and 38. † Adventurer, No. 105.
‡ Della Tragedia, p. 59.
§ Inſt. Orator. Lib. x. cap. 1.

comedies of Terence. The ſame critic alſo ſpeaks of the force and grandeur, as well as elegance,* of the ſtile in the old comedy; and Horace even in the paſſage, where he doubts whether a comedy is to be eſteemed a poem, on account of the familiarity of the ſtile, immediately ſubjoins, *At pater ardens ſævit, &c.* And in another place he has directly delivered his opinion, how far the tragic and comic muſe may reciprocally aſſume each other's tone.

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæq; locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratuſq; Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
Et tragicus plerumq; dolet ſermone pedeſtri.†

To theſe lines I ſhall ſubjoin Oldham's unpoliſhed imitation, becauſe it brings them home to our own ſtage; and I would recommend it to the reader, who is curious to ſee any thing further on this ſubject, to peruſe Dacier's notes on this paſſage in the original.

* Antiqua Comœdia cum ſinceram illam ſermonis Attici gratiam prope ſola retinet, tum facundiſſimæ libertatis, etſi eſt inſectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen *virium* etiam in cæteris partibus habet. Nam & *grandis*, & elegans, & venuſta, & neſcio an ulla, poſt Homerum tamen, quem, ut Achillem, ſemper excipi par eſt, aut ſimilior ſit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior.

Quinctilian. Inſt. Orator.

Lib. x. cap. 1.

Sua cuique propoſita lex, ſuus cuique decor eſt. Nec comœdia in cothurnos aſſurgit, nec contra tragœdia ſocco ingreditur. *Habet tamen omnis eloquentia aliquid commune.*

Ibid. cap. 2.

† Hor. Art. Poet.

Volpone and Moroſe will not admit
Of Catiline's high ſtrains, nor is it fit
To make Sejanus on the ſtage appear
In the low dreſs which comick perſons wear.
Whate'er the ſubject be on which you write,
Give each thing its due place and time aright.
Yet comedy ſometimes may raiſe her ſtile,
And angry Chremes is allow'd to ſwell;
And tragedy alike has ſometimes leave
To throw off majeſty when 'tis to grieve.

OLDHAM.

I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay, on the propriety of tranſlating the Roman comic poets into Engliſh blank verſe, by obſerving to what advantage many of the ſentiments of Terence and Plautus have already appeared in that dreſs in the plays of our old writers. Jonſon, according to the juſt and elegant obſervation of Dryden, may often be tracked in their ſnow; and in the notes to this tranſlation the reader will meet with many paſſages ſimilar to thoſe in our Author from Shakeſpeare. A moſt learned and acute critick has obſerved,* that "we ſeldom "are able to faſten an imitation, with certainty, on ſuch "a writer as Shakeſpeare;" becauſe "he takes nothing "but the *ſentiment*; the expreſſion comes of itſelf, and is "purely Engliſh†." I have therefore given the paſſages in queſtion merely as *reſemblances*, leaving the reader to make his own comment on them; and ſhall here add one more, which was omitted in its proper place. In this paſſage, as in moſt others, Shakeſpeare has the advantage.

Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta conſilia ægrotis damus.
Tu ſi hic ſis, aliter cenſeas.

How readily do men at eaſe preſcribe

To

* HURD *on the Marks of Imitation*, p. 19
† *Idem*. p. 75.

To thoſe who're ſick at heart! Diſtreſt like me,
You wou'd not talk thus.

ANDRIAN, Act 2. Scene 1.

——————————Men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion.

And again in the ſame ſpeech,

No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe, that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Beſides the reſemblance of particular paſſages ſcattered up and down in different plays, it is well known that the whole Comedy of Errors is in great meaſure founded on the Menæchmi of Plautus; but I do not recollect ever to have ſeen it obſerved that the diſguiſe of the Pedant in the Taming of the Shrew, his aſſuming the name and character of Vincentio, together with his encountering the real Vincentio, ſeem to be evidently taken from the diſguiſe of the Sycophanta in the Trinummus of the ſame author: and there is a quotation from the Eunuch of Terence alſo, ſo familiarly introduced into the dialogue of the Taming of the Shrew, that I think it puts the queſtion of Shakeſpeare's having read the Roman comic poets in the original language out of all doubt.

Tranio. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.

If love hath touched you, nought remains but ſo,
* *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

Taming of the Shrew, Act. 1.

I do not think it incumbent on me in this place, according to the cuſtom of moſt editors and tranſlators, to write a panegyric on my Author; much leſs ſhall I attempt to draw a compariſon in his favour between him and Plautus; though I cannot help obſerving that the common-place of modern criticiſm on theſe writers is, in general, very different from that of the Antients. We now extol Plautus for his humour, and Terence for his ſtile; and on this foundation is raiſed the compariſon between them, ſo injurious to our author, in the 6th book of the Poetics of Scaliger. Varro, on the contrary, gives the preference to the ſtile of Plautus, which he conſiders as the language of the Muſes themſelves; and aſſigns the juſt delineation of characters as the peculiar excellence of Terence; who, in the time of Auguſtus, was equally admired for the artful contexture and judicious conduct of his plots. Cæſar, and Tully, and Quintilian have indeed ſpoken with juſtice of the elegance and purity of his ſtile; but the excellencies of the fable and the manners are prior to thoſe of the diction; and as they are the chief beauties of comedy, ſo are they the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of Terence.

In my opinion, the juſteſt objection ever made to his plays

* It is remarkable that this ſeems to be a quotation from memory, or that the phraſe is purpoſely altered by Shakeſpeare, in order to bring the ſenſe within the compaſs of one line; for the paſſage here does not run exactly in the words of Terence, which are theſe. *Quid agas? niſi ut te redimas captum, quam queas minimo.*

Eunuch. Act 1, Scene 1.

plays is the * ſimilarity of the plots, which neceſſarily produces a ſimilarity of characters; nor can it be ſufficiently lamented that a writer, who was ſo accurate a painter of the manners, and ſo judicious a conductor of the fable, as well as ſo exquiſite in his language, ſhould not have given full ſcope to his genius, and taken in a greater variety of perſonages, and been more ſtudious to diverſify the incidents of his ſeveral comedies.

For more particular obſervations on our Poet, the reader is referred to the notes on the ſeveral plays. As for the notes themſelves, many of them, being taken from the beſt critics and commentators, antient and modern, living and dead, foreign and domeſtic, will, I know, be allowed to have merit; many others, being entirely my own, are as liable to cenſure as the tranſlation itſelf; eſpecially thoſe, wherein I have ventured to oppoſe the judgments of others; though I can ſafely ſay that I have never attempted to litigate any opinion, merely from a petulant ſpirit of contradiction, or an ambition of novelty. It is the duty of an editor and tranſlator to illuſtrate and explain the author, to the beſt of his abilities; and if he differs from former critics, he ſhould give his reaſons for his diſſent, and leave it to the public to decide. He too, it is true, may be deceived in his turn; for as the critick is as often wrong as the author on whom he comments, or if we may take a poet's word on this occaſion,

Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs,†

ſo

* Hac ſane parte [ſcilicet vi comica] videtur ſuperior Plautus; uti et varietate tum argumentorum, tum dictionis. Nam Plautus ſemper ſtudet eſſe novus, ſuique diſſimilis; ſeu rem ſpectes, ſeu verba. In Terentio vero magnopere conveniunt argumenta fabularum: & quando de eadem re, aut ſimili, eſt ſermo, plurimum nec abſimilis eſt dictio.

VOSSIUS, *Inſt. Poet. Lib.* ii. *cap.* 25. *ſect.* 5.

† Pope's Eſſay on Crit.

ſo is the hypercritic as fallible as the critic. But each man's underſtanding, ſuch as it is, muſt be his guide; and he, who has not courage to make a free uſe of it, but obtrudes the opinions of others, unſifted and unexamined, on his readers, betrays more want of reſpect of their underſtanding, than diffidence of his own.

It was my firſt intention to have accompanied this tranſlation with a diſſertation on comedy, hoping it might have appeared an agreeable addition to the work; but on weighing this matter ſeriouſly, and turning it over and over in my thoughts, I found the ſubject grow upon me ſo conſiderably, as it opened itſelf to my mind, that the purſuit of it would have unavoidably betrayed me into a ſecond volume, ſo that what I meant for the advantage of the reader, like the *Bonus* in a government-ſubſcription, would in fact have proved a heavy tax. The work has already exceeded the limits which I propoſed to myſelf at firſt ſetting out. I did not, therefore, think it juſtice to the purchaſers to ſwell the price ſtill more; and to have given the diſſertation, maimed or incomplete, would have been injuſtice to them as well as to myſelf. Whenever it ſees the light, it ſhall be as perfect as I am able to make it. In the mean time, every thing relative to the comedies of Terence, critical as well as explanatory, will, I hope be found in the notes. I have with much induſtry endeavoured to collect, from all quarters, ſometimes perhaps too minutely, whatever could contribute to throw any light on our Author; and there is prefixed a tranſlation of the account of his life from Suetonius: with which, as well as the notes annexed to it from Madam Dacier, together with a tranſlation of all that learned lady's remarks on the four laſt plays, I was favoured by Dr Ralph Schomberg of Bath; nor can I otherwiſe account for his great kindneſs in voluntarily offering to take ſo toilſome and diſagreeable part of my taſk off my hands, but that he was reſolved that there

ſhould

ſhould be none of his family, to whom I ſhould not owe ſome obligation.

The order in which the ſix comedies are placed in this tranſlation, although the ſame that is obſerved in moſt editions and manuſcripts, is not according to the real ſeries in which they were written and exhibited by Terence: they ſucceeded each other in the original courſe of repreſentation at Rome, as follows.

1. The Andrian,
2. The Step-Mother,
3. The Self-Tormentor,
4. The Eunuch,
5. Phormio,
6. The Brothers.

Madam Dacier endeavouring to aſſign the motives that induced the moſt antient editors and tranſcribers to that arrangement of the plays in which we now ſee them, in preference to the true chronological order imagines it beyond a doubt, that they were influenced by the judgment of Volcatius Sedigitus; who, ſhe ſuppoſes, had ranked every dramatic piece, as well as every author, according to his opinion of their merit; and who placed the Step-Mother the laſt of our author's ſix plays.

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex his fabula.

The Step-Mother,
The laſt and leaſt in merit of the ſix.

Agreeably to this notion, ſhe places the Step-Mother the laſt in her collection, which has induced her followers to do the ſame thing: but the truth is, that in moſt copies, the Step-Mother ſtands the fifth, ſo that in all probability, as little reſpect was paid to the judgment of Volcatius con-

cerning the reſpective merit of our author's ſeveral pieces, if indeed he decided on them all, as to his injudicious deciſion of the rank due to him among the comic poets.

The old compilers had, I doubt not, a reaſon for the order in which they placed theſe comedies: it is impoſſible to ſpeak with any confidence on ſo dark a point at this diſtance of time; but after a longer inveſtigation of this matter than perhaps ſuch a trifle required, it appeared to me the moſt plauſible, as well as moſt ſimple manner of accounting for it, to ſuppoſe that, in regard to the original authors from which the comedies were taken, the principal intention of the firſt compilers was merely to keep together all the pieces imitated from the ſame Greek poet. Accordingly, the four firſt plays, the Andrian, Eunuch, Self-Tormentor, and Brothers, are from Menander; and the two laſt, the Step-Mother and Phormio from Apollodorus: allowing for this variation, they are ranged, as nearly as may be, according to the true order in which they appeared; for I take it for granted, that the Eunuch is placed the ſecond, that the Self-Tormentor might not be forced out of its right place; ſince in the preſent arrangement the Self-Tormentor and the Andrian, ſtill preciſely occupy their original rank. This however is ſubmitted merely as conjecture; but it is remarkable, that however books differ in other reſpects, they all concur in giving the firſt place to the Andrian; though it would be difficult for the niceſt critic to aſſign the reaſons why it ought, in point of merit, to take the lead of the Eunuch, or why either of the two ſhould precede the Self-Tormentor. It ſhould ſeem therefore, that the chronological order was attended to by the old tranſcribers, as far as it could be reconciled to the plan on which they proceeded.

Before I conclude this preface, it is neceſſary to ſpeak of two or three circumſtances peculiar to theſe comedies. Firſt then, the Engliſh reader is deſired to obſerve, that the

the manners, prevailing in them all, are wholly Grecian. The ſcene is always laid in or near Athens, the actors were dreſſed in Grecian habits, ſuitable to their reſpective characters; and the cuſtoms, coins, &c. occaſionally mentioned, ſuch as were uſed in Greece. Terence, who imitated, rather than * tranſlated Menander, choſe however to preſerve the ſcenery and manners of his original. The direct tranſlator of Terence therefore has certainly no right to modernize his comedies, and inſtead of Grecian manners to ſubſtitute the French, Engliſh, or Italian. Yet this hath been the method purſued by moſt profeſſed tranſlators, though neceſſarily productive of two great inconveniencies: for firſt, it deprives the modern reader of the pleaſure of directly comparing the manners and cuſtoms of another age and country with thoſe of his own, and ſecondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, ſentiments, and language, ſtill retaining the antient caſt, the reſult of this modernizing ſpirit is a fantaſtical medley, which repreſents the manners of no age or country at all.

Notwithſtanding the acknowledged chaſtity of Terence, there are many things in theſe plays irreconcilable to modern notions of delicacy; and there is, even in his dialogue, ſo juſtly eſteemed for its urbanity, many violations of the modern rules of politeneſs. "The influence of modern

* The ingenious author of a commentary and notes on Horace's Art of Poetry aſſerts, p. 193. that "ſome of Terence's plays are direct tranſlations from Menander." This could proceed from nothing but mere inadvertence, ſince the ſlighteſt reflection muſt have convinced him, that the prologues of Terence point out ſome capital variations from the Greek, and the learned Critic himſelf has on other occaſions taken notice of thoſe variations. The old commentators have taken notice of many others, as will appear in the notes to this tranſlation.

" manners, ſays an excellent writer, reaches even to names " and the ordinary forms of addreſs. In the Greek and " Roman dialogues, it was permitted to accoſt the greateſt " perſons by their obvious and familiar appellations. Al- " cibiades had no more addition than Socrates: and Bru- " tus and Cæſar loſt nothing of their dignity from being " applied to in thoſe direct terms. The moderns, on the " contrary, have their guards and fences about them; and " we hold it an incivility to approach them without ſome " decent periphraſis, or ceremonial title." * Many inſtances of this antient familiarity will occur in theſe comedies; and though I have ſometimes rendered the *here* or *hera* of the original by the terms of *Sir* or *Madam*, yet the reader will commonly find the meaneſt ſlave accoſting his maſter or miſtreſs by their plain names without any more reſpectful addition.

The ſeveral alluſions to antient cuſtoms are explained, as occaſion requires; and the value of the coins is taken notice of the two or three firſt times that each ſpecies is mentioned: but as there is not one of the plays, wherein moſt of them do not very frequently occur, I have thought proper to inſert in this place Cooke's Table of Attic money, to be referred to at pleaſure.

A Table

* Preface to Moral and Political Dialogues, by the Rev. Mr Hurd.

A Table of Sums in Attick *Money, with their Proportion to* Engliſh *Money.*

	OBOLI.	l.	s.	d.	q.
1	- - - - -	00	00	01	1 1/6
2	- - - -	00	00	02	2 1/3
3	- - - - -	00	00	03	3 1/2
4	- - - - -	00	00	05	0 2/3
5	- - - -	00	00	06	1 5/6
6	equal to a Drachma -	00	00	07	3
	DRACHMAE.				
1	- - - -	00	00	07	3
10	- - - -	00	06	05	2
100	equal to a Mina -	03	04	07	0
	MINAE.				
1	- - -	03	04	07	0
10	- - -	32	05	10	0
20	- - -	64	11	08	0
60	- - -	193	15	00	0
	TALENTA.				
1	- - -	193	15	00	0
5	- -	968	15	00	0
10	- -	1937	00	01	0
15	- -	2906	05	00	0
20	- -	3875	00	00	0
100	- -	19375	00	00	0

Terence mentions the half Mina in his Adelphi, which was a ſingle coin in proportion to 01 12 03 2

The Obolus was braſs, the reſt were ſilver.

On

On the whole it will appear, that it has been my chief ſtudy to exhibit Terence as nearly as poſſible in the ſame dreſs in which he appeared at Rome; hoping that the learned reader may recognize his old acquaintance, and that I may be able to introduce to the unlearned, one ſo well worth his knowledge, I have tried, however the difficulty of the attempt may have baffled my endeavours, to catch the *manner*, as well as features, of my original. Some perhaps may think that, having once abandoned proſe, I might have given ſtill freer ſcope to my imagination, and have introduced more ſtrokes of poetry: but ſuch critics muſt have very little conſidered the conciſe purity of Terence, the difficulty of preſerving that *proprietas verborum* for which he is ſo remarkable, the nameleſs force even of adverbs and particles in his ſtile, and how dangerous it would be to attempt any additions or flouriſhes on his dialogue. I mean a direct tranſlation, not a looſe imitation; and perhaps this verſion will be found in moſt inſtances to be more literal than the proſe tranſlations. The peculiar felicity of the mode I had embraced often gave me an opportunity of following the Author, without ſtiffneſs, in the arrangement of his words and ſentences, and even of indulging myſelf, without affectation, in the ellipſes, ſo frequent in his ſtile. In a word, if this verſion ſhall be allowed to have any merit, it is entirely owing to the ſtrict adherence to the original.

The other circumſtances neceſſary to be mentioned, for the better illuſtration of theſe comedies, are chiefly relative to the repreſentation. "Some (ſays Echard) object, that "in the beginning of many ſcenes, two actors enter the "ſtage, and talk to themſelves a conſiderable time before "they ſee or know one another; which, ſay they, is neither "probable nor natural.—They, that object this, do not "conſider the difference betwixt our ſmall ſcanty ſtage and "the large magnificent Roman theatres: their ſtage was "ſixty

" ſixty yards wide in front; their ſcenes ſo many ſtreets
" meeting together, with by-lanes, rows, and alleys, ſo
" that two actors coming down two diſtinct ſtreets or lanes,
" could not be ſeen by each other, though the ſpectators
" might ſee both; and ſometimes if they did ſee each o-
" ther, they could not well diſtinguiſh faces at ſixty yards
" diſtance. Beſides, on ſeveral accounts, it might well be
" ſuppoſed, when an actor enters the ſtage, out of ſome
" houſe, he might take a turn or two under the porticoes,
" uſual at that time, about his door, and not obſerve a-
" nother actor on the other ſide of the ſtage."*

To make the action, and buſineſs of the play ſtill clearer, as well as to preſent the reader with ſome image of its effect in the repreſentation, I have all along ſubjoined, according to the modern manner, marginal notes of direction. For this practice I have, in the proper place, given the reaſons at large from an ingenious French writer. It may be ſaid indeed that a dramatick author ſhould ſo frame his dialogue, as to make it evident by whom every part of it is ſpoken, to whom each ſpeech is addreſſed, and the probable tone, geſture, and action aſſumed by the ſpeaker. Allowing this to be ſtrictly true, and always practicable, which is however a very doubtful point, I have annext no directions of that ſort, which may not be collected by an attentive reader from the text itſelf; and they who object to the uſe of theſe little curſory elucidations of the written or printed drama, might as well cenſure the prefixing the names of the particular character to the ſeveral ſpeeches. Theſe familiar directions, as they are the ſhorteſt, ſo are they the cleareſt interpreters of the conduct of the ſcene; and the want of them in the original text has on many occaſions put the commentators to the expence of a very long note to explain, what the reader is thus made acquainted with, often by a ſingle word.

As

* Preface to Terence, p. 10.

As to the habits of the actors, it is plain from Donatus, as well as the reason of the thing, that they were in general suited according to the custom of the times and country, to the sex, age, and condition of the several characters. Some particulars, however, in their dress very essentially distinguish the antient players from those on any modern stage, viz. the Buskin, the Sock, and the Mask. The Buskin was a kind of high-heeled boot, worn only by the tragedians; as the Sock was a sort of sandal peculiar to the actors in comedy. It is plain, as Madam Dacier observes, that it was not like the modern Mask, which covers only the face, but enclosed the whole head, and had false hair fastened to it, agreeable to the visage and complection of the fore part. The Mask was called *persona*, from *personare*, to sound through, being so formed as to enlarge the voice, and convey it to a greater distance; a contrivance, which the vast extent of the antient theatres rendered extremely necessary. For the same reasons the features pourtrayed on the visor were so much aggravated beyond the proportion of those drawn by the hand of nature. It must be confessed, that in these instances the moderns have infinitely the advantage; and that by contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of the spectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and simplicity of theatrical representation.

The antient drama was indeed, as a spectacle, extremely different from the modern: and, on the stage, nearer approaching to the genius of our opera, than tragedy or comedy; which circumstance, if duly considered, might have prevented a deal of idle disputation concerning the propriety of a chorus. The antient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with music; Aristotle mentions music as one of the six parts of tragedy, and we know from Horace, that the alterations in the drama, music,

and

and decorations, kept pace with each other, and that in proceſs of time, as the Roman theatres were enlarged, their muſic alſo became more rich and full.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; ſed tenuis, ſimplexq; foramine pauco
Adſpirare & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu:
Quo ſane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi caſtuſq; verecunduſq; coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoq; diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impune diebus,
Acceſſit numeriſq; modiſq; licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet, liberq; laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumq; & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitq; vagus per pulpita veſtem:
Sic etiam Fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumq; ſagax rerum, ac divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.*

Nor was the flute at firſt with ſilver bound,
Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's ſound:
Few were its notes, its form was ſimply plain;
Yet not unuſeful was its feeble ſtrain
To aid the Chorus, and their ſongs to raiſe:
Filling the little theatre with eaſe:
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners, and unſullied fame.
But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her ſtate,
And broader walls enclos'd th' imperial ſeat,
Soon as with wine, grown diſſolutely gay,
Without reſtraint ſhe chear'd the feſtal day,
Then Poeſy in looſer numbers mov'd,
And muſic in licentious tones improv'd;
Such ever is the taſte when clown and wit,
Ruſtic and critic, fill the crouded pit.
He who before with modeſt art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,

* Hor. Art. Poet.

Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleaſing ſtrain,
And drew along the ſtage a length of train:
And thus the Lyre, once awfully ſevere,
Increas'd the ſtrings, and ſweeter charm'd the ear;
Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
Pour'd forth prophetick truth in awful ſtrain,
Dark as the language of the Delphick Fane.

FRANCIS.

In the above lines the two principal inſtruments in uſe on the theatre are mentioned, viz. *Tibia*, the flute, and *Fides*, the lyre. On ſo obſcure a part of learning many doubts muſt neceſſarily have ariſen; but the moſt probable opinion ſeems to be that the flute was employed to accompany the declamation, or recitative, and the lyre was peculiar to the chorus; whence it happens that in the plays of Terence, as appears from the titles, only the flutes were uſed; the chorus, which made a part of the old comedy, as well as tragedy, not being admitted into the new. The comic muſic was certainly much more familiar than the tragic; and on comparing the ſeveral authorities on this ſubject, it ſeems probable that the *ſcenic modulation*, as Quintilian calls it, in comedy, was a kind of eaſy chant, calculated to aſſiſt the actors in the declamation, and to throw out the voice with force, in order to fill their ample theatres. Quintilian expreſsly tells us, that the declamation of the comic actors was nothing more than adding a certain theatrical grace to the manner of common converſation; not falling entirely into the eaſe of ordinary diſcourſe, which would be inartificial, nor departing ſo far from nature as to loſe the excellence of imitation.*

The Engliſh reader will find, in the titles to theſe comedies, ſome expreſſions relative to the muſic, that may perhaps

* Actores Comici——nec ita prorſus, ut nos vulgo loquimur

perhaps appear to him rather ſtrange and uncouth; ſuch as —flutes equal or unequal, right or left-handed;—but they are the only words that could be uſed with any propriety to tranſlate the original names of the inſtruments; and yet even thoſe words, uncouth as they are, are not intelligible without ſome further explanation; and, to mend the matter, that further explanation is ſo difficult to be obtained, that the learned Monſ. Le Fevre wrote a moſt elegant copy of latin verſes, execrating the flute, and all the commentators on it.

The ſhort account from Donatus, which I have ſubjoined to the title to the Andrian, ſhews that the right-handed flutes were the proper accompaniments to comedies of a graver caſt, and the left-handed to thoſe of more pleaſantry. Montfaucon * obſerves, that the flute took its original name *Tibia*, from being anciently made of the leg of ſome animal, as a horſe, a dog, &c.† He ſeems at a loſs to conceive how a double flute could create an agreeable harmony, but believes it to have been even more common in uſe than the ſingle; though he ſuppoſes that the two flutes

 were

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mur, pronuntiant, quod eſſet ſine arte: nec procul tamen a natura recedunt, quo vitio periret imitatio: ſed morem communis hujus ſermonis decore quodam ſcenico exornant.

QUINTIL. *Inſt. Orat.* lib. 11. cap. 10.

* MONTFAUCON, Tome 3me, part 2de. p. 342.

† This is the ground of a conceit in one of the fables of Phædrus on a minſtrel's breaking his leg.

Princeps Tibicen notior paulo fuit,
Operam Bathyllo ſolitus in ſcena dare.
Is forte ludis (non ſatis memini quibus)
Dum pegma rapitur, concidit caſu gravi
Nec opinans, et *ſiniſtram* fregit *tibiam*;
Duas cum *dextras* maluiſſet perdere.

PHÆDRUS. *Lib.* v. *Fab.* 7.

Here the whole joke conſiſts in *ſiniſtra tibia* ſignifying a *left-handed flute* and the minſtrel's *left leg*.

were in fact ſeparated, but that the ſeveral pipes of each joined in the mouth of the player. To this account he annexes the figure of a Choraules, or chief minſtrel, who holds in each hand a pipe without holes, much in the ſhape of a modern poſt-horn.

In order to give as plain an idea as poſſible of the muſic to the antient comedies, I have ſubjoined to this Preface a plate containing three muſical figures taken from an Italian treatiſe on the theatrical maſks and comic figures of the Romans, by Franceſco de Ficoroni. * The figure at top is that of a female-minſtrel, playing on two unequal flutes; and is copied from a very antient baſs-relief in marble, preſerved among the curious pieces of ſculpture in the Farneſe palace: the whole marble contains five figures, and repreſents a ſcene in the laſt act of the Andrian, where Simo calls forth Dromo to carry off Davus to puniſhment. On one ſide Dromo, with a kind of knotted cord in his hand, which is raiſed in the air and ſeems threatening to fall heavy on Davus, is hurrying him away. On the other ſide appears the enraged Simo, with Chremes endeavouring to moderate his anger; and in the middle the minſtrel, playing as in the annexed plate. The dreſs of the minſtrel (although here a female one) is exactly conformable to the deſcription of the habit of the minſtrel by Horace.

—Traxit q; vagus per pulpita veſtem.

And drew along the ſtage a length of train.

In the original plate ſhe is turned towards the two flaves; and ſeems intending to keep time with Dromo's blows

* Le Maſchere Sceniche e le Figure Comiche D'Antichi Romani, deſcritte brevemente da Franceſco de Ficoroni. In Roma, 1736.

blows, or, as Ficoroni ſuppoſes to exhilarate the ſpectators between the ſeveral ſtrokes.*

The female figure on the right bearing two unequal flutes in her hand, repreſents, (as Ficoroni ſuppoſes †, from her flowing hair being collected in a knot behind, as well as from a Satyric Maſk, which in the original Cameo, whence the plate is taken, ſtands by her ſide) a minſtrel employed in the Satyric drama, a kind of ſerious paſtoral much in favour on the Roman ſtage, and of which Horace has ſpoken very largely in his Art of Poetry. This figure ſeems to confirm the conjecture of Montfaucon, that the double flutes were in fact two diſtinct inſtruments, and that the pipes of each joined in the mouth of the minſtrel.

The figure on the left, is copied from a mutilated marble containing a Greek inſcription, ΚΑΤ. ΠΡΟ. ΙΖ. ΚΑΛ. ΑΠΡΙΛΙΩΝ. which inſcription, as it records no name, nor bears any other mark of thoſe uſed on funeral occaſions, ‡ Ficoroni ſuppoſes to be intended to record ſome theatrical exhibition on the time there mentioned, which was ſeventeen days before the Calends of April, being equal to our ſixteenth of March, and the time of the celebration of the Liberalia, or games in honour of Bacchus, in Antient Rome.

I have given theſe two laſt figures to ſhew the various forms, as well as improvements of the flute. Thoſe in the hands of the paſtoral minſtrel have but three ſtops; but that in the right hand of the mutilated figure has ſeven; which confirms the obſervation of the learned Montfaucon who tells us that the flute had at firſt three holes, but that they were afterwards multiplied to ſeven, and even to ten. In another part of Ficoroni's§ book is a figure, which ſeems to be that of a vain-glorious ſoldier, a very common character

* Ficoroni, p. 27. † Ibid. p. 118.
‡ Pag. 196.
§ Pag. 29.

character in the comedies of the antients, ſinging to a minſtrel playing on double flutes, which by their ſhape and ſize ſeem to have been thoſe large trumpet-toned inſtruments in uſe in the days of Horace.

As to the manner in which theſe flutes were uſed,* Ficoroni obſerves from Diomedes the Grammarian, that by *flutes equal, or unequal*, was meant, that in Soliloquy the minſtrel blew only one pipe, and in dialogue both. It ſhould ſeem alſo that the Soliloquies, like the airs in our opera, had more laboured accompaniments than the dialogue, or common recitative; for Donatus has informed us that DIVERBIA *hiſtriones pronuntiabant:* CANTICA *vero temperabantur modis non a poeta, ſed a perito artis muſicæ factis. Neque enim omnia ijsdem modis in uno cantico agebantur, ſed ſæpe mutatis. Ut ſignificant qui tres numeros in comœdijs ponunt, qui tres continent mutatos modos cantici illius.* The import of this paſſage is explained by Diomedes, who tells us that *Diverbia* ſignifies the dialogue, and *Cantica* the Soliloquies†. Of this technical ſenſe of the word *Canticum* I confeſs I was not at all aware, when I wrote the notes to the Brothers: nor, it is evident, was Madam Dacier; who has alſo, in her account of the muſic, in the notes to the Andrian, miſtaken the meaning of *flutes equal or unequal, right or left-handed*, ſuppoſing them ſynonimous terms: whereas it is plain from Diomedes that the *equal* or *unequal* meant the *ſingle* or *double* flute, and from Donatus that the *right-handed* ſignified thoſe uſed in the more ſerious comedy, and the *left-handed* thoſe uſed in the more pleaſant.

It is plain alſo, from the lines above cited from Horace, that the minſtrel did not content himſelf with playing on the flutes, but accompanied his muſick with ſome geſture ſuitable to the action of the ſcene.

——priſcæ

* Pag. 30.

† Diverbia partes Comœdiarum ſunt, in quibus plures perſonæ verſantur; Cantica, in quibus una tantum.

——priſcæ motumq; & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen.

——call'd in wanton movements to his aid.

" Of the uſe and propriety of theſe geſtures, ſays the ingenious Annotator on the Art of Poetry whom I have often cited, " it will not be eaſy for us, who ſee no ſuch " things attempted on the modern ſtage, to form any very " clear or exact notions *." Here therefore I ſhall conclude this preface, and take my leave of the antient muſic, referring the curious reader to the ſeveral commentators on Horace and Ariſtotle, and to thoſe authors who have written expreſsly on this ſubject; which it is needleſs to purſue any further in this place, as it is now of no great conſequence to the reader of the Comedies of Terence.

* Hurd's Notes on the Art of Poetry, p. 150.

THE

End of Preface

THE

LIFE

OF

TERENCE,

TRANSLATED FROM

SUETONIUS. (1)

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER was born at Carthage, and was a ſlave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman Senator; (2) who, perceiving him to have an excellent underſtanding and a great deal of wit, not only beſtowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom in the very early part of his life. Some writers are of opinion that he was taken priſoner in battle; but Feneſtella (3) proves this to be impoſſible, ſince Terence was born after the ſecond Punic war, and died before the commencement of the third (4) But even ſuppoſing that he had been taken by the Numidians, (5) or Getulians, he could not have fallen into the hands of a Roman commander, (6) ſince there was little or no communication between the Romans and Africans till after the entire deſtruction of Carthage.

Our poet was beloved and much eſteemed by noblemen of the firſt rank in the Roman commonwealth; and lived in a ſtate of great intimacy with Scipio Africanus, and C. Lælius, (7) to whom the beauty of his perſon alſo is ſup-

poſed to have recommended him: which Feneſtella lays to his charge, aſſerting that Terence was older than either of them (8). Corn. Nepos, on the contrary, writes that they were nearly of an age, and Porcius gives us room to ſuſpect ſuch a familiarity between them by the following lines.

Dum laſciviam nobilium & fucoſas laudes petit:
Dum Africani voci divinæ inhiat avidis auribus:
Dum ad Furium (9) ſe cœnitare, & Lælium pulchrum putat:
Dum ſe amari ab hiſce credit, crebro in Albanum rapi
Ob florem ætatis ſuæ; ad ſummam inopiam redactus eſt.
Itaque e conſpectu omnium abiit in Græciæ terram ultimam.
Mortuus eſt in Stymphalo, Arcadiæ oppido.———

Seeking the pleaſures and deceitful praiſe
Of nobles, while the Bard with greedy ears
Drinks in the voice divine of Africanus,
Happy to ſup with Furius and with Lælius,
Careſs'd, and often, for his bloom of youth,
Whirl'd to mount Alba; amidſt all theſe joys,
He finds himſelf reduc'd to poverty.
Wherefore withdrawing from all eyes, and flying
To the extremeſt parts of Greece, he dies
At Stymphalus, a village in Arcadia.

He wrote ſix comedies. When he offered his firſt play, which was the Andrian, to the Ædiles, he was ordered to read it to Cæcilius (10). When he arrived at that poet's houſe, he found him at table; and it is ſaid that our author, being very meanly dreſſed, was ſuffered to read the opening of his play, ſeated on a very low ſtool, near the couch of Cæcilius: but ſcarce had he repeated a few lines, than Cæcilius invited him to ſit down to ſupper with him, after which Terence proceeded with his play, and finiſhed it to the no ſmall admiration of Cæcilius. His ſix plays (11) were equally admired by the Romans; though Volcatius, (12) in his remarks on thoſe plays, ſays,

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex iis fabula.

——" The

——— " The Step-Mother,
" The laſt, and leaſt in merit of the Six."

The Eunuch met with ſuch remarkable ſucceſs, that it was acted twice in one day, and Terence was paid for it 8000 ſeſterces, being more than was ever paid for any comedy before (13); for which reaſon the ſum is recorded in the title (14) of that play. Varro prefers the beginning of the Brothers to the beginning of the original of Menander.

It is pretty commonly ſaid, that Scipio and Lælius, with whom he lived in ſuch familiarity, aſſiſted our Author (15) in his plays, and indeed Terence himſelf increaſed that ſuſpicion, by the little pains he took to refute it, witneſs the prologue to the Brothers (16): though he might probably have acted thus, knowing that ſuch an opinion was not unpleaſing to thoſe great men. Be that as it may, this opinion gained ground, (17) and has continued down to our times.

Quintus Memmius, (18) in an oration written in his own defence, poſitively declares that Scipio wrote the plays for his amuſement, which he permitted Terence to father: Corn Nepos aſſerts that he had been informed from very good authority, that Lælius, being at his villa, at Puzzuoli on a certain firſt day of March (19), was requeſted by his lady to ſup ſooner than at his uſual hour, but he intreated her not to interrupt his ſtudies: Coming into ſupper rather late, he declared he had never employed his time in writing with better ſucceſs than he had then done; and being aſked what it was, (20) he repeated thoſe verſes in the Self-Tormentor,

Satis pol proterve me Syri promiſſa huc induxerunt.

Santra (21) obſerves, that if Terence had needed any aſſiſtance in the compoſition of his plays, he would not

have applied to Scipio (22) and Lælius, who were at that time very young, but rather to C. Sulpicius Gallus, (23) a man of found learning, and who was the firſt perſon that introduced plays at the Conſular Games; or to (24) Marcus Popilius Lenas, or to Q. Fabius Labeo, (25) both men of Conſular dignity, and excellent poets. Terence himſelf intimates, ſpeaking of thoſe who were ſuppoſed to aſſiſt him, that they were not young men, but perſons whoſe abilities had been experienced by the public in peace, war, and buſineſs of ſtate.

To wipe off the aſperſion of plagiariſm, or perhaps to make himſelf a maſter of the cuſtoms and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the ſix comedies which are now extant; and he never returned more.

Volcatius ſpeaks of his death in the following manner:

Sed ut Afer ſex populo edidit comœdias,
Iter hinc in Aſiam fecit: navim cum ſemel
Conſcendit, viſus nunquam eſt. Sic vita vacat.

But Terence, having given the town ſix plays,
Voyag'd for Aſia; but when once embark'd
Was ne'er ſeen afterwards. He died at ſea.

Q. Cornificius (26) ſays, that he died at ſea in his return from Greece, whence he was bringing one hundred and eight plays, (27) tranſlated from Menander. Others again aſſert that he died at Stymphalus in Arcadia, during the Conſulſhip of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, and M. Fulvius Nobilior (28), for grief, having loſt the comedies he had tranſlated, as well as thoſe he had himſelf written.

He is ſaid to have been of a middle ſtature, genteel, and of a ſwarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman Knight; and at the time of

of his death he was poſſeſſed of an houſe together with a garden containing ſix acres of land on the Appian way, cloſe by the Villa Martis. It is very extraordinary therefore that Porcius ſhould ſay,

——*Nil Publius*
Scipio profuit, nil ei Lælius, nil Furius:
Tres per idem tempus qui agitabant nobiles facillime.
Eorum ille opera ne domum quidem habuit conductitiam,
Saltem ut eſſet, quo referret obitum domini ſervulus.

Nothing did Publius Scipio profit him,
Nothing did Lælius, nothing Furius,
At once the three great patrons of our Bard;
And yet ſo niggard of their bounties to him,
He had not even wherewithal to hire
A houſe in Rome, to which a faithful ſlave
Might bring the tidings of his maſter's death.

(29) Afranius in his compitalia (30) prefers him to all the comic poets.

Terentio non ſimilem dices quempiam.

To Terence you can ſhew no parallel.

But Volcatius not only places him after Nævius, Plautus, and Cæcilius, but even after Licinius (31). Cicero, in his Leimon, (32) a work in which he drew the characters of the moſt illuſtrious men, ſpeaks of Terence thus,

Tu quoque, qui ſolus lecto ſermone, Terenti,
Converſum expreſſumque Latina voce Menandrum
In medio populi ſedatis vocibus effers;
Quidquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.

And

And thou, O Terence, couldſt alone transfuſe
The Attick graces to the latin tongue,
And bring Menander to the ear of Rome:
Such purity, ſuch ſweetneſs in thy ſtile!

C. Cæſar in like manner,

Tu quoque, tu in ſummis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & merito, puri ſermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam ſcriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hac deſpectus parte jaceres;
(33) *Unum hoc maceror & doleo tibi deeſſe, Terenti.*

And thou, oh thou among the firſt be plac'd,
Ay and deſervedly, thou half Menander!
Lover of pureſt dialogue.—And oh,
That humour had gone hand in hand with eaſe
In all thy writings! that thy Muſe might ſtand
In equal honour with the Grecian ſtage,
Nor thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
—This only I lament, and this, I grieve,
There's wanting in thee, Terence!

THE

ANDRIAN; (1)

ACTED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES, (2)

M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio, Curule Ædiles (3): Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Præneſtius: The muſic, (4) compoſed for equal flutes, right and left-handed, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is wholly Grecian (5): Publiſhed, M. Marcellus and Cn. Sulpicius, Conſuls.

Year of Rome——————587
Before Chriſt——————162
Author's Age——————27

PERSONS

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

SIMO.

PAMPHILUS.

CHREMES.

CHARINUS.

CRITO.

SOSIA.

DAVUS.

BYRRHIA.

DROMO.

SERVANTS &c.

GLYCERIUM.

MYSIS.

LESBIA.

ARCHYLLIS.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THE Bard, when firſt he gave his mind to write,
Thought it his only buſineſs, that his Plays
Shou'd pleaſe the people: but it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwiſe, and waſtes, perforce,
His time in writing Prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the ſlanders
Broach'd by the malice of an older Bard. (6)
And mark what vices he is charg'd withal!
Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian: (7)
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Leſs diff'rent than in ſentiment and ſtile.
What ſuited with the Andrian he confeſſes
From the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
For his: and this it is theſe ſland'rers blame,
Proving by deep and learned diſputation,
That Fables ſhou'd not be contaminated.
Troth! all the knowledge is they nothing know:
Who, blaming him, blame (8) Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
Whoſe great example is his precedent;
Whoſe negligence he'd wiſh to emulate
Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
And ceaſe to rail, leſt they be made to know
Their own miſdeeds. Be favourable! ſit
With equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
The comedies he may hereafter write
Shall merit approbation or contempt.

THE

ANDRIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, *and Servants with Proviſions.*

Simo. CARRY thoſe things in: go! [*Ex. Servants*] (9)
Soſia, come here;
A word with you!
Soſia. I underſtand: that theſe
Be ta'en due care of. (10)
Simo. Quite another thing.
Soſia. What can my art do more for you?
Simo. This buſineſs
Needs not that art; but thoſe good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and ſecrecy.
Soſia. I wait
Your pleaſure.
Simo. Since I bought you, from a boy
How juſt and mild a ſervitude you've paſs'd
With me, you're conſcious: from a purchas'd ſlave
I made you free, becauſe you ſerv'd me freely:
The greateſt recompence I cou'd beſtow.
Soſia. I do remember.
Simo. Nor do I repent.
Soſia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleaſing to you, Simo, I am glad,

And

And thankful that you hold my ſervice good.
And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
Forcing your kindneſs on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude. (11)
Oh tell me then at once, what wou'd you? Sir!

Simo. I will; and this I muſt adviſe you firſt:
The nuptial you ſuppoſe preparing now,
Is all unreal.

Soſia. Why pretend it then?

Simo. You ſhall hear all from firſt to laſt (12): and thus
The conduct of my ſon, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
For my ſon, Soſia, now to manhood grown, (13)
Had freer ſcope of living: for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His diſpoſition, good or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a maſter, all conſtrain'd him?

Soſia. True.

Simo. Though moſt, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to ſome one object, horſes, hounds,
Or to the ſtudy of philoſophy; (14)
Yet none of theſe, beyond the reſt, did he
Purſue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.

Soſia. And not without good cauſe.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of Life, too much of one thing's good for nothing. (15)

Simo. So did he ſhape his life to bear himſelf
With eaſe and frank good-humour unto all;
Mixt in what company ſoe'er, to them
He wholly did reſign himſelf; and join'd
In their purſuits, oppoſing nobody,
Nor e'er aſſuming to himſelf: and thus
With eaſe, and free from envy, may you gain
Praiſe, and conciliate friends.

Sofia. He rul'd his life
By prudent maxims: for, as times go now,
Compliance raiſes friends, and truth breeds hate.
Simo. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago, (16)
A certain woman from the iſle of Andros,
Came o'er to ſettle in this neighbourhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n:
Handſome and young.
Sofia. Ah! I begin to fear
Some miſchief from this Andrian.
Simo. At firſt
Modeſt and thriftily, tho' poor, ſhe liv'd, (17)
With her own hands a homely livelihood
Scarce earning from the diſtaff and the loom.
But when a lover came, with promis'd gold,
Another, and another, as the mind
Falls eaſily from labour to delight,
She took their offers, and ſet up the trade.
They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
Drew thither, as oft happen with young men,
My ſon to join their company. So, ſo!
Said I within myſelf, he's ſmit! he has it! (18)
And in the morning as I ſaw their ſervants
Run to and fro, I'd often call, here, boy!
Prithee now, who had Chryſis yeſterday?
The name of this ſame Andrian.
Sofia. I take you.
Simo. Phædrus they ſaid, Clinia, or Niceratus,
For all theſe three then follow'd her.—Well, well,
But what of Pamphilus?—Of Pamphilus!
He ſupt, and paid his reck'ning.—I was glad.
Another day I made the like enquiry,
But ſtill found nothing touching Pamphilus.
Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence:

For

For he who ſtruggles with ſuch ſpirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unſhaken mind,
May well be truſted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world (19)
With one accord ſaid all good things, and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who poſſeſt a ſon
So good, ſo lib'rally diſpoſed.—In ſhort
Chremes, ſeduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handſome portion
In marriage with my ſon. I lik'd the match;
Betroth'd my ſon; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.

Soſia. And what prevents it's being ſo?

Simo. I'll tell you.
In a few days, the treaty ſtill on foot,
This neighbour Chryſis dies.

Soſia. In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chryſis.

Simo. My ſon, on this event, was often there
With thoſe who were the late gallants of Chryſis;
Aſſiſted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and ſometimes wept with them.
This pleas'd me then; for in myſelf I thought,
(20) Since merely for a ſmall acquaintance-ſake
He takes this woman's death ſo nearly, what
If he himſelf had lov'd? What wou'd he feel
For me, his father? All theſe things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender diſpoſition.
In ſhort, on his account, e'en I myſelf (21)
Attend the funeral, ſuſpecting yet
No harm.

Soſia. And what—

Simo.

Simo. You ſhall hear all. The Corpſe
Born forth, we follow: when among the women
Attending there, I chanc'd to caſt my eyes,
Upon one girl, in form——
Soſia. Not bad, perhaps.——
Simo. And look; ſo modeſt, and ſo beauteous, Soſia!
That nothing cou'd exceed it. As ſhe ſeem'd
To grieve beyond the reſt; and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went, and aſk'd her women, who ſhe was.
Siſter, they ſaid, to Chryſis: when at once
It ſtruck my mind; So! ſo! the ſecret's out;
Hence were thoſe tears, and hence all that compaſſion!
Soſia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!
Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
Come to the ſepulchre: the body's plac'd
Upon the pile, lamented: whereupon
This ſiſter, I was ſpeaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-diſſembled and long-hidden love:
Runs up, and takes her round the waiſt, and cries,
Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavour to deſtroy yourſelf?
Then ſhe, in ſuch a manner, that you thence
Might eaſily perceive their long, long, love,
Threw herſelf back into his arms, and wept,
Oh how familiarly!
Soſia. How ſay you!
Simo. I
Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had no cauſe ſufficient for reproof.
What have I done? he'd ſay; or how deſerv'd
Reproach? or how offended, Father?—Her
Who meant to caſt herſelf into the flames,

I ſtopt

I ſtopt. A fair excuſe!

Soſia. You're in the right; (22)
For him, who ſav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Simo. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to me:
Oh monſtrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this ſtranger woman (23). I
Deny the fact moſt ſteadily, and he
As ſteadily inſiſts. In ſhort we part
On ſuch bad terms, as let me underſtand
He wou'd refuſe his daughter.

Soſia. Did not you
Then take your ſon to taſk?

Simo. Not even this
Appear'd ſufficient for reproof.

Soſia. How ſo?

Simo. Father, (he might have ſaid) You have, you know,
Preſcrib'd a term to all theſe things yourſelf.
The time is near at hand, when I muſt live
According to the humour of another.
Meanwhile, permit me now to pleaſe my own!

Soſia. What cauſe remains to chide him then?

Simo. If he
Refuſes, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, ſuch obſtinate denial
Muſt be conſidered as his firſt offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cauſe to chide:
And that ſame raſcal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counſel run to waſte,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will ſtrive to croſs my purpoſes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my ſon.

Soſia. Why ſo?

Simo. Why ſo! Bad mind, bad heart (24): But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?
—If, as I wiſh it may, it ſhou'd appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, conſent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit theſe nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and obſerve my ſon,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Soſia. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now go in!

Simo. Go firſt: I'll follow you. [*Exit* Soſia. (25)
Beyond all doubt
My ſon's averſe to take a wife: I ſaw
How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing.
But here he comes.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS. (26)

Davus to himſelf.] I thought 'twere wonderful
If this affair went off ſo eaſily;
And dreaded where my maſter's great good-humour
Wou'd end at laſt: who, after he perceiv'd
The Lady was refus'd, ne'er ſaid a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.

Simo, behind.] But now he will; to your coſt too, I warrant you!

Davus. This was his ſcheme; to lead us by the noſe
In a falſe dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were moſt ſecure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor have giv'n us time
To caſt about which way to break the match.
Cunning old Gentleman!

Simo. What ſays the rogue?

Davus

Davus. My maſter, and I did not ſee him!
Simo. Davus!
Davus. Well! what now? [*pretending not to ſee him.*
Simo. Here! this way!
Davus. What can he want? [*to himſelf.*
Simo, overhearing.] What ſay you?
Davus. Upon what? Sir.
Simo. Upon what!
The world reports that my ſon keeps a miſtreſs.
Davus. Oh, to be ſure, the world cares much for that.
Simo. D'ye mind what I ſay? Sirrah!
Davus. Nothing more, Sir.
Simo. But for me now to dive into theſe matters
May ſeem perhaps like too ſevere a father:
For all his youthful pranks concern not me.
While 'twas in ſeaſon, he had my free leave
To take his ſwing of pleaſure. But to-day
Brings on another ſtage of life, and aſks
For other manners: wherefore I deſire,
Or, if you pleaſe, I do beſeech you, *Davus*,
To ſet him right again.
Davus. What means all this?
Simo. All, who are fond of miſtreſſes, diſlike
The thoughts of matrimony.
Davus. So they ſay.
Simo. And then, if ſuch a perſon entertains
An evil counſellor in thoſe affairs,
He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worſe.
Davus. Troth, I don't comprehend one word of this.
Simo. No?
Davus. No. I'm Davus, and not Oedipus.
Simo. Then for the reſt I have to ſay to you,
You chuſe I ſhould ſpeak plainly.
Davus. By all means.
Simo. If I diſcover then, that in this match

You get to your dog's tricks to break it off,
Or try to ſhew how ſhrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown
(27)In priſon, Sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I ſwear
To grind there in your ſtead. D'ye take me now?
Or don't you underſtand this neither?

Davus. Clearly.

You have ſpoke out at laſt: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.

Simo. I could excuſe your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this.

Davus. Good words! I beg of you.

Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give you warning
That you do nothing raſhly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—take heed! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DAVUS.

(28) Troth Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for ſloth, as far as I can ſound
The ſentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage, which if not fought off,
And cunningly, ſpoils me, or my poor maſter.
I know not what to do; nor can reſolve
To help the ſon, or to obey the father.
If I deſert poor Pamphilus, alas!
I tremble for his life; if I aſſiſt him,
I dread his father's threats: a ſhrewd old Cuff,
Not eaſily deceiv'd. For firſt of all,
He knows of this amour; and watches me
With jealous eyes, leſt I deviſe ſome trick
To break the match. If he diſcovers it,
Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd

To

To puniſh me, he'll ſeize on ſome pretence
To throw me into priſon, right or wrong.
Another mischief is, this Andrian,
Miſtreſs or wife, 's with child by Pamphilus.
And do but mark their confidence! 'tis ſure
(29) The doatage of mad people, not of lovers.
Whate'er ſhe ſhall bring forth, they have reſolv'd
(30) To educate: and have among themſelves
Devis'd the ſtrangeſt ſtory! that Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen. "There was
"Once on a time a certain merchant, ſhipwreckt
"Upon the iſle of Andros; there he died:
"And Chryſis' father took this orphan-wreck,
"Then but an infant, under his protection."
Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:
And yet the ſtory pleaſes them. And ſee!
Myſis comes forth. But I muſt to the Forum (31)
To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father
Should find him firſt, and take him unawares.

SCENE IV.

Enter MYSIS. [*Speaking to a ſervant within.*

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you ſay:
You beg me to bring Leſbia. By my troth
That Leſbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
Nor worthy to be truſted with a woman
In her firſt labour.—Well, well! ſhe ſhall come.
—Obſerve how earneſt the old goſſip is, [*Coming forward.*
Becauſe this Leſbia is her pot-companion.
—Oh grant my miſtreſs, Heav'n, a ſafe delievery,
Aud let the midwife treſpaſs any where
Rather than here!—But what is it I ſee?
Pamphilus all diſorder'd: How I fear

The cauſe! I'll wait awhile, that I may know
If this commotion means us any ill.

SCENE V.

(32) PAMPHILUS, MYSIS, *behind.*

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?
Myſis. What's the matter?
Pam. Oh all ye pow'rs of heav'n and earth, what's wrong
If this is not ſo?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day ſhould marry, ſhould I not
Have had ſome previous notice?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago?
Myſis. Alas! what's this I hear?
Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to truſt me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, becauſe I change not mine. (33)
Can he then be ſo obſtinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To loſe her
Is loſing life.—Was ever man ſo croſt,
So curſt as I?—Oh pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?—ſo oft contemn'd
And held in ſcorn!—all done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unleſs,
For ſo I muſt ſuſpect, (34) they breed ſome monſter,
Whom as they can obtrude on no one elſe,
They bring to me.
Myſis. Alas, alas! this ſpeech
Has ſtruck me almoſt dead with fear.
Pam. And then
My father!—what to ſay of him?—Oh ſhame!
A thing of ſo much conſequence to treat

So

So negligently!—For but even now
Paſſing me in the forum, Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day, ſaid he: prepare;
Go, get you home!—This ſounded in my ears
As if he ſaid, go, hang yourſelf!—I ſtood
Confounded. Think you I could ſpeak one word?
Or offer an excuſe, how weak ſoe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any aſk what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.—But now
What to reſolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compaſſion,
This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been ſo gentle to me,
And held ſo ſlack a rein upon my pleaſures.
—And I oppoſe him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Myſis. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere beſt
He ſhould confer with her; or I at leaſt
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind (35)
Hangs in ſuſpence, a trifle turns the ſcale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Myſis! Save you!

Myſis. Save you! Sir. [*Coming forwards.*

Pam. How does ſhe?

Myſis. How! oppreſt with wretchedneſs. (36)
To-day ſupremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then ſhe fears leſt you deſert her.

Pam. I!
Deſert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid! who truſted to my care
Her life and honour. Her whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cheriſh'd as my wife?

Or

Or leave her modeſt and well nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.
Myſis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if conſtrain'd——
Pam. D'ye think me then ſo vile?
Or ſo ungrateful, ſo inhuman, ſavage,
Neither long intercourſe, nor love, nor ſhame,
Can make me keep my faith?
Myſis. I only know
That ſhe deſerves you ſhould remember her.
Pam. I ſhould remember her? Oh, Myſis, Myſis!
The words of Chryſis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chryſis thus began:
My Pamphilus, you ſee the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
Theſe are but feeble guardians to preſerve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beſeech you, by your better angel, (37)
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to diſtreſs. If I have ever,
As my own brother, lov'd you; or if ſhe
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever ſhewn obedience to your will——
I do bequeath you to her as a huſband,
Friend, Guardian, Father: all our little wealth
To you I leave, and truſt it to your care.——
She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her. (38)
Myſis. So we truſt.
Pam. What make you from her?
Myſis. Going for a midwife. (39)
Pam. Haſte then! and hark, be ſure take ſpecial heed,
You

You mention not a word about the marriage,
Leſt this too give her pain.
Myſis. I underſtand. (40)

ACT II. SCENE I.

(41) CHARINUS, BYRRHIA.

Char. HOW, Byrrhia? Is ſhe to be married, ſay you,
To Pamphilus to-day?
Byr. 'Tis even ſo.
Char. How do you know?
Byr. I had it even now
From Davus at the Forum.
Char. Woe is me!
Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd, and o'erwhelm'd, it ſinks beneath its cares.
Byr. Nay, prithee maſter, ſince the thing you wiſh
Cannot be had, e'en wiſh for that which may!
Char. I wiſh for nothing but Philumena.
Byr. Ah, how much wiſer were it, that you ſtrove
To quench this paſſion, than, with words like theſe
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?
Char. How readily do men at eaſe preſcribe
To thoſe who're ſick at heart! diſtreſt like me,
You would not talk thus.
Byr. Well, well, as you pleaſe.
Char. Ha! I ſee Pamphilus. I can reſolve
On any thing, e'er give up all for loſt.
Byr. What now?
Char. I will intreat him, beg, beſeech him,
Tell him our courſe of love, and thus perhaps,
At leaſt prevail upon him to defer

His

His marriage ſome few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.

Byr. Ay, that ſomething's nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I ſpeak to him?

Byr. Why not? for tho' you don't obtain your ſuit,
He will at leaſt imagine you're prepar'd
To cuckold him, in caſe he marries her.

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your baſe ſuſpicions!

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, ſave you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!
Imploring comfort, ſafety, help, and counſel,
You ſee me now before you.

Pam. I do lack
Myſelf both help and counſel—But what mean you?

Char. Is this your wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, ſo they ſay.

Char. Ah, Pamphilus, if ſo, this day
You ſee the laſt of me.

Pam. How ſo?

Char. Ah me?
I dare not ſpeak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in love
With your bride, Sir. (42)

Pam. I'faith ſo am not I.
Tell me, Charinus, has ought further paſt
'Twixt you and her?

Char. Ah, no, no.

Pam. Wou'd there had!

Char

Char. Now by our friendſhip, by my love I beg
You wou'd not marry her.———
Pam. I will endeavour.
Char. If that's impoſſible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart———
Pam. My heart!
Char. At leaſt
Defer it ſome few days; while I depart,
That I may not behold it.
Pam. Hear, Charinus;
It is, I think, ſcarce honeſty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favour. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you deſire it.
Char. You have reviv'd me.
Pam. Now if you, or he,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught;
Act, plot, deviſe, invent, ſtrive all you can
To make her your's; and I'll do all I can
That ſhe may not be mine.
Char. Enough.
Pam. I ſee
Davus, and in good time: for he'll adviſe
What's beſt to do.
Char. But you, you ſorry rogue, [*to* Byrrhia
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, Sirrah, get you gone!
Byr. With all my heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter DAVUS *haſtily.*

Davus. Good Heav'ns, what news I bring! what joyful news!

But where ſhall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of joy?
Char. There's ſomething pleaſes him.
Pam. No matter what.
He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.
Davus. And he, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended wedding——
Char. Do you hear?
Davus. Poor ſoul, is running all about the town
In queſt of me. But whither ſhall I go?
Or which way run?
Char. Why don't you ſpeak to him?
Davus. I'll go.
Pam. Ho! Davus! Stop, come here!
Davus. Who calls?
O, Pamphilus! the very man.—Heyday!
Charinus too!—Both gentlemen, well met!
I've news for both.
Pam. I'm ruin'd, Davus.
Davus. Hear me!
Pam. Undone!
Davus. I know your fears.
Char. My life's at ſtake.
Davus. Your's I know alſo.
Pam. Matrimony mine.
Davus. I know it.
Pam. But to-day.
Davus. You ſtun me; plague!
I tell you I know ev'ry thing: you fear [*to* Charinus.
You ſhou'd *not* marry her.—you fear you *ſhou'd.* [*to* Pam.
Char. The very thing.
Pam. The ſame.
Davus. And yet that *ſame*
Is nothing. Mark!
Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.

Davus.

Davus. I will then. Chremes
Won't give his daughter to you.
Pam. How d'ye know?
Davus. I'm ſure of it. Your Father but juſt now
Takes me aſide, and tells me 'twas his will,
That you ſhou'd wed to-day; with much beſide,
Which now I have not leiſure to repeat.
I, on the inſtant, haſtening to find you,
Run to the Forum to inform you of it:
There, failing, climb an eminence, look round:
No Pamphilus: I light by chance on Byrrhia;
(43) Enquire; he hadn't ſeen you. Vext at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence
A doubt aroſe within me. Ha! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapt up ſo ſuddenly! This don't agree.
Pam. Well, what then?
Davus. I betook me inſtantly
To Chremes' houſe; but thither when I came,
(44) Before the door all huſh. This tickled me.
Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.
Davus. I watch'd awhile:
Mean time no ſoul went in, no ſoul came out;
(45) No matron; in the houſe no ornament;
No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in———
Pam. I underſtand: a potent ſign!
Davus. Does this ſeem like a nuptial?
Pam. I think not,
Davus.
Davus. *Think not*, d'ye ſay? you don't conceive:
The thing is evident. I met beſide,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing ſome potherbs, and a pennyworth (46)
Of little fiſhes for the old man's dinner.

Char. I am deliver'd, Davus, by your means,
From all my apprehenſions of to-day.
Davus. And yet you are undone.
Char. How ſo? Since Chremes
Will not conſent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.
Davus. Ridiculous! As if,
Becauſe the daughter is denied to him,
She muſt of courſe wed you. Look to it well;
Court the old Gentleman thro' friends, apply,
Or elſe———
Char. You're right: I will about it ſtrait,
Altho' that hope has often fail'd. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Pam. What means my father then? Why counterfeit?
Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his daughter,
He'd think himſelf in fault; and juſtly too,
Before the biaſs of your mind is known.
But granting you refuſe her for a wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you, and then
Comes all the ſtorm.
Pam. What courſe then ſhall I take?
Shall I ſubmit———
Davus. He is your Father, Sir,
Whom to oppoſe were difficult; and then
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some courſe, no matter what, to drive her hence.
Pam. To drive her hence?
Davus. Directly.
Pam. Tell me then,
Oh tell me, Davus, what were beſt to do?
Davus. Say that you'll marry! (47)
Pam. How!

Pam.

Davus. And where's the harm?
Pam. Say that I'll marry!
Davus. Why not?
Pam. Never, never.
Davus. Do not refuſe!
Pam. Perſuade not!
Davus. Do but mark
The conſequence.
Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium.
And marriage with the other.
Davus. No ſuch thing.
Your father, I ſuppoſe, accoſts you thus.
I'd have you wed to-day;—*I will*, quoth you:
What reaſon has he to reproach you then?
Thus ſhall you baffle all his ſettled ſchemes,
And put him to confuſion; all the while
Secure yourſelf: for 'tis beyond a doubt
That Chremes will refuſe his daughter to you;
So obſtinately too, you need not pauſe,
Or change theſe meaſures, leſt he change his mind;
Say to your father then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cauſe to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
"No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
"A libertine."—Alas, you're much deceiv'd.
For know, your father will redeem ſome wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than ſee your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an eaſy mind,
He too will grow indifferent, and ſeek out
Another match at leiſure: the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.
Pam. D'ye think ſo?
Davus. Beyond all doubt.
Pam. See, what you lead me to.

Davus.

Davus. Nay, peace!
Pam. I'll ſay ſo then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
To educate.
Davus. O confidence!
Pam. She drew
This promiſe from me, as a firm aſſurance
That I would not forſake her.
Davus. We'll take care.
But here's your father: let him not perceive
You're melancholy.

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO *at a diſtance.*

Simo. I return to ſee
What they're about, or what they meditate.
Davus. Now is he ſure that you'll refuſe to wed.
From ſome dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a ſpeech
To diſconcert you. See, you keep your ground!
Pam. If I can, Davus.
Davus. Truſt me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a ſingle word
In anger with you, do but ſay you'll wed.

SCENE VI.

Enter BYRRHIA *behind.*

Byr. To-day my maſter bad me leave all elſe
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
(48) Followed the old man hither: yonder too
Stands Pamphilus himſelf, and with him Davus.
To buſineſs then!

Simo.

Simo. I ſee them both together.
Davus. Now mind. [*apart to* Pam.
Simo. Here, Pamphilus!
Davus. Now turn about,
As taken unawares. [*apart.*
Pam. Who calls? my father! [*apart.*
Simo. It is my pleaſure, that to-day,
As I have told you once before, you marry.
Davus. Now on our part, I fear what he'll reply. [*aſide.*
Pam. In that, and all the reſt of your commands,
I ſhall be ready to obey you, Sir!
Byr. How's that! [*overhearing.*
Davus. Struck dumb. [*aſide.*
Byr. What ſaid he? [*liſtening.*
Simo. You perform
Your duty, when you chearfully comply
With my deſires.
Davus. There! ſaid I not the truth? [*apart to* Pam.
Byr. My maſter then, ſo far as I can find,
May whiſtle for a wife.
Simo. Now then go in
That when you're wanted you be found.
Pam. I go. [*Exit.*
Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?
'Tis an old ſaying and a true one too;
"Of all mankind each loves himſelf the beſt."
I've ſeen the lady; know her beautiful;
And therefore ſooner pardon Pamphilus,
If he had rather win her to his arms,
Than yield her to th' embraces of my maſter.
(49) I will go bear theſe tidings, and receive
Much evil treatment for my evil news. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manent SIMO *and* DAVUS.

Davus. Now he ſuppoſes I've ſome trick in hand,
And loiter here to practice it on him!
Simo. Well, what now, Davus?
Davus. Nothing.
Simo. Nothing, ſay you?
Davus. Nothing at all.
Simo. And yet I look'd for ſomething.
Davus (50). So, I perceive, you did:—This nettles him. [*aſide.*
Simo. Can you ſpeak truth?
Davus. Moſt eaſily.
Simo. Say then,
Is not this wedding irkſome to my ſon,
From his adventure with the Andrian?
Davus. No faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know;
Then 'twill be over: for he ſees the thing
In its true light.
Simo. I praiſe him for't.
Davus. While you
Reſtrain'd him not; and while his youth allow'd
'Tis true he lov'd; and even then by ſtealth,
As wiſe men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.
Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he ſeem'd a little ſad.
Davus. Not upon that account. He has he thinks
Another reaſon to complain of you.
Simo. For what?
Davus. A trifle.
Simo. Well, what is't?

Davus

Davus. Nay, nothing.
Simo. Tell me, what is't?
Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too ſparing of expence.
Simo. I?
Davus. You.
(51) A feaſt of ſcarce ten Drachms? Does this, ſays he,
Look like a wedding-ſupper for his ſon?
What friends can I invite? eſpecially
At ſuch a time as this?—and, truly, Sir,
You have been very frugal; much too ſparing.
I can't commend you for it.
Simo. Hold your peace.
Davus. I've ruffled him. [*aſide.*
Simo. I'll look to that. Away! [*Exit* Davus.
What now? What means the varlet? Precious rogue,
For if there's any knavery on foot,
(52) He, I am ſure, is the contriver on't. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of* Simo's *Houſe.*—MYSIS, LESBIA, *going towards the Houſe of* Glycerium.

Myſis. AY, marry, 'tis as you ſay, Leſbia;
Women ſcarce ever find a conſtant man.
Simo. The Andrian's maid-ſervant! Is't not?
Davus. Ay.
Myſis. But Pamphilus——
Simo. What ſays ſhe? [*overhearing.*
Myſis. Has been true.
Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*
Davus. Wou'd he were deaf, or ſhe were dumb! [*aſide.*
Myſis. For the child, boy, or girl, he has reſov'd

To educate.

Simo. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm loſt indeed.

Leſbia. A good young Gentleman!

Myſis. Oh, very good.
But in, in, leſt you make her wait.

Leſbia: I follow. [*Exeunt* Myſis *and* Leſbia.

SCENE II.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Davus. Unfortunate! What remedy! [*aſide.*

Simo. How's this? [*to himſelf.*
And can he be ſo mad? What! educate
A harlot's child!—Ah, now I know their drift:
Fool that I was, ſcarce ſmelt it out at laſt.

Davus liſtening] What's this he ſays he has ſmelt out?

Simo. Imprimis, [*to himſelf.*
'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a ſham:
A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labour,
Deviſ'd to frighten Chremes from the match.

Glycerium within.] (53) Juno Lucina, ſave me! Help, I pray thee.

Simo. Hey day! Already! Oh ridiculous!
Soon as ſhe heard that I was at the door
She haſtens to cry out: your incidents (54)
Are ill-tim'd Davus.

Davus. Mine Sir?

Simo. Are your players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?

Davus. I do not comprehend you.

Simo apart] If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my ſon,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what ſport,

What

What ſcorn he'd have expos'd me to? But now
At his own peril be it. I'm ſecure.

SCENE III.

Re-enter LESBIA.—ARCHYLLIS *appears at the door.*

Leſbia to Archillis within.] As yet, Archyllis, all the ſymptoms ſeem
As good as might be wiſh'd in her condition:
Firſt, let her make ablution: after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and juſt ſo much:
And preſently I will be here again. [*coming forward.*
Now, by this good day, Maſter Pamphilus
Has got a chopping boy: Heav'n grant it live!
For he's a worthy Gentleman, and ſcorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Simo. This too where's he that knows you wou'd not ſwear
Was your contrivance?

Davus. My contrivance! what Sir?

Simo. While in the houſe, forſooth, the midwife gave
No orders for the Lady in the ſtraw:
But having iſſued forth into the ſtreet,
Bawls out moſt luſtily to thoſe within.
—Oh Davus, am I then ſo much your ſcorn?
Seem I ſo proper to be play'd upon,
With ſuch a ſhallow, barefac'd, impoſition?
You might at leaſt, in reverence, have us'd
Some ſpice of art, wer't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, ſhou'd I find you out.

Davus. I'faith now he deceives himſelf, not I. [*aſide.*

Simo. Did not I give you warning? threaten too,

In caſe you play'd me falſe? But all in vain:
For what car'd you?—What! think you I believe
This ſtory of a child by Pamphilus?
Davus. I ſee his error: Now I know my game. [*aſide.*
Simo. Why don't you anſwer?
Davus. What! you don't believe it!
As if you had not been informed of this? [*archly.*
Simo. I been inform'd?
Davus. What then you found it out? [*archly.*
Simo. D'ye laugh at me?
Davus. You muſt have been inform'd:
Or whence this ſhrewd ſuſpicion?
Simo. Whence! from you:
Becauſe I know you.
Davus. Meaning, this was done
By my advice?
Simo. Beyond all doubt; I know it:
Davus. You do not know me, Simo.——
Simo. I not know you?
Davus. For if I do but ſpeak, immediately
You think yourſelf impos'd on.——
Simo. Falſely, hey?
Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before you.
Simo. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.
Davus. You've found it out?
Yet by and bye they'll bring the bantling here,
And lay it at our door. Remember, Sir,
I give you warning that will be the caſe;
That you may ſtand prepar'd, nor after ſay,
'Twas done by Davus's advice, his tricks!
I wou'd fain cure your ill opinion of me.
Simo. But how d'ye know?
Davus. I've heard ſo, and believe ſo.
Beſides a thouſand things concur to lead

To

To this conjecture. In the first place, she
Profess'd herself with child by Pamphilus:
That proves a falsehood. Now that she perceives
A nuptial preparation at our house,
A maid's dispach'd immediately to bring
A midwife to her, and withal a child, (55)
You too they will contrive shall see the child,
Or else the wedding must proceed.

Simo. How's this?
Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
Why did you not directly tell my son?

Davus. Who then has drawn him from her but myself?
For we all know how much he doated on her:
But now he wishes for a wife. In fine,
Leave that affair to me; and you mean while
Pursue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
The Gods, I hope, will prosper!

Simo. Get you in.
Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
What's requisite. [*Exit* Davus.
He has not wrought upon me
To yield implicit credit to his tale,
Nor do I know if all he said be true.
But, true or false, it matters not: to me
My Son's own promise is the main concern.
Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
In marriage with my son. If I succeed,
What can I rather wish, than to behold
Their marriage-rites to-day? For since my son
Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,
Should he refuse, but I may force him to it:
And to my wishes see where Chremes comes.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES (56).

Simo. Chremes, good day!
Chremes. The very man I look'd for.
Simo. And I for you.
Chremes. Well met.—Some perſons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your ſon to-day:
And therefore came I here, and fain wou'd know
Whether 'tis you or they have loſt their wits.
Simo. A moment's hearing; you ſhall be inform'd,
What I requeſt, and what you wiſh to know.
Chremes. I hear: what would you? ſpeak.
Simo. Now by the Gods;
Now by our friendſhip, Chremes, which begun
In infancy, has ſtill encreas'd with age;
Now by your only daughter, and my ſon,
Whoſe preſervation wholly reſts on you;
Let me intreat this boon: and let the match
Which ſhould have been, ſtill be.
Chremes. Why, why intreat?
Knowing you ought not to beſeech this of me.
Think you, that I am other than I was,
When firſt I gave my promiſe? If the match
Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
But if their union promiſes more harm
Than good to both, you alſo, I beſeech you,
Conſult our common intereſt, as if
You were her father, Pamphilus my ſon.
Simo. E'en in that ſpirit, I deſire it, Chremes,
Intreat it may be done; nor would intreat,
But that occaſion urges.
Chremes. What occaſion?

Simo.

Simo. A diff'rence 'twixt Glycerium and my ſon.
Chremes. I hear. [*ironically.*
Simo. A breach ſo wide as gives me hopes
To ſep'rate them for ever.
Chremes. Idle tales!
Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.
Chremes. Ay marry, thus it is.
Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.
Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this miſchief now;
While time permits, while yet his paſſion's ſore
From contumelies; e'er theſe womens' wiles,
Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud
Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compaſſion.
Give him a wife: by intercourſe with her,
Knit by the bonds of wedlock, ſoon I hope,
He'll riſe above the guilt that ſinks him now.
Chremes. So you believe: for me, I cannot think
That he'll be conſtant, or that I can bear it.
Simo. How can you know, unleſs you make the trial?
Chremes. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter
Is hard indeed.
Simo. The miſchief, ſhould he fail,
Is only this: divorce, which heav'n forbid!
But mark what benefits if he amend!
Firſt, to your friend you will reſtore a ſon;
Gain to yourſelf a ſon-in-law, and match
Your daughter to an honeſt huſband.
Chremes. Well!
Since you're ſo thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
I can deny you naught that lies in me.
Simo. I ſee I ever lov'd you juſtly, Chremes.
Chremes. But then——
Simo. But what?
Chremes. Whence is't you know
That there's a difference between them?

Simo.

Simo. Davus,
Davus, in all their ſecrets, told me ſo;
Advis'd me too, to haſten on the match
As faſt as poſſible. Wou'd he, d'ye think,
Do that, unleſs he were full well aſſur'd
My ſon deſir'd it too?—Hear, what he ſays.
Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. I was about to ſeek you.
Simo. What's the matter?
Davus. Why is not the bride ſent for? it grows late.
Simo. Dy'e hear him?—Davus, I for ſome time paſt
Was fearful of you; left, like other ſlaves,
As ſlaves go now, you ſhould put tricks upon me,
And baffle me, to favour my ſon's love.
Davus. I, Sir?
Simo. I thought ſo: and in fear of that
Conceal'd a ſecret which I'll now diſcloſe.
Davus. What ſecret, Sir?
Simo. I'll tell you: for I now
Almoſt begin to think you may be truſted.
Davus. You've found what ſort of man I am at laſt.
Simo. No marriage was intended.
Davus. How! none!
Simo. None.
All counterfeit, to ſound my ſon and you.
Davus. How ſay you?
Simo. Even ſo.
Davus. Alack, alack!
I never could have thought it. Ah, what art! [*archly.*
Simo. Hear me. No ſooner had I ſent you in,
But opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.

Davus.

Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? [*aside.*

Simo. I told him all,
That you had juſt told me,——

Davus. Confuſion! how? [*aside.*

Simo Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at length
With much ado prevail'd.

Davus. Undone! [*aside.*

Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*

Davus. Well done! I ſaid.

Simo. My good friend Chremes then
Is now no obſtacle.

Chremes. I'll home awhile,
Order due preparations, and return. [*Exit.*

Simo. Prithee, now, Davus, ſeeing you alone
Have brought about this match——

Davus. Yes, I alone.

Simo. Endeavour farther to amend my ſon.

Davus. Moſt diligently.

Simo. It were eaſy now,
While his mind's irritated.

Davus. Be at peace.

Simo. Do then: where is he?

Davus. Probably, at home.

Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

DAVUS *alone.*

Loſt and undone! To priſon with me ſtrait!
No prayer, no plea: for I have ruin'd all!
Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus
With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
By my ſole means; beyond the hopes of one;
Againſt the other's will.——Oh cunning fool!

Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
But see, he's coming. Would my neck were broken!
[*retires.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS *behind.*

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me?
Davus. I'm a loſt man.
Pam. And yet I muſt confeſs,
That I deſerv'd this, being ſuch a dolt,
A very ideot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile ſlave. I ſuffer for my folly,
But will at leaſt take vengeance on him.
Davus. If I can but eſcape this miſchief now,
I'll anſwer for hereafter.
Pam. To my father
What ſhall I ſay?—And can I then refuſe,
Who have but now conſented? with what face?
I know not what to do.
Davus. I'faith, nor I;
And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
I've hit on ſomething to delay the match.
Pam. Oh! [*ſeeing* Davus.
Davus. I am ſeen.
Pam. So, good Sir! What ſay you?
See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.
Davus. coming forward.] But I'll deliver you.
Pam. Deliver me?
Davus. Certainly, Sir.
Pam. What, as you did juſt now?
Davus. Better I hope.
Pam. And can you then believe
That I would truſt you, raſcal? You amend
My broken fortunes, or redeem them loſt?

You,

You, who to-day, from the moſt happy ſtate,
Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I
Foretell it would be thus?
Davus. You did indeed.
Pam. And what do you deſerve for this? (57)
Davus. The gallows.
—Yet ſuffer me to take a little breath,
I'll deviſe ſomething preſently.
Pam. Alas, (58)
I have not leiſure for your puniſhment.
The time demands attention to myſelf,
Nor will be waſted in revenge on you.

ACT IV. SCENE I

CHARINUS *alone.*

Is this to be believ'd, or to be told?
Can then ſuch inbred malice live in man,
To joy in ill, and from another's woes
To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then ſo?
—Yes, ſuch there are, the meaneſt of mankind,
Who, from a ſneaking baſhfulneſs, at firſt
Dare not refuſe; but when the time comes on
To make their promiſe good, then force per force
Open themſelves and fear: yet muſt deny.
Then too, oh ſhameleſs impudence, they cry,
"Who then are you? and what are you to me?
"Why ſhould I render up my love to you?
"Faith, neighbour, charity begins at home."
—Speak of their broken faith, they bluſh not, they,
Now throwing off that ſhame they ought to wear,
Which they before aſſum'd without a cauſe.
—What ſhall I do? go to him? on my wrongs

Expoſtulate, and throw reproaches on him?
What will that profit, ſay you?——very much.
I ſhall at leaſt embitter his delight,
And gratify my anger.

SCENE II.

To him PAMPHILUS *and* DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
By my imprudence, unleſs Heav'n forefend,
I've ruin'd both myſelf and you.
Char. Imprudence!
Paltry evaſion! you have broke your faith.
Pam. What now?
Char. And do you think that words like theſe
Can baffle me again?
Pam. What means all this?
Char. Soon as I told you of my paſſion for her,
Then ſhe had charms for you.——Ah, ſenſeleſs fool,
To judge your diſpoſition by my own!
Pam. You are miſtaken.
Char. Was your joy no joy,
Without abuſing a fond lover's mind,
Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.
Pam. Take her?
Alas, you know not what a wretch I am:
How many cares this ſlave has brought upon me,
My raſcal here.
Char. No wonder if he takes
Example from his maſter.
Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or elſe you would not talk thus.
Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but now
A dreadful altercation with your father:
And therefore he's enrag'd, nor could prevail

On

On you, forſooth, to wed. [*ironically.*

Pam. To ſhew you then,
How little you conceive of my diſtreſs,
Theſe nuptials were mere ſemblance, mock'ry all,
Nor was a wife intended me.

Char. I know it:
You are conſtrain'd, poor man, by inclination.

Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't know—

Char. I know
That you're to marry her.

Pam. Why rack me thus?
Nay hear! he never ceas'd to importune
That I wou'd tell my father, I would wed;
So preſt, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.

Char. Who did this?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus!

Pam. Davus all.

Char. Wherefore?

Pam. I know not: but I know the Gods
Meant in their anger I ſhould liſten to him.

Char. Is it ſo, Davus?

Davus. Even ſo.

Char. How, villain?
The Gods confound you for it?—Tell me, wretch,
Had all his moſt inveterate foes deſir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given elſe?

Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not diſhearten'd.

Char. True. [*ironically.*

Davus. This way has fail'd;
We'll try another way: unleſs you think
Becauſe the buſineſs has gone ill at firſt,
We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.

Pam.

Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.
Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your ſlave,
To ſtrive with might and main, by day and night,
With hazard of my life, to do you ſervice:
'Tis your's, if I am croſt, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I ſpare no pains. Do better, if you can,
And ſend me packing.
Pam. Ay, with all my heart:
Place me but where you found me firſt.
Davus. I will.
Pam. But do it inſtantly.
Davus. Hiſt! hold awhile:
I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.
Pam. Nothing to you.
Davus. I'm thinking.
Pam. What, at laſt?
Davus. Your buſineſs ſhall be done, and preſently.

SCENE IV.

Enter MYSIS.

Myſis to Glycer. within.] Be where he will, I'll find your Pamphilus,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my ſoul,
Forbear to vex yourſelf.
Pam. Myſis!
Myſis. Who's there?
Oh Pamphilus, well met, Sir!
Pam. What's the matter?
Myſis. My miſtreſs, by the love you bear her, begs
Your preſence inſtantly. She longs to ſee you.
Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This ſore breaks out afreſh.

Unhappy

Unhappy that we are, thro' your curſt means,
To be tormented thus. [*to* Davus.]—She has been told
A nuptial is prepar'd and therefore ſends.
Char. From which how ſafe you were, had he been quiet! [*pointing to* Davus.
Davus. Ay, if he raves not of himſelf enough,
Do, irritate him. [*to* Charinus.
Myſis. Truly that's the cauſe;
And therefore 'tis, poor ſoul, ſhe ſorrows thus.
Pam. Myſis, I ſwear to thee by all the Gods,
I never will deſert her: tho aſſur'd
That I for her make all mankind my foes.
I fought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wiſh us put aſunder!
Death, nought but death ſhall part us.
Myſis. I revive.
Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.
If that my father may be wrought upon,
To think I hinder'd not the match, tis well:
But if that cannot be, come what come may,
Why let him know, 'twas I—What think you now? [*to*
Char. That we are wretches both. [Char.
Davus. My brain's at work.
Char. O brave!
Pam. I know what you'd attempt.
Davus. Well, well!
I will effect it for you.
Pam. Ay, but now.
Davus. E'en now.
Char. What is't?
Davus. For him, Sir, not for you.
Be not miſtaken.
Char. I am ſatisfied.
Pam. Say, what do you propoſe?
Davus. This day, I fear,

Is ſcarce ſufficient for the execution,
So think not I have leiſure to relate.
Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence I ſay
Pam. I'll to Glycerium. [*Exit.*
Davus. Well, and what mean you?
Whither will you, Sir?
Char. Shall I ſpeak the truth?
Davus. Oh to be ſure: now for a tedious tale!
Char. What will become of me?
Davus. How! not content!
Is it not then ſufficient, if I give you
The reſpite of a day, a little day,
By putting off his wedding?
Char. Ay, but Davus,——
Davus. But what?
Char. That I may wed——
Davus. Ridiculous!
Char. If you ſucceed, come to me.
Davus. Wherefore come?
I can't aſſiſt you.
Char. Should it ſo fall out——
Davus. Well, well, I'll come.
Char. If ought, I am at home. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS.

Davus. Myſis, wait here till I come forth.
Myſis. For what?
Davus. It muſt be ſo.
Myſis. Make haſte then.
Davus. In a moment. [*Exit, to* Glycerium's.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

MYSIS *alone.*

Can we ſecurely then count nothing our's ?
Oh all ye Gods ! I thought this Pamphilus
The greateſt good my miſtreſs could obtain,
Friend, lover, huſband, ev'ry way a bleſſing :
And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures ſhe not
On his account ? Alas, more ill than good.
But here comes Davus.

SCENE VII.

Re-enter DAVUS *with the child.*

Myſis. Prithee, man, what now ?
Where are you carrying the child ?
Davus. Oh, Myſis,
Now have I need of all your ready wit,
And all your cunning.
Myſis. What are you about ?
Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door.
Myſis. What on the bare ground ?
Davus. From the altar then (59)
Take herbs and ſtrew them underneath.
Myſis. And why
Can't you do that yourſelf ?
Davus. Becauſe, that if
My maſter chance to put me to my oath
That 'twas not I who laid it there, I may
With a ſafe conſcience ſwear. [*gives her the child.*
Myſis. I underſtand.
But pray how came this ſudden qualm upon you ?
Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend

What I propoſe.—[Myſis *lays the child at* Simo's *door.*]
Oh Jupiter! [*looking out.*

Myſis. What now?

Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!—I change
My firſt-intended purpoſe (60).

Myſis. What you mean
I can't imagine.

Davus. This way from the right,
I'll counterfeit to come:—And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the diſcourſe as need requires.

Myſis. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.
But if I can aſſiſt, as you know beſt,
Not to obſtruct your purpoſes, I'll ſtay. [Davus *retires.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter CHREMES *going towards* Simo's.

Chremes. Having provided all things neceſſary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.
What's here? [*ſeeing the child.*] by Hercules, a child! Ha, woman,
Was't you that laid it here?

Myſis. Where is he gone? [*looking after* Davus.

Chremes. What, wont you anſwer me?

Myſis. [*looking about.*] Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.
[Davus *coming forward and pretending not ſee them.*

Davus. Good heavens, what confuſion at the Forum!
The people all diſputing with each other!
The market price is ſo confounded high. [*loud.*
What to ſay elſe I know not. [*aſide.*

Myſis to Davus] What d'ye mean, [Chremes *retires and*
By leaving me alone? *liſtens to their converſation.*

Davus. What farce is this?

Ha,

Ha, Myſis, whence this child? Who brought it here?

Myſis. Have you your wits, to aſk me ſuch a queſtion?

Davus. Whom ſhould I aſk, when no one elſe is here?

Chremes behind.] I wonder whence it comes. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. Wilt anſwer me! [*loud.*

Myſis. Ah! [*confuſed.*

Davus. This way to the right! [*apart to* Myſis.

Myſis. Your raving mad.

Was't not yourſelf!

Davus. I charge you not a word,

But what I aſk you. [*apart to* Myſis.

Myſis. Do you threaten me?

Davus. Whence comes this child? [*loud.*

Myſis. From our houſe (61).

Davus. Ha! ha! ha!

No wonder that a harlot has aſſurance.

Chremes. This is the Andrian's ſervant-maid, I take it.

Davus. Do we then ſeem to you ſuch proper folks

To play theſe tricks upon? [*loud to* Myſis.

Chremes. I came in time. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. Make haſte, and take your bantling from our door. [*loud.*

Hold! do not ſtir from where you are, beſure. [*ſoftly.*

Myſis. A plague upon you: you ſo terrify me!

Davus. Wench, did I ſpeak to you or no? [*loud.*

Myſis. What would you?

Davus. What would I? Say, whoſe child have you laid here?

Tell me. [*loud.*

Myſis. You don't know?

Davus. Plague of what I know:

Tell what I aſk. [*ſoftly.*

Myſis. Your's.

Davus. Our's? Whoſe? [*loud.*

Myſis. Pamphilus's.

Davus. How ſay you ? Pamphilus's ? [*loud.*

Myſis. Why is't not ?

Chr. I had good cauſe to be againſt this match. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. O monſtrous impudence ! [*bawling.*

Myſis. Why all this noiſe ?

Davus. Did not I ſee this child convey'd by ſtealth
Into your houſe laſt night ?

Myſis, Oh rogue !

Davus. 'Tis true.
I ſaw old Canthara ſtuff'd out ?

Myſis. Thank heav'n,
(62) Some free-women were preſent at her labour ?

Davus. Troth, ſhe don't know the gentleman, for whom
She plays this game. She thinks, ſhould Chremes ſee
The child laid here, he would not grant his daughter.
Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.

Chremes. Not he indeed. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. But now, one word for all,
Take up the child ; or I ſhall trundle him
Into the middle of the ſtreet, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.

Myſis. The fellow's drunk.

Davus. One piece of knavery begets another :
Now, I am told, 'tis whiſper'd all about,
That ſhe's a citizen of Athens—— [*loud.*

Chremes. How !

Davus. (63) And that by law he will be forc'd to wed her.

Myſis. Why prithee is ſhe not a citizen ?

Chremes. What a fine ſcrape was I within a hair
Of being drawn into ! [*to himſelf.*

Davus. What voice is that ? [*turning about.*
Oh Chremes ! you are come in time. Attend !

Chremes. I have heard all already.

Davus. You've heard all ?

Chremes. Yes all, I ſay, from firſt to laſt.

Davus.

Davus. Indeed?
Good lack, what knaveries! this lying jade
Should be dragg'd hence to torture.—This is he! [*to* Myſ.
Think not 'twas Davus you impos'd upon.
Myſis. Ah me!—Good Sir, I ſpoke the truth indeed.
Chremes. I know the whole.—Is Simo in the houſe?
Davus. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Chrem.

SCENE IX.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS. Davus *runs up to her.*

Myſis. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!
If I don't tell my miſtreſs every word——
Davus. Why you don't know, you fool, what good we've done.
Myſis. How ſhould I?
Davus. This is father to the bride:
Nor could it otherwiſe have been contriv'd
That he ſhould know what we would have him.
Myſis. Well,
You ſhould have given me notice.
Davus. Is there then (64)
No diff'rence, think you, whether all you ſay
Falls natural from the heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

SCENE X.

Enter CRITO.

Crito. In this ſtreet
They ſay that Chryſis liv'd: who rather choſe
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honeſtly at home:
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.
But I ſee perſons to enquire of. [*goes up*] Save you!

Myſis.

Myſis. Good now, who's that I ſee? is it not Crito, Chryſis's kinſman? Ay, the very ſame.

Crito. O Myſis, ſave you!

Myſis. Save you, Crito!

Crito. Chryſis
Is then——ha?

Myſis. Ay, ſhe has left us, poor ſouls!

Crito. And ye; how go ye on here?—pretty well?

Myſis. We?—as we *can*, as the old ſaying goes,
When as we *would* we cannot.

Crito. And Glycerium,
Has ſhe found out her parents?

Myſis. Wou'd ſhe had!

Crito. Not yet! an ill wind blew me hither then.
For truly, had I been appriz'd of that,
I'd ne'er have ſet foot here: for this Glycerium
Was always call'd and thought to be her ſiſter.
What Chryſis left, ſhe takes poſſeſſion of:
And now for me, a ſtranger, to commence
A law-ſuit here, how good and wiſe it were,
Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
Has got her ſome gallant too, ſome defender:
For ſhe was growing up a jolly girl
When-firſt ſhe journied hither. They will cry
That I'm a petty-fogger, fortune-hunter,
A beggar.—And beſides it were not well
To leave her in diſtreſs.

Myſis. Good ſoul! troth Crito,
You have the good old-faſhion'd honeſty.

Crito. Well, ſince I am arriv'd here, bring me to her,
That I may ſee her.

Myſis. Ay, with all my heart.

Davus. I will in with them: for I wou'd not chuſe
That our old gentleman ſhould ſee me now. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CHREMES, SIMO.

Chremes. ENOUGH already, Simo, and enough
I've ſhewn my friendſhip for you; hazarded
Enough of peril: urge me then no more!
Wiſhing to pleaſe you, I had near deſtroy'd
My daughter's peace and happineſs for ever.
Simo. Ah, Chremes, I muſt now intreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.
Chremes. Mark, how unjuſt you are thro' wilfulneſs!
So you obtain what you demand, you ſet
No bounds to my compliance, nor conſider
What you requeſt; for if you did conſider,
You'd ceaſe to load me with theſe injuries.
Simo. What injuries?
Chremes. Is that a queſtion now?
Have you not driven me to plight my child
To one poſſeſt with other love, averſe
To marriage; to expoſe her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane
To work a cure for your diſtemper'd ſon?
You had prevail'd: I travell'd in the match,
While circumſtances would admit; but now
The caſe is chang'd, content you:—It is ſaid,
That ſhe's a citizen; a child is born:
Prithee excuſe us!
Simo. Now, for heav'ns ſake.
Believe not them, whoſe intereſt it is
To make him vile and abject as themſelves.
Theſe ſtories are all feign'd, concerted all,
To break the match: when the occaſion's paſt,
That urges them to this, they will deſiſt.
Chremes. Oh, you miſtake: e'en now I ſaw the maid
Wrangling with Davus.

Simo.

Simo. Artifice! mere trick.

Chremes. Ay, but in earneſt; and when neither knew
That I was there.

Simo. It may be ſo: and Davus
Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this;
Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS *from* Glycerium's.

Davus to himſelf.] He may be eaſy now, I warrant him—

Chremes. See yonder's Davus.

Simo. Ha! whence comes the rogue?

Davus. By my aſſiſtance, and this ſtranger's ſafe. [*to himſ.*

Simo. What miſchief's this? [*liſtening.*

Davus. A more commodious man,
Arriving juſt in ſeaſon, at a time
So critical, I never knew. [*to himſelf.*

Simo. A knave!
Who's that he praiſes? [*liſtening.*

Davus. All is now ſecure. [*to himſelf.*

Simo. Why don't I ſpeak to him?

Davus. My maſter here! [*turning about.*
What ſhall I do? [*to himſelf.*

Simo. Good Sir, your humble Servant! [*ſneering.*

Davus. Oh, Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now,
Prepar'd within.

Simo. You've taken ſpecial care. [*ironically*

Davus. E'en call them when you pleaſe.

Simo. Oh, mighty fine!
That to be ſure is all that's wanting now.
—But tell me, Sir! what buſineſs had you there?
[*pointing to* Glycerium's.

Davus. I? [*confuſed.*

Simo. You?

Davus.

Davus. I———? [*ſtammering.*

Simo. You, Sir.

Davus. I went in but now. [*diſordered.*

Simo. As if I aſk'd, how long it was ago.

Davus. With Pamphilus.

Simo. Is Pamphilus within?

—Oh torture.—Did not you aſſure me, ſirrah,
They were at variance?

Davus. So they are.

Simo. Why then
Is Pamphilus within?

Chremes. Oh, why d'ye think?
He's gone to quarrel with her. [*ſneering.*

Davus. Nay, but Chremes,
There's more in this, and you ſhall hear ſtrange news.
There's an old countryman, I know not who,
Is juſt arriv'd here; confident and ſhrewd;
His look beſpeaks him of ſome conſequence.
A grave ſeverity is in his face,
And credit in his words.

Simo. What ſtory now?

Davus. Nay, nothing, ſir, but what I heard him ſay.

Simo. And what ſays he, then?

Davus. That he's well aſſur'd
Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Simo. Ho, Dromo! Dromo!

Davus. What now?

Simo. Dromo!

Davus. Hear me.

Simo. Speak but a word more—Dromo!

Davus. Pray, Sir, hear!

SCENE III.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Simo. Here, drag him headlong in,
And truſs the raſcal up immediately.

Dromo. Whom?

Simo. Davus.

Davus. Why!

Simo. Becauſe I'll have it ſo.
Take him, I ſay.

Davus. For what offence?

Simo. Off with him!

Davus. If it appear that I've ſaid ought but truth,
Put me to death.

Simo. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.

Davus. But tho' it ſhould prove true, Sir!

Simo. True or falſe.
See that you keep him bound: and do you hear?
(65) Bind the ſlave hand and foot. Away!

[*Exeunt* Dromo *and* Davus.

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

—By heav'n,
As I do live, I'll make you know this day
What peril lies in trifling with a maſter,
And make him know what 'tis to plague a father.

Chremes. Ah, be not in ſuch rage.

Simo. Oh Chremes, Chremes,
Filial unkindneſs!—Dont you pity me!
To feel all this for ſuch a thankleſs ſon!——

Here

Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!
Have you no ſhame? [*calling at* Glycerium's *door.*

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who call's?—Undone! my father!
Simo. What ſay you? Moſt——
Chremes. Ah, rather ſpeak at once
Your purpoſe, Simo, and forbear reproach.
Simo. As if 'twere poſſible to utter aught
Severer than he merits!—Tell me then; [*to* Pam.
Glycerium is a citizen?
Pam. They ſay ſo.
Simo. They ſay ſo!—Oh amazing impudence!——
Does he conſider what he ſays? does he
Repent the deed? or does his colour take
The hue of ſhame?—To be ſo weak of ſoul,
Againſt the cuſtom of our citizens,
(66) Againſt the law, againſt his father's will,
To wed himſelf to ſhame and this vile woman.
Pam. Wretch that I am!
Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedneſs at laſt? Then, then, when firſt
You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your paſſion: from that hour
Well might you feel your ſtate of wretchedneſs.
—But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my ſpirit? Why afflict my age
For his diſtemp'rature? Why rue his ſins?
—No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her.
Pam. My father!——
Simo. How, my father!—can I think (67)
You want this father? You that for yourſelf
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd

Againſt your father's will? And witneſſes
Suborn'd, to prove that ſhe's a citizen?
—You've gain'd your point.
Pam. My father, but one word!
Simo. What would you ſay?
Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.
Simo. Hear him?
What muſt I hear then, Chremes!
Chremes. Let him ſpeak.
Simo. Well, let him ſpeak: I hear him.
Pam. I confeſs,
I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,
That too I do confeſs. To you, my father,
I yield myſelf: diſpoſe me as you pleaſe!
Command me! Say, that I ſhall take a wife;
Leave her; I will endure it, as I may——
This only I beſeech you, think not I
Suborn'd this old man hither.—Suffer me
To clear myſelf, and bring him here before you.
Simo. Bring him here!
Pam. Let me, father!
Chremes. 'Tis but juſt:
Permit him!
Pam. Grant me this!
Simo. Well, be it ſo. (68) [*Exit* Pamphilus.
I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.
Chremes. For a great fault a little puniſhment
Suffices to a father.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS *with* CRITO.

Crito. Say no more!
Any of theſe inducements would prevail:

Or

Or your intreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wiſh it for Glycerium's ſake.
Chremes. Whom do I ſee? Crito, the Andrian?
Nay certainly 'tis Crito.
Crito. Save you, Chremes!
Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?
Crito. Accident.
But is this Simo?
Chremes. Ay.
Simo. Aſks he for me?
So, Sir, you ſay that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?
Crito. Do you
Deny it?
Simo. What then are you come prepar'd?
Crito. Prepar'd! for what?
Simo. And dare you aſk for what?
Shall you go on thus with impunity?
Lay ſnares for inexperienc'd, lib'ral youth,
With fraud, temptation, and fair promiſes
Soothing their minds?———
Crito. Have you your wits?
Simo. —And then
With marriage ſolder up their harlot loves?
Pam. Alas, I fear the ſtranger will not bear this. [*aſide.*
Chremes. Knew you this perſon, Simo, you'd not think thus:
He's a good man.
Simo. A good man he?—To come,
Altho' at Athens never ſeen till now,
So opportunely on the wedding-day!—
Is ſuch a fellow to be truſted, Chremes?
Pam. (69) But that I fear my father, I could make
That matter clear to him. [*aſide.*
Simo. A Sharper!

Crito.

Crito. How?

Chremes. It is his humour, Crito: do not heed him.

Crito. Let him look to't. If he perſiſts in ſaying
Whate'er he pleaſes, I ſhall make him hear
Something that may diſpleaſe him.—Do I ſtir
In theſe affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I ſpeak true or falſe, ſhall now be known.
—" A man of Athens once upon a time
" Was ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt of Andros: with him
" This very woman, then an infant. He
" In this diſtreſs applied, it ſo fell out,
" For help to Chryſis' father——

Simo. All romance.

Chremes. Let him alone.

Crito. And will he interrupt me?

Chremes. Go on.

Crito. " Now Chryſis' father, who receiv'd him,
" Was my relation. There I've often heard
" The man himſelf declare, he was of Athens.
" There too he died."

Chremes. His name?

Crito. His name ſo quickly!—Phania.

Chremes. Amazement!

Crito. By my troth, I think 'twas Phania;
But this I'm ſure, he ſaid he was of Rhamnus (70).

Chremes. Oh Jupiter!

Crito. Theſe circumſtances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Chremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wiſh!—Inform me,
Whoſe daughter, ſaid he, was the child? his own?

Crito. No, not his own.

Chremes. Whoſe then?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Chremes. Mine, mine undoubtedly!

Crito.

Crito. What ſay you?
Simo. How!
Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!
Simo. But why believe you this?
Chremes. That Phania was my brother.
Simo. True. I knew him.
Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence:
And fearing 'twere unſafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in queſt of me for Aſia:
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.
Pam. I'm ſcarce myſelf, my mind is ſo enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of ſo great,
So ſudden happineſs.
Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice ſhe's found your daughter.
Pam. I do believe you, father.
Chremes. But one doubt
There ſtill remains, which gives me pain.
Pam. Away
With all your doubts! you puzzle a plain cauſe. [*aſide.*
Crito. What is that doubt?
Chremes. The name does not agree.
Crito. She had another, when a child.
Chremes. What, Crito?
Can you remember?
Crito. I am hunting for it.
Pam. Shall then his memory oppoſe my bliſs,
When I can miniſter the cure myſelf?
No, I will not permit it—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is Paſibula.
Crito. True.
Chremes. The ſame.
Pam. I've heard it from herſelf a thouſand times,
Simo. Chremes, I truſt you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.

Chremes.

Chremes. 'Fore heaven I believe ſo.
Pam. And now, my father——
Simo. Peace, ſon! the event
Has reconcil'd me.
Pam. O thou beſt of fathers!
Does Chremes too confirm Glycerium mine?
Chremes. And with good cauſe if Simo hinder not.
Pam. Sir! [*to* Simo.
Simo. Be it ſo (71).
Chremes. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus. (72).
Pam. I am content.
Chremes. I'll to her inſtantly: and prithee, Crito,
Along with me! for ſure ſhe knows me not.
(73) [*Exeunt* Chremes *and* Crito.
Simo. Why do you not give orders inſtantly
To bring her to our houſe?
Pam. Th' advice is good.
I'll give that charge to Davus.
Simo. It can't be.
Pam. Why?
Simo. He has other buſineſs of his own,
Of nearer import to himſelf.
Pam. What buſineſs?
Simo. He's bound.
Pam. (74) Bound! how, Sir!
Simo. How, ſir?——neck and heels,
Pam. Ah, let him be enlarg'd
Simo. It ſhall be done.
Pam. But inſtantly.
Simo. I'll in, and order it. [*Exit.*
Pam. Oh what a happy, happy, day is this!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

(75) *Enter* CHARINUS *behind.*

Char. I come to ſee what Pamphilus is doing:
And there he is!

Pam. And is this true?—yes, yes,
I know 'tis true, becauſe I wiſh it ſo.
(76) Therefore I think the life of Gods eternal,
For that their joys are permanent: and now,
(77) My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That I too am immortal, if no ill
Step in betwixt me and this happineſs.
Oh, for a boſom-friend now to pour out
My ecſtaſies before him!

Char. What's this rapture? [*liſtening.*

Pam. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more welcome:
For he, I know, will join in tranſport with me.

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus entering.] Where's Pamphilus?

Pam. Oh Davus!

Davus. Who's there?

Pam. I.

Davus. Oh Pamphilus!

Pam. You know not my good fortune.

Davus. Do you know my ill fortune?

Pam. To a tittle.

Davus. 'Tis after the old faſhion, that my ills
Should reach your years, before your joys reach mine.

Pam. Glycerium has diſcover'd her relations.

Davus. O excellent!

Char. How's that? [*liſtening.*

Pam. Her father is
Our moſt near friend.
Davus. Who?
Pam. Chremes.
Davus. Charming news!
Pam. And I'm to marry her immediately.
Char. Is this man talking in his ſleep, and dreams
On what he wiſhes waking? [*liſtening.*
Pam. And moreover,
For the child, Davus———
Davus. Ah, Sir, ſay no more.
You're th' only favourite of the Gods.
Char. I'm made,
If this be true. I'll ſpeak to them. [*comes forward.*
Pam. Who's there?
Charinus! oh, well met.
Char. I give you joy.
Pam. You've heard then———
Char. Ev'ry word: and prithee now,
In your good fortune, think upon your friend.
Chremes is now your own; and will perform
Whatever you ſhall aſk.
Pam. I ſhall remember.
'Twere tedious to expect his coming forth:
Along with me then to Glycerium!
Davus, do you go home, and haſten them
To fetch her hence. Away, away!
Davus. I go. [*Exeunt* Pam. *and* Char.
[Davus *addreſſing the audience.*
Wait not till they come forth: within
She'll be betroth'd; within, if ought remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded—Clap your hands! (78)

THE

EUNUCH; (1)

ACTED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES,

L. Poſtumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: principal actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: the muſic, compoſed for two right-handed flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: it is from the Greek of Menander. It was acted twice (2), M. Valerius, and C. Fannius, Conſuls (3).

Year of Rome——————591
Before Chriſt——————159

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

LACHES.

PHÆDRIA.

CHÆREA.

ANTIPHO.

CHREMES.

THRASO.

GNATHO.

PARMENO.

DORUS.

SANGA.

SIMALIO, and other Mutes.

THAIS.

PYTHIAS,

DORIAS.

SOPHRONA.

PAMPHILA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

To pleaſe the candid, give offence to none,
This, ſays the Poet, ever was his care:
(4) Yet if there's one, who thinks he's hardly cenſur'd,
Let him remember he was the aggreſſor:
He, who tranſlating many, but not well,
On good Greek fables fram'd poor Latin plays;
He, who but lately to the public gave
(5) The Phantom of Menander; *He*, who made,
(6) In the Theſaurus, the Defendant plead
And vouch the queſtion'd treaſure to be his,
Before the Plaintiff his own title ſhews,
Or whence it came into his father's tomb.

Henceforward, let him not deceive himſelf,
Or cry, "I'm ſafe, he can ſay nought of me."
I charge him that he err not, and forbear
To urge me farther; for I've more, much more,
Which now ſhall be o'erlook'd, but ſhall be known,
If he purſue his ſlanders, as before.

Soon as this play, the Eunuch of Menander,
Which we are now preparing to perform,
Was purchas'd by the Ædiles, he obtain'd
(7) Leave to examine it: and afterwards
(8) When 'twas rehears'd before the Magiſtrates,
"A Thief, he cried, no Poet gives this piece.
"Yet has he not deceived us: for we know,
"(9) The Colax is an antient comedy
"Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
"The Paraſite and Soldier both are ſtolen."

If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
Of ignorance, and not a ſtudied theft.

Judge

Judge for yourſelves! the fact is even thus.
The Colax is a fable of Menander's;
Wherein is drawn the character of Colax
The paraſite, and the vain-glorious ſoldier;
Which characters, he ſcruples not to own,
He to his Eunuch from the Greek transferr'd:
(10) But that he knew, thoſe pieces were before
Made Latin, that he ſtedfaſtly denies.

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters, our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to repreſent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to ſhew
An eating paraſite, vain-glorious ſoldier,
Suppoſititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or love, or hate, or jealouſy?—In ſhort
Nothing's ſaid now, but has been ſaid before.
Weigh then theſe things with candour, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Antients did, they do.

Attend, and liſt in ſilence to our play,
That ye may know what 'tis the Eunuch means.

THE

EUNUCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PHÆDRIA *and* PARMENO.

Phæd. AND what then ſhall I do? not go? not now?
(11) When ſhe herſelf invites me? or were't beſt
Faſhion my mind no longer to endure
Theſe harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recall'd!
Shall I return? No, not if ſhe implore me.
Par. Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go thro' with ſpirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and ſwear you love, and can't endure it,
Good night! all's over! ruin'd and undone!
She'll jilt you, when ſhe ſees you in her pow'r.
Phæd. You then, in time conſider and adviſe!
Par. Maſter! the thing which hath not in itſelf
Or meaſure or advice, advice can't rule.
In love are all theſe ills: ſuſpicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again:
Things thus uncertain, if by reaſon's rules
You'd certain make, it were as wiſe a taſk
To try with reaſon to run mad. And now
What you in anger meditate—I her (12)?

That

That him?—that me? that would not——pardon me!
I would die rather: No! ſhe ſhall perceive
How much I am a man.——Big words like theſe,
She in good faith with one falſe tiny drop,
Which, after grievous rubbing, from her eyes
Can ſcarce perforce be ſqueez'd, ſhall overcome.
Nay, ſhe ſhall ſwear, 'twas you in fault, not ſhe;
You too ſhall own th' offence, and pray for pardon.

Phæd. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous! now indeed I ſee
How falſe ſhe is, and what a wretch I am!
Spite of myſelf I love; and knowing, feeling,
With open eyes run on to my deſtruction;
And what to do I know not.

Par. What to do?
What ſhould you do, Sir, but redeem yourſelf
As cheaply as you can?——at eaſy rates
If poſſible——if not——at any rate——
And never vex yourſelf.

Phæd. Is that your counſel?

Par. Ay, if you're wiſe; and do not add to love
More troubles than it has, and thoſe it has
Bear bravely! But ſhe comes, our ruin comes (13);
For ſhe, like ſtorms of hail on fields of corn,
Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. Ah me! I fear leſt Phædria take offence
And think I meant it other than I did,
That he was not admitted yeſterday. [*to herſelf not ſeeing them.*

Phæd. I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.

Par. Be of good cheer! approach yon fire—ſhe'll warm you.

Thais. Who's there? my Phædria? Why did you ſtand

ſtand here ?
Why not directly enter ?
Par. Not one word
Of having ſhut him out !
Thais. Why dont you ſpeak ?
Phæd. Becauſe, forſooth, theſe doors will always fly
Open to me, or that becauſe I ſtand
The firſt in your good graces. [*ironically.*
Thais. Nay, no more !
Phæd. No more ?—O Thais, Thais, would to heaven
Our loves were parallel, that things like theſe
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me :
Or that your actions were indifferent to me !
Thais. Grieve not, I beg, my love, my Phædria !
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this.
But I by circumſtance was forc'd to do it.
Par. So then, it ſeems, for very love, poor ſoul,
You ſhut the door in's teeth.
Thais. Ah Parmeno !
Is't thus you deal with me ? Go to !—But hear
Why I did call you hither ?
Phæd. Be it ſo.
Thais. But tell me firſt, can yon ſlave hold his peace ?
Pam. I ? oh moſt faithfully : But hark ye, madam !
On this condition do I bind my faith :
The truths I hear, I will conceal ; whate'er
Is falſe, or vain, or feign'd, I'll publiſh it.
I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there :
So if you claim my ſecrecy, ſpeak truth.
Thais. My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes (14).
Par. This ſleeps in ſilence. [*archly.*
Thais. There a certain merchant
Made her a preſent of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.

Phæd. A citizen ?

Thais. I think ſo, but we cannot tell for certain
Her father's and her mother's name ſhe told
Herſelf ; her country and the other marks
Of her original, ſhe neither knew,
Nor, from her age, was't poſſible ſhe ſhould.
The merchant added further, that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him underſtand,
She had been ſtol'n from Sunium. My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all reſpects as ſhe had been her own ;
And ſhe in gen'ral was ſuppos'd my ſiſter.
I journied hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The ſame who left me all I have.

Par. Both theſe
Are falſe, and ſhall go forth at large.

Thais. Why ſo ?

Par. Becauſe nor you with one could be content,
Nor he alone enrich'd you ; for my maſter
Made good and large addition.

Thais. I allow it,
But let me haſten to the point I wiſh :
Meantime the captain, who was then but young
In his attachment to me, went to Caria.
I, in his abſence, was addreſt by you ;
Since when, full well you know, how very dear
I've held you, and have truſted you with all
My neareſt counſels.

Phæd. And yet Parmeno
Will not be ſilent even here.

Par. Oh, Sir,
Is that a doubt ?

Thais. Nay, prithee now, attend !
My mother's lately dead at Rhodes : her brother,

Too

Too much intent on wealth, no ſooner ſaw
This virgin, handſome, well-accompliſht, ſkill'd
In muſic, than, ſpurr'd on by hopes of gain
In public market he expos'd and ſold her.
It ſo fell out, my ſoldier-ſpark was there,
And bought her, all unknowing theſe events,
To give to me: but ſoon as he return'd,
And found how much I was attach'd to you,
He feign'd excuſes to keep back the girl;
Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
That I would ſtill prefer him to yourſelf,
Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl,
I would abandon him, he'd give her to me;
But that he doubted. For my part, I think
He is grown fond of her himſelf.

Phæd. Is there
Aught more between them?

Thais. No; for I've enquir'd,
And now, my Phædria, there are ſundry cauſes
Wherefore I wiſh to win the virgin from him.
Firſt, for ſhe's call'd my ſiſter; and moreover,
That I to her relations may reſtore her.
I'm a lone woman, have nor friend, nor kin:
Wherefore, my Phædria, I would raiſe up friends
By ſome good turn:—And you, I prithee now,
Help me to do it. Let him ſome few days
Be my gallant in chief. What! no reply?

Phæd. Abandon'd woman! Can I aught reply
To deeds like theſe?

Par. Oh excellent! well ſaid!
He feels at length; Now, maſter, you're a man.

Phæd. I ſaw your ſtory's drift.—A little girl
Stol'n hence—My mother brought her up—was call'd
My ſiſter—I would fain obtain her from him,
That I to her relations might reſtore her—
All this preamble comes at laſt to this.

I am excluded, he's admitted. Why?
But that you love him more than me, and fear
Leſt this young captive win your hero from you.
Thais. Do I fear that?
Phæd. Why, prithee now, what elſe?
Does he bring gifts alone? did'ſt e'er perceive
My bounty ſhut againſt you? Did I not,
Becauſe you told me you'd be glad to have
An Æthiopian ſervant-maid, all elſe
Omitted, ſeek one out? You ſaid beſides,
You wiſh'd to have an Eunuch, 'cauſe forſooth,
They were for dames of quality; I found one:
For both I yeſterday paid twenty *minæ* (15),
Yet you contemn me—I forgot not theſe,
And for theſe I'm deſpis'd.
Thais. Why this, my Phædria?
Tho' I would fain obtain the girl, and tho'
I think by theſe means it might well be done;
Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
I'll do as you command.
Phæd. Oh, had you ſaid
Thoſe words ſincerely. "Rather than make you
"My enemy!"—Oh, could I think thoſe words
Came from your heart, what is't I'd not endure!
Par. Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas, how ſoon!
Thais. Not ſpeak ſincerely? from my very ſoul?
What did you ever aſk, altho' in ſport,
But you obtain'd it of me? yet I can't
Prevail on you to grant but two ſhort days.
Phæd. Well—for two days—ſo thoſe two be not twenty.
Thais. No in good faith but two, or—
Phæd. Or? no more.
Thais. It ſhall not be: but you will grant me thoſe.
Phæd. Your will muſt be a law.
Thais. Thanks, my ſweet Phædria!

Phæd

Phæd. I'll to the country: there conſume myſelf
For theſe two days: it muſt be ſo: we muſt
Give way to Thais. See you, Parmeno,
The ſlaves brought hither.
Par. Sir, I will.
Phæd. My Thais,
For theſe two days farewell!
Thais. Farewell, my Phædria!
Would you aught elſe with me?
Phæd. Aught elſe, my Thais?
(16) Be with yon ſoldier preſent, as if abſent:
All night and day love me: ſtill long for me:
Dream, ponder ſtill of me; wiſh, hope for me:
Delight in me; be all in all with me;
Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet THAIS (17).

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,
And judges of my heart from thoſe of others (18)
I in my conſcience know, that nothing falſe
I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
Is any dearer than this Phædria:
And whatſoe'er in this affair I've done,
For the girl's ſake I've done: for I'm in hopes
I know her brother, a right noble youth.
To day I wait him, by his own appointment;
Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA, PARMENO.

Phædria. CARRY the ſlaves according to my order (19).
Par. I will.
Phæd. But diligently.
Par. Sir, I will.
Phæd. But ſoon.
Par. I will, Sir!
Phæd. Say, is it ſufficient?
Par. Ah! what a queſtion's that? as if it were
So difficult! I wiſh, Sir Phædria,
You could gain aught ſo eaſy, as loſe theſe.
Phæd. I loſe, what's dearer yet, my comfort with them.
Repine not at my gifts.
Par. Not I: moreover
I will convey them ſtraight. But have you any
Other commands?
Phæd. Oh yes: ſet off our preſents
With words as handſome as you can: and drive,
As much as poſſible, that rival from her!
Par. Ah, Sir, I ſhould, of courſe, remember that.
Phæd. I'll to the country, and ſtay there.
Par. O, ay! [*ironically.*
Phæd. But hark you!
Par. Sir, your pleaſure?
Phæd. Do you think
I can with conſtancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?
Par. Hold out? Not you.
Either you'll ſtraight return, or ſoon at night
Your dreams will drive you out o'doors.
Phæd. I'll toil;
That, weary, I may ſleep againſt my will.

Par.

Par. Weary you may be; but you'll never ſleep.
Phæd. Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll caſt out
This treacherous ſoftneſs from my ſoul, nor thus
Indulge my paſſions. Yes, I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days.
Par. (20) Hui! three whole livelong days! conſider, Sir.
Phæd. I am reſolved.

PARMENO *alone.*

(21) Heav'ns, what a ſtrange diſeaſe is this! that love
Should ſo change men, that one can hardly ſwear
They are the ſame!——No mortal liv'd
Leſs weak, more grave, more temperate than he.
——But who comes yonder?—Gnatho, as I live;
The Captain's paraſite! and brings along
The Virgin for a preſent: oh rare wench!
(22) How beautiful! I ſhall come off, I doubt,
But ſcurvily with my decrepid Eunuch.
This Girl ſurpaſſes ev'n Thais herſelf.

SCENE II.

(23) *Enter* GNATHO *leading* PAMPHILA; PARMENO *behind.*

(24) *Gnat.* Good heav'ns! how much one man excels another!
What diff'rence 'twixt a wiſe man and a fool!
What juſt now happen'd proves it: coming hither
I met with an old countryman, a man
Of my own place and order, like myſelf,
No ſcurvy fellow, who, like me had ſpent
In mirth and jollity his whole eſtate.
He was in a moſt wretched trim; his looks
Lean, ſick, and dirty; and his cloaths, all rags.
How now! cry'd I, what means this figure, friend?

Alas!

Alas, ſays he, my patrimony's gone.
—Ah, how am I reduc'd! my old acquaintance
And friends all ſhun me.—Hearing this, how cheap
I held him in compariſon with me!
Why, how now? wretch, ſaid I, moſt idle wretch!
Have you ſpent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
What! have you loſt your ſenſe with your eſtate?
Me!—look on me—come from the ſame condition!
How ſleek! how neat! how clad! in what good caſe!
I've ev'ry thing, though nothing; nought poſſeſs,
Yet nought I ever want.—Ah, Sir, but I
Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
To be the butt of others, or to take
A beating now and then.—How then! d'ye think
Thoſe are the means of thriving? No, my friend!
Such formerly indeed might drive a trade:
(25) But mine's a new profeſſion; I the firſt
That ever ſtruck into this road. There are
A kind of men, who wiſh to be the head
Of ev'ry thing; but are not. Theſe I follow;
Not for their ſport and laughter, but for gain
To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
Whate'er they ſay, I praiſe it; if again
They contradict, I praiſe that too: does any
Deny? I too deny: affirm? I too
Affirm: and in a word I've brought myſelf
To ſay, unſay, ſwear, and forſwear, at pleaſure:
And that is now the beſt of all profeſſions.

Par. A ſpecial fellow this! who drives fools mad.

Gnat. Deep in this converſation, we at length
Come to the market, where the ſev'ral tradeſmen,
Butchers, cooks, grocers, poult'rers, fiſhmongers,
(Who once did profit and ſtill profit by me)
All run with joy to me, ſalute, invite,
And bid me welcome. He, poor half-ſtarv'd wretch,

Soon

Soon as he ſaw me thus careſt, and found
I got my bread ſo eaſily, deſired
He might have leave to learn that art of me.
I bad him follow me, if poſſible:
And, as the Schools of the Philoſophers
Have ta'en from the Philoſophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all Paraſites
Be call'd from me Gnathonicks!
Par. Mark, what eaſe,
And being kept at other's coſt produces!
Gnat. But hold, I muſt convey this girl to Thais,
And bid her forth to ſup.—Ha, Parmeno!
Our rival's ſlave, ſtanding at Thais' door!
—How melancholy he appears! All's ſafe:
Theſe poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
I'll play upon this knave. [*aſide.*
Par. Theſe fellows think
This preſent will make Thais all their own. [*aſide.*
Gnat. To Parmeno, his lov'd and honour'd friend,
Gnatho ſends greeting. [*ironically.*]—What are you upon?
Par. My legs. (26)
Gnat. I ſee it.—Is there nothing here
Diſpleaſing to you?
Par. You.
Gnat. I do believe it.
But prithee, is there nothing elſe?
Par. Wherefore?
Gnat. Becauſe you're melancholy.
Par. Not at all.
Gnat. Well, do not be ſo!—Pray, now, what d'ye think
Of this young handmaid?
Par. Troth, ſhe's not amiſs.
Gnat. I plague the raſcal. [*half-aſide.*
Par. How the knave's deceiv'd! [*half-aſide.*
Gnat. Will not this gift be very acceptable

To Thais, think you ?

Par. You'd inſinuate
That we're ſhut out.—There is, alas, a change
In all things.

Gnat. For theſe ſix months, Parmeno,
For ſix whole months at leaſt, I'll make you eaſy ;
You ſhan't run up and down, and watch till day-light ;
Come, don't I make you happy ?

Par. Very happy.

Gnat. 'Tis my way with my friends.

Par. You're very good.

Gnat. But I detain you : you, perhaps, was going
Somewhere elſe.

Par. No where.

Gnat. May I beg you then
To uſe your int'reſt here, and introduce me
To Thais ?

Par. Hence ! away ! theſe doors
Fly open now, becauſe you carry her.

Gnat. Wou'd you have any one call'd forth ? [*Exit.*

Par. Well, well !
Paſs but two days ; and you, ſo welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kick againſt them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ache again.

Re-enter GNATHO.

Gnat. Ha ! Parmeno !
Are you here ſtill ? What ! are you left a ſpy,
Leſt any go-between ſhould run by ſtealth
To Thais from the Captain ? [*Exit.*

Par. Very ſmart !
No wonder ſuch a wit delights the Captain !
But hold ! I ſee my maſter's younger ſon
Coming this way. I wonder much he ſhould

Defert

Desert Piræus, (27) where he's now on guard.
'Tis not for nothing. All in haste he comes,
And seems to look about.

SCENE III.

Enter CHÆREA. PARMENO *behind.*

Chær. Undone! Undone!
The Girl is lost; I know not where she is,
Nor where I am: ah, whither shall I trace?
Where seek? of whom enquire? or which way turn?
I'm all uncertain; but have one hope still:
Where'er she is, she cannot long lie hid.
O charming face! all others from my memory
Hence I blot out. (28) Away with common beauties!
Par. So, here's the other! and he mutters too
I know not what of love. O what a poor
Unfortunate old man their father is!
As for this stripling, if he once begin,
His brother's is but jest and children's play
To his mad fury.
Chær. Twice ten thousand curses
Seize the old wretch, who kept me back to-day;
And me for staying! with a fellow too
I did not care a farthing for!—But see!
Yonder stands Parmeno.—Good day!
Par. How now?
Wherefore so sad? and why this hurry, Chærea?
Whence come you?
Chær. I? I cannot tell, i'faith,
Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
I've so entirely lost myself.
Par. And why?
Chær. I am in love.
Par. Oh brave!

Chær. Now, Parmeno,
Now you may ſhew what kind of man you are.
You know you've often told me; Chærea,
Find ſomething out to ſet your heart upon,
And mark how I will ſerve you! yes, you know
You've often ſaid ſo, when I ſcrap'd together
All the proviſions for you at my father's.
Par. Away, you trifler!
Chær. Nay, in faith, its true:
Now make your promiſe good! and in a cauſe
Worthy the utmoſt reachings of your ſoul:
A girl! my Parmeno, not like our miſſes;
Whoſe mothers try to keep their ſhoulders down,
And bind their boſoms, that their ſhapes may ſeem
Genteel and ſlim. Is a girl rather plump?
(29) They call her nurſe, and ſtint her in her food:
Thus art, in ſpite of nature, makes them all
Mere bulruſhes: and therefore they're belov'd.
Par. And what's this girl of your's?
Chær. A miracle.
Par. Oh, to be ſure!
Chær. True, natural red and white;
Her body firm, and full of precious ſtuff!
Par. Her age?
Chær. About ſixteen.
Par. The very prime!
Chær. This girl, by force, by ſtealth, or by intreaty,
Procure me! how I care not, ſo I have her.
Par. Well, whom does ſhe belong to?
Chær. I don't know.
Par. Whence comes ſhe?
Chær. I can't tell.
Par. Where does ſhe live?
Chær. I can't tell neither.
Par. Where was it you ſaw her?

Chær.

Chær. Here in the ſtreet.

Par. And how was it you loſt her?

Chær. Why it was that, which I ſo fumed about,
As I came hither! nor was ever man
So jilted by good fortune, as myſelf.

Par. What miſchief now?

Chær. Confounded luck

Par. How ſo?

Chær. How ſo! d'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinſman, and about his age?

Par. Full well.

Chær. As I was in purſuit of her
He met me.

Par. Rather inconveniently.

Chær. Oh moſt unhappily! for other ills
May be told, Parmeno!—I could ſwear too,
For ſix, nay ſeven months, I had not ſeen him,
Till now, when leaſt I wiſh'd and moſt would ſhun it.
Is not this monſtrous? Eh!

Par. Oh! very monſtrous.

Chær. Soon as from far he ſaw me, inſtantly,
Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gaſping, out of breath,
He hobbled up to me.—Holo! ho! Chærea!—
I ſtopt.—D'ye know what I want with you?—What?
—I have a cauſe to-morrow.—Well! what then?—
—Fail not to tell your father, he remember
To go up with me, as an advocate (30).——
His prating took ſome time. Ought elſe? ſaid I.
Nothing, ſaid he:—Away flew I, and ſaw
The girl that inſtant turn into this ſtreet.

Par. Sure he muſt mean the virgin, juſt now brought
To Thais for a preſent.

Chær. Soon as I
Came hither, ſhe was out of ſight,

Par. Had ſhe

Any

Any attendants ?

Chær. Yes ; a paraſite,
With a maid-ſervant.

Par. 'Tis the very ſame :
Away ! have done ! all's over (31).

Chær. What d'ye mean ?

Par. The girl I mean.

Chær. D'ye know then who ſhe is ?
Tell me !—or have you ſeen her ?

Par. Yes, I've ſeen her ;
I know her ; and can tell you where ſhe is.

Chær. How ! my dear Parmeno, d'ye know her ?

Par. Yes.

Chær. And where ſhe is, d'ye know ?

Par. Yes,—there ſhe is ; [*pointing.*
Carried to Madam Thais for a preſent.

Chær. What monarch could beſtow a gift ſo precious ?

Par. The mighty Captain Thraſo, Phædria's rival.

Chær. Alas, poor brother !

Par. Ay, and if you knew
The gift he ſends to be compar'd with this,
You'd cry alas, indeed !

Chær. What is his gift (32) ?

Par. An Eunuch.

Chær. What ! that old and ugly ſlave,
That he bought yeſterday ?

Par. The very ſame.

Chær. Why, ſurely, he'll be trundled out o'doors
He and his gift together—I ne'er knew
Till now that Thais was our neighbour.

Par. She
Has not been long ſo.

Chær. Ev'ry way unlucky :
Ne'er to have ſeen her neither :—Prithee, tell me,
Is ſhe ſo handſome, as ſhe's ſaid to be (33) ?

Par.

Par. Yes, faith?
Chær. But nothing to compare to mine.
Par. Oh, quite another thing.
Chær. But Parmeno!
Contrive that I may have her.
Par. Well, I will.
Depend on my aſſiſtance:—have you any
Further commands? [*as if going.*
Chær. Where are you going?
Par. Home;
To bring according to your brother's order,
The ſlaves to Thais.
Chær. Oh, that happy Eunuch!
To be convey'd into that houſe!
Par. Why ſo?
Chær. Why ſo? why, he ſhall have that charming girl
His fellow-ſervant, ſee her, ſpeak with her,
Be with her in the ſame houſe all day long,
And ſometimes eat, and ſometimes ſleep by her.
Par. And what if you ſhould be ſo happy?
Chær. How?
Tell me, dear Parmeno!
Par. Aſſume his dreſs.
Chær. His dreſs! what then?
Par. I'll carry you for him.
Chær. I hear you.
Par. I will ſay that you are he.
Chær. I underſtand you.
Par. So ſhall you enjoy
Thoſe bleſſings, which but now you envied him:
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And ſleep by her: ſince none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Beſides
Your figure, and your age are ſuch, that you
May well paſs for an Eunuch.

Chær.

Chær. Oh, well ſaid!
I ne'er heard better counſel. Come, let's in?
Dreſs me, and carry me! Away, make haſte!
Par. What are you at? I did but jeſt.
Chær. You trifle.
Par. I'm ruin'd: fool, what have I done? Nay, whither
D'ye puſh me thus? You'll throw me down. Nay, ſtay!
Chær. Away.
Par. Nay, prithee!
Chær. I'm reſolv'd.
Par. Conſider;
You carry this too far.
Chær. No, not at all.
Give way!
Par. And Parmeno muſt pay for all (34).
Ah, we do wrong!
Chær. Is it then wrong for me (35).
To be convey'd into a houſe of harlots,
And turn thoſe very arts on them, with which
They hamper us, and turn our youth to ſcorn?
Can it be wrong for me too, in my turn,
To deceive them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
No, rather let it be! 'tis juſt to play
This trick upon them: which, if greybeards know,
They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.
Par. Well, if you muſt, you muſt; but do not then,
After all's over, throw the blame on me.
Chær. No, no!
Par. But do you order me?
Chær. I do:
Order, command, force.
Par. Oh, I'll not diſpute
Your pow'r. So, follow me.
Chær. Heav'n ſpeed the plough

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter THRASO, *and* GNATHO.

Thraſo. And Thais then returns me many thanks?
Gnat. Ten thouſand.
Thra. Say, is ſhe delighted with it?
Gnat. Not ſo much with the gift itſelf, as that
By you 'twas given: but therein ſhe triumphs.

Enter PARMENO *behind.*

Par. I'm come to look about me, and obſerve
A proper opportunity to bring
My preſents. But behold the Captain!
Thra. 'Tis
Something, I know not how, peculiar to me,
That all I do's agreeable.
Gnat. In truth
I have obſerv'd it.
Thra. E'en the King always
Held himſelf much obliged, whate'er I did;
Not ſo to others.
Gnat. Men of wit, like you,
The glory, got by others' care and toil,
Often transfer unto themſelves.
Thra. You've hit it.
Gnat. The king then held you——
Thra. Certainly.
Gnat. Moſt dear.
Thra. Moſt near. He truſted his whole army to me,
His counſels.——
Gnat. Wonderful!
Thra. And then whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate

Of buſineſs ſeiz'd him—when he would repoſe—
As if———you underſtand me.
Gnat. Perfectly.
When he wou'd—in a manner—clear his ſtomach
Of all uneaſineſs.
Thra. The very thing.
On ſuch occaſions he choſe none but me.
Gnat. Hui! there's a king indeed! a king of taſte!
Thra. One of a thouſand.
Gnat. Of a million ſure!
—If he could live with you. [*aſide.*
Thra. The courtiers all
Began to envy me, and rail'd in ſecret:
I car'd not; whence their ſpleen increas'd the more.
One in particular, who had the charge
Of th' Indian elephants; who grew at laſt
So very troubleſome, "I prithee, Strato,
"Are you ſo ſavage, and ſo fierce, (ſays I)
"Becauſe you're governor of the wild beaſts?"
Gnat. Oh, finely ſaid! and ſhrewdly! excellent!
Too hard upon him!—what ſaid he to't?
Thra. Nothing.
Gnat. And how the devil ſhould he?
Par. Gracious heav'n!
The ſtupid coxcomb!—and that raſcal too! [*aſide.*
Thra. Ay! but the ſtory of the Rhodian, Gnatho!
How ſmart I was upon him at a feaſt———
Did I ne'er tell you?
Gnat. Never: but pray do!
—I've heard it o'er and o'er a thouſand times. [*aſide.*
Thra. We were by chance together at a feaſt———
This Rhodian, that I told you of and I.—
I, as it happen'd, had a wench: the ſpark
Began to toy with her, and laugh at me.
"Why how now, Impudence! (ſaid I) are you

"A

A *hare* yourſelf, and yet would hunt for *game*?
Gnat. Ha! ha! ha!
Thra. What's the matter?
Gnat. Ha! ha! ha!
Witty! ſmart! excellent! incomparable!
Is it your own? I ſwear I thought 'twas old.
Thra. Why, did you ever hear it?
Gnat. Very often;
And reckon'd admirable.
Thra. 'Tis my own.
Gnat. And yet 'twas pity to be ſo ſevere
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.
Par. Ah! devil take you! [*aſide.*
Gnat. What became of him?
Thra. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing:—in a word
They dreaded me.
Gnat. No wonder.
Thra. Harkye, Gnatho!
Thais, you know, ſuſpects I love this girl.
Shall I acquit myſelf?
Gnat. On no account.
Rather increaſe her jealouſy.
Thra. And why?
Gnat. Why?—do you aſk?—as if you didn't know!—
Whene'er ſhe mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praiſes him, to vex you——
Thra. I perceive.
Gnat. To hinder that, you've only this reſource.
When ſhe names Phædria, name you Pamphila.
If ſhe ſhould ſay, come! let's have Phædria
To dinner with us!—ay, and Pamphila
To ſing to us!—if ſhe praiſe Phædria's perſon,
Praiſe you the girl's! ſo give her tit for tat,
And gall her in her turn.

Thra. Suppoſe ſhe lov'd me,
This might avail me, Gnatho!
Gnat. While ſhe loves
The preſents which you give, expecting more,
So long ſhe loves you; and ſo long you may
Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, leſt ſome other reap
The harveſt, which ſhe now enjoys alone.
Thra. You're right: and yet I never thought of it.
Gnat. Ridiculous! becauſe you did not turn
Your thoughts that way; or with how much more eaſe
Wou'd you have hit on this device yourſelf!

(36) SCENE II.

Enter THAIS, *and* PYTHIAS.

Thais. I thought I heard the Captain's voice: and ſee!
Good-day, my Thraſo!
Thra. Oh my Thais, welcome!
How does my ſweeting?—are you fond of me
For ſending you that muſic-girl?
Par. Oh brave!
He ſets out nobly!
Thais. For your worth I love you.
Gnat. Come, let's to ſupper? why do you delay?
Par. Mark t'other! he's a chip of the old block (37).
Thais. I'm ready when you pleaſe.
Par. I'll up to her,
And ſeem as if but now come forth.—ha! Thais,
Where are you gadding?
Thais. Well met, Parmeno!
I was juſt going——
Par. Whither?
Thais. Don't you ſee
The Captain?

Par.

Par. Yes, I see him—to my sorrow.
The presents from my master wait your pleasure.
Thra. Why do we stop thus? wherefore go not hence?
[*angrily.*
Par. Beseech you, Captain, let us, with your leave,
(38) Produce our presents, treat, and parley with her!
Thra. Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with mine!
Par. They'll answer for themselves—Holo, there! order
The slaves, I told you, to come forth.—Here, this way!

Enter a Black Girl.

Do you stand forward!—This girl, ma'am, comes quite
From Æthiopia.
Thra. Worth about three Minæ (39).
Gnat. Scarce.
Par. Ho! where are you, Dorus?—Oh, come hither!

Enter Chærea *in the Eunuch's habit.*

An Eunuch, Madam! of a lib'ral air,
And in his prime!
Thait. Now as I live, he's handsome!
Par. What say you, Gnatho? Is he despicable?
Or, Captain, what say you?—Dumb?—Praise sufficient;
Try him in letters, exercises, music:
In all the arts, a gentleman should know,
I'll warrant him accomplish'd (40).
Thra. Troth, that Eunuch
Is well enough.
Par. And he, who sends these presents,
Requires you not to live for him alone,
And for his sake to shut out all mankind:
Nor does he tell his battles, shew his wounds,
Or shackle your free will, as some folks do. [*looking at* Thra.

But

But when 'twill not be troubleſome, or when
You've leiſure, in due ſeaſon, he's content
If then he is admitted.
Thra. This poor fellow
Seems to belong to a poor wretched maſter.
Gnat. Beyond all doubt; for who that could obtain
Another, would endure a ſlave like this?
Par. Peace, wretch, that art below the meaneſt ſlave!
You that could bring your mind ſo very low,
As to cry ay and no at yon fool's bidding,
I'm ſure, might get your bread out o' the fire (41).
Thra. Why don't we go? [*impatiently.*
Thais. Let me but carry in
Theſe firſt, and give ſome orders in the houſe,
And I'll attend you. [*Exit with* Chærea, *and the Æthiopian.*
Thra. I'll depart from hence.
Gnatho', wait you for her!
Par. It ill beſeems
The dignity of a renown'd commander,
T' eſcort his miſtreſs in the ſtreet.
Thra. Away,
Slave! you're beneath my notice—like your maſter [*Ex.* Par.
Gnat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Thra. What moves your laughter?
Gnat. That
You ſaid juſt now: and then the Rhodian came
Acroſs my mind.——But Thais comes.
Thra. Go run,
And ſee that ev'ry thing's prepar'd at home!
Gnat. It ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Thais. [*entering with* Pythias] Take care now, Pythias (42)
Great care, if Chremes come, to preſs him ſtay;
Or, if that's inconvenient, to return:
If that's impoſſible, then bring him to me!

Pyth.

Pyth. I'll do ſo.

Thais. Hold! what elſe had I to ſay?
Take care, be ſure, of yonder virgin! ſee,
You keep at home.

Thra. Let's go:

Thais. Girls, follow me:

[*Exit, attended by Servants and* Thraſo.

SCENE III.

CHREMES *alone.*

In truth the more and more I think, the more
I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill:
So plain I ſee her arts to draw me in.
Ev'n when ſhe firſt invited me, (and when
Had any aſk'd, *What buſineſs have you there?*
The queſtion would have ſtagger'd me) ſhe fram'd
Sev'ral excuſes to detain me there.
(43) Said ſhe had made a ſacrifice, and had
Affairs of conſequence to ſettle with me.
—Oho! thought I immediately, I ſmell
A trick upon me!—down ſhe ſat, behav'd
Familiarly, and tried to beat about
For converſation. Being at a loſs,
She aſk'd, how long my parents had been dead?
—I told her, long time ſince:—on which ſhe aſk'd,
Whether I had a country-houſe at Sunium?
—And how far from the ſea?—I half believe
She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
To give it her.—Her final queſtions were,
If I ne'er loſt a little ſiſter thence?
—Who was miſs'd with her?—what ſhe had when loſt?
If any one could know her? Why ſhould Thais
Demand all this, unleſs,—a ſaucy baggage!—

She

She means to play the counterfeit, and feign
Herself that sister?—but if she's alive,
She is about sixteen, not more; Thais
Is elder than myself.—She sent beside
To beg I'd come again.—Or, let her say
What she would have; or, not be troublesome!
I'll not return a third time.—Ho! who's there?
Here am I! Chremes!

SCENE IV.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Pyth. Oh, sweet, charming, Sir!
Chre. A coaxing huffy!
Pyth. Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow.
Chre. I am going
Into the country.
Pyth. Nay, now prithee come!
Chre. I can't, I tell you.
Pyth. Walk in, then, and stay
Till she returns herself.
Chre. Not I.
Pyth. And why,
Dear Chremes?
Chre. Go, and hang yourself!
Pyth. Well, Sir,
Since you're so positive, shall I intreat you
To go to her?
Chre. I will.
Pyth. Here, Dorias! [*a maid-servant enters.*
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thraso's.
[Pythias *re-enters.*—Chremes *goes out another way with* Dorias.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

But yeſterday a knot of us young fellows
Aſſembled at Piræus, and agreed
To club together for a feaſt to-day.
Chærea had charge of all; the rings were given (44)
And time, and place appointed.—The time's paſt;
No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
Is no where to be found.—I can't tell what
To think on't.—Yet the reſt of my companions
Have all commiſſion'd me to ſeek him out.
I'll ſee if he's at home;—but who comes here
From Thais?—Is it he, or no?—'Tis he.———
—What manner of man's here?—what habit's that?
—What miſchief has the rogue been at? I'm all
Aſtoniſhment, and cannot gueſs.—But I'll
Withdraw a while, and try to find it out. [*retires.*

SCENE VI.

Enter CHÆREA, *in the Eunuch's habit.*

Chær. [*looking about*] Is any body here?—No, nobody.
Does any follow me?—No, nobody.
May I then let my extacy break forth!
(45) O Jupiter! 'tis now the very time,
When I could ſuffer to be put to death,
Leſt not another tranſport like to this,
Remain in life to come.—But is there not
Some curious impertinent to come
Acroſs me now, and murder me with queſtions?
—To aſk, why I'm ſo flutter'd? why ſo joyful?
Whither I'm going whence I came? and where

I got this habit? what I'm looking after?
Whether I'm in my ſenſes? or ſtark mad?
Anti. I'll go myſelf, and do that kindneſs to him.
Chærea, [*advancing*] what's all this flutter? what's this dreſs?
What is't tranſports you? what d'ye want? art mad?
Why do ye ſtart at me? and why not ſpeak?
Chær. O happy, happy day!—Save you, dear friend!
There's not a man on earth I'd rather ſee
This moment than yourſelf.
Anti. Come, tell me all!
Chær. Tell you! I will beſeech you give me hearing.
D'ye know my brother's miſtreſs here?
Anti. Yes: Thais,
Or I'm deceiv'd.
Chær. The ſame.
Anti. I do remember.
Chær. To-day a girl was ſent a preſent to her.
Why need I ſpeak or praiſe her beauty now
To you, that know me, and my taſte ſo well?
She ſet me all on fire.
Anti. Is ſhe ſo handſome?
Chær. Moſt exquiſite: Oh, had you but once ſeen her,
You would pronounce her, I am confident,
The firſt of woman-kind.—But to be brief,
I fell in love with her.—By great good luck
There was at home an Eunuch, which my brother
Had bought for Thais, but not yet ſent thither.
—I had a gentle hint from Parmeno,
Which I ſeiz'd greedily.
Anti. And what was that? [him,
Chær. Peace, and I'll tell you.—To change dreſſes with
And order Parmeno to carry me
Inſtead of him.
Anti. How? for an Eunuch, you?
Chær. E'en ſo.

Anti.

Anti. What good could you derive from that?

Chær. What good!—why, ſee, and hear, and be with her
I languiſh'd for, my Antipho!—was that
An idle reaſon, or a trivial good?
—To Thais I'm deliver'd; ſhe receives me,
And carries me with joy into her houſe;
Commits the charming girl——

Anti. To whom?——to you?

Chær. To me.

Anti. In ſpecial hands, I muſt confeſs.

Chær. —Injoins me, to permit no man come near her;
Nor to depart, myſelf, one inſtant from her;
(46) But in an inner chamber to remain
Alone with her alone. I nod, and look
Baſhfully on the ground.

Anti. Poor ſimple ſoul!

Chær. I am bid forth, ſays ſhe; and carries off
All her maid-ſervants with her, ſave ſome few
Raw novices, who ſtrait prepar'd the bath.
I bade them haſte; and while it was preparing,
In a retiring-room the Virgin ſat;
(47) Viewing a picture, where the tale was drawn
Of Jove's deſcending in a golden ſhow'r
To Danae's boſom.——I beheld it too,
And becauſe he of old the like game play'd,
I felt my mind exult the more within me,
That Jove ſhould change himſelf into a man,
And ſteal in ſecret thro' a ſtranger-roof,
With a mere woman to intrigue.—Great Jove,
Who ſhakes the higheſt heav'ns with his thunder! (48)
And I, poor mortal man, not do the ſame!—
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.
—While thoughts, like theſe, poſſeſt my ſoul, they call'd
The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
Which done, the ſervants put her into bed.

I ſtand to wait their orders. Up comes one,
Here, harkye, Dorus! take this fan and mark
You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.
When we have bath'd, you, if you pleaſe, bathe too,
I, with a ſober air, receive the fan.

Anti. Then would I fain have ſeen your ſimple face!
I ſhould have been delighted to behold
How like an aſs you look'd, and held the fan.

Chær. Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when all ruſh'd out o'doors;
Away they go to bathe; grow full of noiſe,
As ſervants uſe, when maſters are abroad.
Meanwhile ſleep ſeiz'd the virgin: I, by ſtealth,
Peep'd thro' the fanſticks thus; then looking round,
And ſeeing all was ſafe, made faſt the door.

Anti. What then?

Chær. What then, fool!

Anti. I confeſs.

Chær. D'ye think,
Bleſt with an opportunity like this,
(49) So ſhort, ſo wiſh'd for, yet ſo unexpected,
I'd let it ſlip? No. Then I'd been, indeed,
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti. Very true.
But what's become of our club-ſupper?

Chær. Ready.

Anti. An honeſt fellow! where? at your own houſe?

Chær. At Freeman Diſcus's.

Anti. A great way off.

Chær. Then we muſt make more haſte.

Anti. But change your dreſs.

Chær. Where can I change it? I'm diſtreſt. From home
I muſt play truant, leſt I meet my brother.
My father too, perhaps, is come to town. (5)

Anti. Come then to my houſe! that's the neareſt place
Where you may ſhift.

Chær.

Chær. With all my heart! let's go!
And at the ſame time, I'll conſult with you
How to enjoy this dear girl.
Anti. Be it ſo. (51)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter DORIAS, *with a Caſket.* (52)

DORIAS.

Now, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
From what I've ſeen, leſt yonder ſwaggerer
Make ſome diſturbance, or do violence
To Thais. For as ſoon as Chremes came,
(The youth that's brother to the virgin) ſhe
Beſeech'd of Thraſo, he might be admitted.
This piqu'd him; yet he durſt not well refuſe.
She, fearing Chremes ſhould not be detain'd,
Till ſhe had time and opportunity
To tell him all ſhe wiſh'd about his ſiſter,
Urg'd Thraſo more and more to aſk him in.
The Captain coldly aſks him; down he ſat;
And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
The Captain, fancying a rival brought
Before his face, reſolv'd to vex her too:
Here, boy, ſaid he, let Pamphila be call'd
To entertain us!—Pamphila! cries Thais;
She at a banquet?—No it muſt not be.—
Thraſo inſiſting on't, a broil enſued:
On which my miſtreſs ſlyly ſlipping off (53)
Her jewels, gave them me to bear away;
Which is, I know, a certain ſign, ſhe will,
As ſoon as poſſible, ſneak off herſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PHÆDRIA. (54)

Phæd. Going into the country, I began
(As happens when the mind is ill at eaſe)
To ponder with myſelf upon the road,
Toſſing from thought to thought, and viewing all
In the worſt light. While thus I ruminate,
I paſs unconſciouſly my country-houſe,
And had got far beyond, e'er I perceiv'd it.
I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart;
And ſoon as to the very ſpot I came
Where the roads part, I ſtop. Then paus'd awhile:
Alas! thought I, and muſt I here remain
Two days? alone: without her?—Well! what then?
That's nothing.—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
The privilege to touch her, ſhall I not
Behold her neither?—If *one* may not be,
At leaſt the *other* ſhall.—And certainly
(55) Love, in its laſt degree, is ſomething ſtill.
—Then I, on purpoſe, paſt the houſe.—But ſee!
Pythias breaks forth affrighted.—What means this?

SCENE III.

Enter PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS; PHÆDRIA *at a diſtance.*

Pyth. Where ſhall I find, unhappy that I am,
Where ſeek this raſcal-ſlave?—this ſlave, that durſt
To do a deed like this?—Undone! undone!
Phæd. What this may be, I dread.
Pyth. And then the villain,
After he had abuſed the virgin, tore
The poor girl's cloaths, and dragg'd her by the hair.

Phæd.

Phæd. How's this!

Pyth. Who, were he now within my reach,
How could I fly upon the vagabond,
And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails?

Phæd. What tumult's this, ariſen in my abſence?
I'll go and aſk her.—[*going up*] what's the matter, Pythias?
Why thus diſturb'd? and whom is it you ſeek?

Pyth. Whom do I ſeek? Away, Sir Phædria!
You and your gifts together!

Phæd. What's the matter?

Pyth. The matter, Sir! the Eunuch, that you ſent us,
Has made fine work here! the young virgin, whom
The Captain gave my miſtreſs, he has raviſh'd.

Phæd. Raviſh'd? How ſay you?

Pyth. Ruin'd, and undone!

Phæd. You're drunk.

Pyth. Would thoſe who wiſh me ill were ſo!

Dori. Ah Pythias! what ſtrange prodigy is this?

Phæd. You're mad: how could an Eunuch—

Pyth. I don't know
Or who, or what he was.—What he has done,
The thing itſelf declares.——The virgin weeps,
Nor, when you aſk what ails her, dare ſhe tell.
But he, good man, is no where to be found:
And I fear too, that when he ſtole away,
He carried ſomething off.

Phæd. I can't conceive
Whither the raſcal can have flown, unleſs
He to our houſe, perhaps, ſlunk back again.

Pyth. See now, I pray you, if he has.

Phæd. I will. [*Exit.*

Dori. Good lack! ſo ſtrange a thing I never heard.

Pyth. I've heard, that they lov'd women mightily
But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't:

For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
In some by place, nor trusted the girl to him.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter PHÆDRIA, *with* DORUS *the Eunuch, in* Chærea's *cloaths.*

Phæd. Out, rascal, out!—What are you resty, sirrah?
Out, thou vile bargain!
Dor. Dear sir! [*crying.*
Phæd. See the wretch!
What a wry mouth he makes!—Come, what's the meaning
Of your returning? and your change of dress?
What answer, sirrah!—If I had delay'd
A minute longer, Pythias, I had miss'd him,
He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.
Pyth. What, have you got the rogue?
Phæd. I warrant you.
Pyth. Well done! well done!
Dori. Ay, marry, very well.
Pyth. Where is he?
Phæd. Don't you see him?
Pyth. See him? whom?
Phæd. This fellow, to be sure.
Pyth. This man! who is he?
Phæd. He that was carried to your house to-day.
Pyth. None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!
Phæd. Never saw him?
Pyth. Why, did you think this fellow had been brought
To us?
Phæd. Yes, surely; for I had no other.
Pyth. Oh dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd
To t'other.——He was elegant, and handsome.

Phæd.

Phæd. Ay, ſo he might appear awhile ago,
Becauſe he had gay cloaths on: now he ſeems
Ugly, becauſe he's ſtript.
Pyth. Nay, prithee, peace!
As if the diff'rence was ſo very ſmall!——
The youth conducted to our houſe to-day,
'Twould do you good to caſt your eyes on, Phædria:
This is a drouſy, wither'd, weazel-fac'd, (56)
Old fellow.
Phæd. How?——you drive me to that paſs,
That I ſcarce know what I have done myſelf.
—Did not I buy you raſcal? [*to* Dorus.
Dor. Yes, ſir.
Pyth. Order him
To anſwer me.
Phæd. Well, queſtion him.
Pyth. to Dorus] Was you
Brought here to-day? [*ſhakes his head.*] See there! Not
he. It was
Another, a young lad, about ſixteen,
Whom Parmeno brought with him.
Phæd. to Dorus.] Speak to me!
Firſt tell me, whence had you that coat? What, dumb?
I'll make you ſpeak, you villain? [*beating him.*
Dor. Chærea came—— [*crying.*
Phæd. My brother?
Dor. Yes, ſir!
Phæd. When?
Dor. To-day.
Phæd. How long ſince?
Dor. Juſt now.
Phæd. With whom?
Dor. With Parmeno.
Phæd. Did you
Know him before?

Dor. No. Sir; nor e'er heard of him.
Phæd. How did you know then that he was my brother?
Dor. Parmeno told me ſo; and Chærea
Gave me theſe cloaths——
Phæd. Confuſion! [*aſide.*
Dor. Put on mine;
And then they both went out o'doors together.
Pyth. Now, ſir, do you believe that I am ſober?
Now do you think, I've told no lie? And now
Are you convinc'd the girl has been abus'd!
Phæd. Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch ſays?
Pyth. What ſignifies belief?—It ſpeaks itſelf.
Phæd. apart to Dorus.] Come this way—hark ye!——
further ſtill.——Enough.
Tell me once more.——Did Chærea ſtrip you?
Dor. Yes.
Phæd. And put your cloaths on?
Dor. Yes, ſir!
Phæd. And was brought
In your ſtead hither?
Dor. Yes.
Phæd. Great Jupiter! [*pretending to be in a paſſion with him.*
What a moſt wicked ſcoundrel's this?
Pyth. Alas!
Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?
Phæd. No wonder if you credit what he ſays.
I don't know what to do. [*aſide.*]—Here, harkye, ſirrah!
Deny it all again. [*apart to Dorus.*]—What! can't I beat
The truth out of you, raſcal?—have you ſeen
My brother Chærea? [*aloud and beating him.*
Dor. No, ſir! [*crying.*
Phæd. So! I ſee
He won't confeſs without a beating.—This way! [*apart.*]
Now
He owns it; now denies it.—Aſk my pardon! [*apart.*
Dor.

Dor. Beſeech you, ſir, forgive me!
Phæd. Get you gone, [*kicking him.*
Oh me! oh dear! [*Exit, howling.*
Phæd. aſide. I had no other way
To come off handſomely.—We're all undone.
—D'ye think to play your tricks on me, you raſcal?
[*Aloud and Exit after* Dorus.

SCENE V.

Manent PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS.

Pyth. As ſure as I'm alive, this is a trick
Of Parmeno's.
Dori. No doubt on't.
Pyth. (57) I'll deviſe
Some means to-day to fit him for't.—But now
What would you have me do?
Dori. About the girl!
Pyth. Ay; ſhall I tell; or keep the matter ſecret?
Dori. Troth, if you're wiſe you know not what you know,
Nor of the Eunuch, nor the raviſhment:
So ſhall you clear yourſelf of all this trouble,
And do a kindneſs to our miſtreſs too.
Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.
Pyth. I'll do ſo.
Dori. Prithee is not Chremes yonder?
Thais will ſoon be here.
Pyth. How ſo?
Dori. Becauſe
When I came thence, a quarrel was abroach
Amongſt them.
Pyth. Carry in the jewels, Dorias.
Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has happen'd.
[*Exit* Dorias.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES *tipsy*.

Chrem. So! so!—I'm in for't—and the wine I've drank
Has made me reel again.—Yet while I sat,
How sober I suppos'd myself!—But I
No sooner rose, than neither foot, nor head,
Knew their own business!
Pyth. Chremes!
Chrem. Who's that?—Ha!
Pythias!—How much more handsome you seem now,
Than you appear'd a little while ago!
Pyth. I'm sure you seem a good deal merrier.
Chrem. I'faith it's an old saying, and a true one,
(58) "Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus."
—But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?
Pyth. Has she yet left the Captain's?
Chrem. Long time since:
An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.
Pyth. Did not she bid you follow her?
Chrem. Not she:
Only she made a sign to me at parting.
Pyth. Well, wasn't that enough?
Chrem. No, faith! I did not
At all conceive her meaning, till the Captain
Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o'doors!
—But here she is! I wonder how it was,
I overtook her!

SCENE VII.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. I am apt to think,
The Captain will soon follow me, to take

The

The virgin from me: Well then, let him come!
But if he does but lay a finger on her,
We'll tear his eyes out.—His impertinence,
And big words, while mere words, I can endure;
But if he comes to action, woe be to him!

Chrem. Thais, I have been here some time.

Thais. My Chremes!
The very man I wanted!—Do you know
That you have been th' occasion of this quarrel?
And that this whole affair relates to you?

Chrem. To me! how so?

Thais. Because, while I endeavour,
And study to restore your sister to you,
This and much more I've suffer'd.

Chrem. Where's my sister?

Thais. Within, at my house.

Chrem. Ha! [*with concern.*

Thais. Be not alarm'd:
She has been well brought up, and in a manner
Worthy herself and you.

Chrem. Indeed?

Thais. Tis true:
And now most freely I restore her to you,
Demanding nothing of you in return.

Chrem. I feel your goodness, Thais, and shall ever
Remain much bounden to you.

Thais. Ay, but now
Take heed, my Chremes, lest e'er you receive
The maid from me, you lose her! for 'tis she,
Whom now the Captain comes to take by storm.
—Pythias, go, fetch the casket with the proofs!

Chrem. D'ye see him, Thais? [*looking out.*

Pyth. Where's the casket plac'd?

Thais. Plac'd in the cabinet.--Dy'e loiter, hussy? [*Ex.* Pyt.

Chrem.

Chrem. What force the Captain brings with him againſt you!
Good heav'n!
Thais. Are you afraid, young gentleman?
Chrem. Away!—who? I? afraid?—There is no man
Alive leſs ſo.
Thais. You'd need be ſtout at preſent.
Chrem. What kind of man d'ye take me for?
Thais. Conſider,
He, whom you've now to cope with, is a ſtranger
Leſs powerful than you, leſs known, and leſs
Befriended here than you!
Chrem. I know all that:
But why, like fools, admit, what we may ſhun?
Better prevent a wrong, than afterwards
Revenge it, when receiv'd——Do you ſtep in,
And bolt the door, while I run to the Forum,
And call ſome officers to our aſſiſtance. [*going.*
Thais. Stay! [*holding him.*
Chrem. 'Twill be better.
Thais. Hold!
Chrem. Nay, let me go!
I'll ſoon be back.
Thais. We do not want them, Chremes.
Say, only, that this maiden is your ſiſter,
And that you loſt her when a child, and now
Know her again for your's.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Thais. to Pyth.] Produce the proofs!
Pyth. Here they are.
Thais. Take them, Chremes!—If the Captain
Attempts to do you any violence,
Lead him before a magiſtrate. D'ye mark mé?
Chrem. I do.

Thais.

Thais. Be ſure now ſpeak with a good courage!
Chrem. I will.
Thais. Come, gather up your cloak.——Undone!
I've got a champion, who wants help himſelf. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, GNATHO, SANGA, *&c.*

Thraſo. Shall I put up with an affront ſo groſs,
So monſtrous, Gnatho?—No, I'd rather die.
Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me!
Firſt, I will ſtorm their caſtle.
Gnat. Excellent!
Thra. Next carry off the Virgin.
Gnat. Admirable!
Thra. Then puniſh Thais herſelf.
Gnat. Incomparable!
Thra. Here, in the centre, Donax, with your club!
Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing!
You, Syrus, on the right!—Bring up the reſt!
Where's the Centurion Sanga, and his band
Of raſcal runaways?
San. Here, ſir!
Thra. How now?
Think'ſt thou to combat with a diſhclout, ſlave!
That thus thou bring'ſt it here?
San. Ah, ſir! I knew
The valour of the gen'ral, and his troops;
And ſeeing this affair muſt end in blood,
I brought a clout, to wipe the wounds withall.
Thra. Where are the reſt?
San. Reſt! Plague, whom d'ye mean?
There's nobody, but Sannio, left at home.
Thra. Lead you the van; [*to Gnatho*] And I'll bring up the rear:

Thence

Thence give the word to all.
Gnat. What wiſdom is!
Now he has drawn up theſe in rank and file,
His poſt behind ſecures him a retreat.
Thra. Juſt ſo his line of battle Pyrrhus form'd.

Chremes *and* Thais *appear above at a window.*

Chrem. D'ye ſee, my Thais, what he is about?
To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.
Thais. Tut, man! yon fool, that ſeems ſo mighty brave,
Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!
Thra. What were beſt? [*to* Gnatho.
Gnat. Troth, I wiſh you had a ſling:
That you from far in ambuſh might attack them!
They'd ſoon fly then, I warrant you.
Thra. But ſee!
Thais appears.
Gnat. Let's charge them then! Come on!
Thra. Halt!—'Tis the part of a wiſe general
To try all methods, e'er he come to arms.
How do you know, but Thais may obey
My orders without force?
Gnat. Oh, gracious heavens!
Of what advantage is it to be wiſe!
I ne'er approach but I go wiſer from you.
Thra. Thais, firſt anſwer this! Did you, or no,
When I preſented you the Virgin, promiſe,
To give yourſelf ſome days to me alone?
Thais. What then?
Thra. Is that a queſtion, when you durſt
To bring a rival to my face?
Thais. And what
Buſineſs have you with him?
Thra. ——And then ſtole off
In company with him?

Thais.

Thais. It was my pleaſure.
Thra. Therefore, reſtore me Pamphila; unleſs
You chuſe to ſee her carried off by force.
Chrem. She reſtore Pamphila to you? Or you
Attempt to touch her, raſcal?
Gnat. Ah, beware!
Peace, peace, young gentleman!
Thra. to Chrem.] What is't you mean?
Shall I not touch my own?
Chrem. Your own, you ſcoundrel?
Gnat. Take heed! you know not whom you rail at thus.
Chrem. Won't you be gone?—here, hark ye, ſir!
d'ye know
How matters ſtand with you?—if you attempt
To raiſe a riot in this place to day,
I'll anſwer for it, that you ſhall remember
This place, to day, and me, your whole life long.
Gnat. I pity you: to make ſo great a man
Your enemy!
Chrem. Hence! or I'll break your head.
Gnat. How's that, you hang-dog? Are you for that
ſport?
Thra. Who are you, fellow?—what d'ye mean?—and
what
Have you to do with Pamphila?
Chrem. I'll tell you,
Firſt, I declare, that ſhe's a free-born woman!
Thra. How?
Chrem. And a citizen of Athens.
Thra. Hui!
Chrem. My ſiſter.
Thra. Impudence!
Chrem. So, Captain, now
I give you warning, offer her no force!
—Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the Nurſe,

And bring her here with me to ſee the proofs.
Thra. And you prohibit me to touch my own?
Chrem. Yes, I prohibit you.
Gnat. D'ye hear? he owns
The robbery himſelf. Isn't that ſufficient?
Thra. And, Thais, you maintain the ſame?
Thais. Aſk thoſe,
Who care to anſwer. [*Shuts down the window.*

Manent THRASO, *and* GNATHO, *&c.*

Thra. What ſhall we do now?
Gnat. Why—e'en go back again!—This harlot here
Will ſoon be with you to requeſt forgiveneſs.
Thra. D'ye think ſo?
Gnat. Ay, moſt certainly. I know
The ways of women.—When you will, they won't
And when you won't, they're dying for you.
Thra. True.
Gnat. Shall I diſband the army?
Thra. When you will.
Gnat. (59) Sanga, as well becomes a brave miſitia,
Take to your houſes and fire-ſides again.
San. My mind was like a ſop i'th' pan, long ſince.
Gnat. Good fellow!
San. To the right about there! march!
[*Exit with* Gnatho *and* Thraſo *at the head of the troops.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

THAIS *and* PYTHIAS.

Thais. STILL, ſtill, you, baggage, will you ſhuffle with me?
—"I know—I don't know—he's gone off—I've heard—
"I was

" I was not preſent"—Be it what it may,
Can't you inform me openly ?—The Virgin,
Her cloaths all torn, in ſullen ſilence weeps.
The Eunuch's fled.—What means all this ? and what
Has happen'd ?—Won't you anſwer me ?
Pyth. Alas !
What can I anſwer you ?—He was, they ſay,
No Eunuch.
Thais. What then ?
Pyth. Chærea.
Thais. Chærea !
What Chærea ?
Pyth. Phædria's younger brother.
Thais. How !
What's that, hag ?
Pyth. I've diſcover'd it : I'm ſure on't.
Thais. Why, what had he to do with us ? or why
Was he brought hither ?
Pyth. That I cannot tell ;
Unleſs, as I ſuppoſe, for love of Pamphila.
Thais. Alas ! I am undone ; undone, indeed,
If that, which you have told me now, be true.
Is't that the girl bemoans thus ?
Pyth. I believe ſo.
Thais. How, careleſs wretch ! was that the charge I gave you
At my departure ?
Pyth. What could I do ? She
Was truſted, as you bade, to him alone.
Thais. Oh, jade, you ſet the wolf to keep the ſheep
—I'm quite aſham'd to 've been ſo poorly bubbled.
Pyth. Who comes here ?—Hiſt ! peace, madam, I beſeech you !
We're ſafe : we have the very man. [*Seeing* Chærea *at a diſtance.*

Thais. Where is he?
Pyth. Here, on the left; d'ye ſee him, ma'am?
Thais. I ſee him.
Pyth. Let him be ſeiz'd immediately!
Thais. And what
Can we do to him fool?
Pyth. Do to him, ſay you?
—See, what a ſaucy face the rogue has got!
Ha'nt he?—and then how ſettled an aſſurance!

SCENE II.

Enter CHÆREA.

Chær. (60) At Antipho's, as if for ſpite, there were
His father and his mother both at home,
So that I could by no means enter, but
They muſt have ſeen me. Meanwhile, as I ſtood
Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
At ſight of whom, I flew, with all my ſpeed,
Into a narrow unfrequented alley;
And thence into another, and another,
Frighten'd and flurried as I ſcampered on,
Leſt any one ſhould know me.—But is that
Thais? 'Tis ſhe herſelf. I'm all aground.
What ſhall I do?—Pſhaw! what have I to care?
What can ſhe do to me?
Thais. Let's up to him.
Oh, Dorus! good ſir, welcome!—And ſo, ſirrah,
You ran away.
Chær. Yes, madam!
Thais. And you think
It was a clever trick?
Chær. No madam!
Thais. Can you
Believe, that you ſhall go unpuniſh'd for it?

Chær.

Chær. Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
Another, kill me!
Thais. Do you dread my cruelty?
Chær. No, ma'am!
Thais. What then?
Chær. I was afraid, leſt She
Accuſe me to you. [*pointing to* Pythias.
Thais. Upon what account?
Chær. A little matter.
Pyth. Rogue! a little matter?
Is it ſo little, think you, to abuſe
A virgin, and a citizen!
Chær. I thought
She was my fellow-ſervant.
Pyth. Fellow-ſervant!
I can ſcarce hold, from flying at his hair.
Monſtrous! he's come to make his ſport of us.
Thais. Away! you rave.
Pyth. Why ſo? if I had don't,
I ſhould have ſtill been in the monſter's debt;
Particularly, as he owns himſelf
Your ſervant.
Thais. Well—no more of this.—Oh, Chærea,
You've done a deed unworthy of yourſelf:
For granting I, perhaps, might well deſerve
This injury, it was not honourable
In you to do it.—As I live, I know not
What counſel to purſue about this girl;
You've ſo deſtroy'd my meaſures, that I can't
Reſtore her, without bluſhing to her friends,
Nor ſo deliver her, as I propos'd,
To make them thank me for my kindneſs, Chærea!
Chær. Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace ſhall be
Betwixt us, Thais! Oft from things like theſe,
And bad beginnings, warmeſt friendſhips riſe.

What

What if ſome God hath order'd this ?
Thais. Indeed,
I'll ſo interpret it, and wiſh it ſo.
Chær. I prithee do !—and be aſſured of this,
That nought I did in ſcorn, but all in love.
Thais. I do believe it ; and, on that account,
More readily forgive you : for oh ! Chærea,
I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.
Chær. Now, Thais, by my life, I love thee too.
Pyth. Then by my troth, you muſt take care of him.
Chær. I durſt not——
Pyth. I don't mind a word you ſay.
Thais. Have done!
Chær. But now, in this one circumſtance,
Let me beſeech you to aſſiſt me ! I
Commit myſelf intirely to your care :
Invoke you, as my patroneſs ; implore you.
Perdition ſeize me, but I'll marry her !
Thais. But if your father——
Chær. What of him ? I know
He'll ſoon conſent, provided it appears
That ſhe's a citizen.
Thais. If you will wait
A little while, her brother will be here :
He's gone to fetch the nurſe, that brought her up ;
And you ſhall witneſs the diſcovery.
Chær. I will remain then.
Thais. But, in the mean time,
Had you not rather wait within, than here
Before the door ?
Chær. Much rather.
Pyth. What the plague
Are you about ?
Thais. What now ?

Pyth.

Pyth. What now, indeed?
Will you let him within your doors again?
Thais. Why not?
Pyth. Remember that I prophecy,
He'll make ſome freſh diſturbance.
Thais. Prithee, peace!
Pyth. It ſeems, you have not had ſufficient proof
Of his aſſurance.
Chær. I'll do no harm, Pythias!
Pyth. I'll not believe it, Chærea, till I ſee it.
Chær. But you ſhall keep me, Pythias!
Pyth. No, not I.
For, by my troth, I would truſt nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!
Thais. Oh brave! the brother's here! [*looking out.*
Chær. Confuſion!
Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him ſee me
Here in this dreſs.
Thais. Why ſo? Are you aſham'd?
Chær I am indeed.
Pyth. Indeed! aſham'd! oh dear!
Think of the girl!
Thais. Go in! I'll follow you.
Pythias, do you ſtay here to bring in Chremes.
[*Exeunt* Thais *and* Chærea.

SCENE III.

PYTHIAS, CHREMES, SOPHRONA.

Pyth. What can I think of? what can I deviſe?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palm'd this young ſpark on us.
Chrem. leading the nurſe.] Nay but ſtir
Your ſtumps a little faſter, nurſe!

Soph.

Soph. I come.

Chrem. Ay, marry; but you don't come on a jot.

Pyth. Well! have you ſhewn the tokens to the nurſe?

Chrem. I have.

Pyth. And pray what ſays ſhe? Did ſhe know them?

Chrem. At firſt ſight.

Pyth. Oh brave news! I'm glad to hear it;
For I've a kindneſs for the girl. Go in;
My miſtreſs is impatient for your coming.

Exeunt Chrem. *and* Soph.

See, yonder's my good maſter Parmeno,
Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forſooth,
He ſtalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,
The means to vex him ſorely.—Firſt I'll in,
To know the truth of this diſcovery,
And then return to terrify this raſcal. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PARMENO.

Par. I'm come to ſee what Chærea has been doing:
Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,
Good heav'ns, how much, and what ſincere applauſe
Shall Parmeno acquire!—For not to mention,
In an intrigue ſo difficult as this,
Of ſo much probable expence at leaſt
Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,
That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,
Without coſt, charge, or trouble; t'other point,
That, that I hold my maſter-piece, there think
I've gain'd the prize, in ſhewing a young ſpark
The diſpoſitions and the ways of harlots:
Which having early learnt, he'll ever ſhun.

Enter Pythias *behind.*

When they're abroad, forſooth, there's none ſo clean,
Nothing

Nothing ſo trim, ſo elegant, as they;
Nor, when they ſup with a gallant, ſo nice!
To ſee theſe very creatures' gluttony,
Filth, poverty, and meanneſs, when at home;
So eager after food, that they devour
From yeſterday's ſtale broth the coarſe black bread:—
All this to know is ſafety to young men.

SCENE V.

PYTHIAS, PARMENO.

Pyth. behind.] 'Faith, ſirrah, I'll be handſomely revenged
For all you've done and ſaid. You ſhall not boaſt
Your tricks on us without due puniſhment.
[*aloud, coming forward.*
Oh heav'ns? oh dreadful deed! oh hapleſs youth!
Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!

Par. What now?

Pyth. It mov'd me ſo, I could not bear
To ſee it: therefore I flew out o'doors.
What an example will they make of him!

Par. Oh Jupiter! What tumult can this be?
Am I undone, or no?—I'll e'en enquire.
Pythias! [*going up*] What now? what is't you rave about?
Who's to be made this terrible example?

Pyth. Who? moſt audacious monſter! while you meant
To play your tricks on us, you have deſtroyed
The youth, whom you brought hither for the Eunuch.

Par. How ſo? and what has happen'd? Prithee tell me!

Pyth. Tell you? D'ye know the virgin, that was ſent
To-day to Thaïs, is a citizen?
Her brother too a man of the firſt rank?

Par. I did not know it.

Pyth. Ay, but ſo it ſeems.
The poor young ſpark abus'd the girl; a thing

No ſooner known, than he, the furious brother——
Par. Did what?
Pyth. Firſt bound him hand and foot——
Par. How! bound him!
Pyth. And now, though Thais begg'd him not to do it—
Par. How! what!
Pyth. Moreover threatens, he will ſerve him
After the manner of adulterers;
A thing I ne'er ſaw done, and ne'er deſire.
Par. How durſt he offer at an act ſo monſtrous?
Pyth. And why ſo monſtrous?
Par. Is it not moſt monſtrous?
Who ever ſaw a young man ſeiz'd and bound
For rapes and lewdneſs in a houſe of harlots?
Pyth. I don't know.
Par. Aye; but you muſt all know this.
I tell you, and foretell you, that young ſpark
Is my old maſter's ſon.
Pyth. Indeed is he?
Par. And let not Thais ſuffer any one
To do him violence!—But why don't I
Ruſh in myſelf?
Pyth. Ah! take care, Parmeno,
What you're about; leſt you do him no good,
And hurt yourſelf: for they imagine you,
Whatever has been done, the cauſe of all.
Par. What ſhall I do then, wretch? what undertake?
—Oh! yonder's my old maſter, juſt return'd
To town. Shall I tell him, or no?—I faith
I'll tell him, tho' I am well convinc'd, it will
Bring me into a ſcrape; a heavy one: And yet
It muſt be done to help poor Chærea.
Pyth. Right.
I'll in again; and you, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter LACHES (61).

Laches. I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;
I'm never tir'd of country, or of town.
For as diſguſt comes on, I change my place.
—But is not that our Parmeno? Tis he
For certain.—Whom d'ye wait for, Parmeno,
Before that door?

Par. Who's that? oh, ſir! you're welcome:
I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd to town.

Laches. Whom do you wait for?

Par. I'm undone: my tongue
Cleaves to my mouth thro' fear.

Laches. Ha! what's the matter?
Why do you tremble ſo? Is all right! Speak!

Par. Firſt, ſir, I'd have you think, for ſo it is,
Whatever has befall'n has not befall'n
Through any fault of mine.

Laches. What is't?

Par. That's true.
Your pardon, ſir, I ſhould have told that firſt.
—Phædria, ſir, bought a certain Eunuch, as
A preſent to ſend her.

Laches. Her!—Her! whom?

Par. Thais.

Laches. Bought? I'm undone! at what price?

Par. Twenty Minæ.

Laches. I'm ruin'd.

Par. And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young muſic-girl.

Laches. How! what! in love!
Knows he, already what a harlot is?
Has he ſtol'n into town? More plagues on plagues.

Par. Nay, ſir! don't look on me! it was not done
By my advice.
Laches. Leave prating of yourſelf.
As for you, raſcal, if I live—But firſt
Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick!
Par. Chærea was carried thither for the Eunuch:
Laches. He for the Eunuch!
Par. Yes: ſince when, within
They've ſeiz'd and bound him for a raviſher.
Laches. Confuſion!
Par. See the impudence of harlots!
Laches. Is there ought elſe of evil or misfortune,
You have not told me yet?
Par. You know the whole.
Laches. Then why do I delay to ruſh in on them? [*Exit.*
Par. There is no doubt but I ſhall ſmart for this.
But ſince I was oblig'd to't, I rejoice
That I ſhall make theſe ſtrumpets ſuffer too:
For our old gentleman has long deſir'd
Some cauſe to puniſh them; and now he has it.

SCENE VII.

Enter PYTHIAS, PARMENO *at a diſtance.*

Pyth. Well! I was ne'er more pleas'd in all my life,
Than when I ſaw th' old man come blund'ring in.
I had the jeſt alone; for I alone
Knew what he was afraid of.
Par. Hey! what now?
Pyth. I'm now come forth t' encounter Parmeno.
Where is he?
Par. She ſeeks me.
Pyth. Oh, there he is.
I'll go up to him.
Par. Well, fool, what's the matter? [Pythias *laughs.*
What

What wou'd you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey! what ſtill?
Pyth. Ch, I ſhall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd
With laughing at you. [*laughing heartily.*
Par. Why ſo? pray!
Pyth. Why ſo? [*laughing.*
I ne'er ſaw, ne'er ſhall ſee, a greater fool.
Oh, it's impoſſible to tell, what ſport (62)
You've made within.—I ſwear, I always thought
That you had been a ſhrewd, ſharp, cunning fellow.
What! to believe directly what I told you!
Or was you prick'd in conſcience for the ſin
The young man had committed thro'your means,
That you muſt after tell his father of him?
How d'ye ſuppoſe he felt, when old grey-beard
Surpriz'd him in that habit?—What! you find
That you're undone. [*laughing heartily.*
Par. What's this, impertinence?
Was it a lie, you told me? D'ye laugh ſtill?
Is't ſuch a jeſt to make fools of us, hag?
Pyth. Delightful! [*laughing.*
Par. If you don't pay dearly for it!——
Pyth. Perhaps ſo. [*laughing.*
Par. I'll return it.
Pyth. Oh, no doubt on't. [*laughing.*
But what you threaten, Parmeno, is diſtant:
You'll be truſs'd up to-day; who firſt draw in
A raw young lad to ſin, and then betray him.
They'll both conſpire to make you an example. [*laughing.*
Par. I'm done for.
Pyth. Take this, ſlave, as a reward
For the fine gift you ſent us; ſo, farewell! [*Exit* Pythias.
Par. I've been a fool indeed; and like a rat,
Betray'd myſelf to-day by my own ſqueaking.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

(63) *Enter* THRASO, GNATHO, [Parmeno *behind.*

Gnat. What now? in what hope, or with what deſign
Advance we hither? what adventure, Thraſo?
Thraſo. What do I mean?—To Thais to ſurrender
On her own terms?
Gnat. Indeed?
Thraſo. Indeed! why not,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?
Gnat. A fit example.—Wou'd I might behold
(64) Your head broke with her ſlipper [*aſide.*] But her doors
Creak, and fly open.
Thraſo. 'Sdeath! what miſchief now?
I ne'er ſo much as ſaw this face before.
Why burſts he forth with ſuch alacrity?

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA *at another part of the ſtage.*

Chær. Lives there, my countrymen, a happier man
To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The gods have plainly emptied all their ſtore,
On whom they've pour'd a flood of bliſs at once.
Par. What's he ſo pleas'd at?
Chær. ſeeing him.] Oh my Parmeno!
Inventor, undertaker, perfecter
Of all my pleaſures, know'ſt thou my good fortunes?
Know'ſt thou my Pamphila's a citizen?
Par. I've heard ſo.
Chær. Know'ſt thou, ſhe's betroth'd my wife?
Par. Oh brave, by heav'n!
Gnat. Hear you, what he ſays? [*to* Thraſo.
Chær. Then I rejoice, my brother Phædria's love

Is

Is quietly ſecur'd to him for ever:
We're now one family: and Thais has
Found favour with my father, and reſign'd
Herſelf to us for patronage and care.
Par. She's then entirely Phædria's?
Chær. Ay entirely.
Par. Another cauſe of joy: the Captain routed!
Chær. See, Parmeno, my brother (whereſoe'er
He be) know this, as ſoon as poſſible!
Par. I'll ſee if he's at home. [*Exit.*
Thraſo. Haſt any doubt,
Gnatho, but I'm entirely ruin'd?
Gnat. None at all.
Chær. What ſhall I mention firſt? whom praiſe the moſt!
Him that advis'd this action? or myſelf
That durſt to undertake it?—or extol
Fortune, the governeſs of all, who deign'd,
Events ſo many, of ſuch moment too,
So happily to cloſe within one day?
Or ſhall I praiſe my father's frank good-humour,
And gay feſtivity?——Oh, Jupiter,
Make but theſe bleſſings ſure!

SCENE X.

Enter PHÆDRIA.

Phæd. O heavenly powers!
What wond'rous things has Parmeno juſt told me!
But where's my brother?
Chær. Here he is.
Phæd. I'm happy.
Chær. I dare believe you are; and truſt me, brother,
Nought can be worthier of your love than Thais:
Our family are all much bounden to her.

Phæd.

Phæd. So! you'd need ſing her praiſe to me!
Thraſo. Confuſion!
As my hope dies, my love increaſes. Gnatho
Your help! my expectation's all in you.
Gnat. What would you have me do?
Thraſo. Accompliſh this;
By pray'r, by purchaſe, that I ſtill may have
Some little ſhare in Thais.
Gnat. A hard taſk!
Thraſo. Do but incline to do't, you can, I know.
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you pleaſe, it ſhall be your's.
Gnat. Indeed!
Thraſo. Indeed.
Gnat. If I accompliſh this,
I claim, that you agree to throw your doors,
Preſent or abſent, always open to me;
A welcome uninvited gueſt for ever.
Thraſo. I pawn my honour as the pledge.
Gnat. I'll try.
Phæd. What voice is that? Oh, Thraſo!
Thraſo. Gentlemen,
Good day!
Phæd. Perhaps you're not acquainted yet
With what has happen'd here?
Thraſo. I am
Phæd. Why then
Do I behold you in theſe territories?
Thraſo. Depending on——
Phæd. Depend on nought but this!
Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,
I ever find you in this ſtreet, although
You tell me, "*I was looking for another,*
"*I was but paſſing through,*" expect no quarter.
Gnat. Oh fie! that is not handſome.

Phæd.

Phæd. I have ſaid it.

Gnat. You cannot be ſo rude.

Phæd. It ſhall be ſo.

Gnat. Firſt grant me a ſhort hearing: if you like
What I propoſe, agree to 't.

Phæd. Let us hear!

Gnat. Do you retire a moment, Thraſo! [Thraſo *retires.*]
Firſt,
I muſt beſeech you both, moſt firmly think,
That I, whate'er I do in this affair,
For my own ſake I do it: but if that
Likewiſe advantage you, not to agree
In you were folly.

Phæd. What is't you propoſe?

Gnat. I think you ſhould admit the Captain, as
Your rival.

Phæd. How? admit him?

Gnat. Nay conſider!
Phædria, you live at a high rate with her,
Revel, and feaſt, and ſtick at no expence.
Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais ſhould receive much more.
Now to ſupply your love without your coſt,
A fitter perſon, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thraſo is: firſt, he has wherewithal
To give, and gives moſt largely: a fool too,
A dolt, a block, that ſnores out night and day;
Nor can you fear ſhe'll e'er grow fond of him;
And you may drive him hence whene'er you pleaſe.

Phæd. What ſhall we do? [*to* Chærea.

Gnat. Moreover this; the which
I hold no trifle, no man entertains
More nobly or more freely.

Phæd. I begin
To think we've need of ſuch a fool.

Chær. And I.

Gnat. Well judg'd! and let me beg one favour more;
Admit me of your family!—I have
Roll'd this ſtone long enough. (64)

Phæd. We do admit you.

Chær. With all our hearts.

Gnat. And you, ſirs, in return,
(65) Shall pledge me in the Captain; eat him; drink him:
And laugh at him.

Chær. A bargain!

Phæd. (66) 'Tis his due.

Gnat. Thraſo, whene'er you pleaſe, approach!

Thraſo. Pray now,
How ſtands the caſe?

Gnat. Alas! they knew you not!
But when I drew your character, and prais'd
Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,
I gain'd my point.

Thraſo. 'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd;
I ne'er was any where, in all my life,
But all folks lov'd me dearly.

Gnat. Did not I
Say he had all the Attick elegance?

Phæd. He is the very character you drew.

Gnat. Retire then.—Ye, [*to the audience.*] farewell, and
clap your hands!

THE

SELF-TORMENTOR.

ACTED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES.

L. Cornelius Lentulus and L. Valerius Flaccus, Curule Ædiles: principal actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: the musick composed by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: taken from the Greek of Menander: acted the first time with unequal flutes: afterwards with two right-handed ones: it was acted a third time. Published, M. Juventius and M. Sempronius, Consuls.

Year of Rome——————590
Before Christ——————160

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

MENEDEMUS,

CHREMES,

CLINIA,

CLITIPHO,

SYRUS,

DROMO.

SOSTRATA,

ANTIPHILA,

BACCHIS,

NURSE,

PHRYGIA, *and other servants of* Bacchis.

SCENE, *a Village near* ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

LEST any of you wonder, why the Bard
To an old actor hath assign'd the part
(1) Sustain'd of old by young performers; (2) that
I'll first explain: then say what brings
To-day, a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
We mean to represent:—The Self-Tormentor:
Wrought from a single to a double plot. (3)
Now therefore that our comedy is new, (4)
And what it is, I've shewn: who wrote it too,
And whose in Greek it is, were I not sure
(5) Most of you knew already, would I tell.
But, wherefore I have ta'en this part upon me,
In brief I will deliver: for the Bard
Has sent me here as pleader, not as Prologue;
You he declares his judges, me his counsel:
And yet as counsel nothing can I speak
More than the Author teaches me to say,
Who wrote th' oration which I now recite.
As to reports, which envious men have spread,
That he has ransack'd many Grecian plays,
While he composes some few Latin ones,
That he denies not, he has done; nor does
Repent he did it; means to do it still;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of greater bards, who did long since the same.
Then for the charge, that his arch-enemy
Maliciously reproaches him withal,
That he but lately hath applied himself
(6) To musick, with the genius of his friends,
Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
Your judgment, your opinion, must decide.
I would intreat you, therefore, not to lean

To tales of ſlander, rather than of candour.
Be favourable; nurſe with growing hopes
The bards, who give you pleaſing novelties;
Pleaſing I ſay, not ſuch as *His* I mean,
(7) Who lately introduc'd a breathleſs ſlave,
Making the croud give way —But wherefore trace
A dunce's faults? which ſhall be ſhewn at large,
When more he writes, unleſs he ceaſe to rail.
Attend impartially! and let me once
Without annoyance act an eaſy part; (8)
Leſt your old ſervant be o'er-labour'd ſtill
With toilſome characters, the running ſlave,
The eating paraſite, enrag'd old man,
The bold-fac'd ſharper, covetous procurer;
Parts, that aſk pow'rs of voice, and iron ſides.
Deign then, for my ſake, to accept this plea,
And grant me ſome remiſſion from my labour.
For they, who now produce new comedies,
Spare not my age! If there is aught laborious,
They run to me; but if of little weight,
Away to others. In our piece to-day
(9) The ſtile is pure: now try my talents then
In either character. If I for gain,
Never o'er-rated my abilities;
If I have held it ſtill my chief reward
To be ſubſervient to your pleaſure; fix
In me a fair example, that our youth
May ſeek to pleaſe you, rather than themſelves.

THE

SELF-TORMENTOR. (10)

ACT I. SCENE I.

CHREMES. MENEDEMUS.

CHREMES.

THOUGH our acquaintance is as yet but young,
Since you have bought this farm that neighbours mine,
And little other commerce is betwixt us;
Yet or your virtue, or good neighbourhood,
(Which is in my opinion kin to friendſhip)
Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
That you appear to me to labour more
Than your age warrants, or affairs require.
Now, in the name of heav'n and earth, what is't
You want? what ſeek you? Threeſcore years of age,
Or older, as I gueſs; with an eſtate,
Better than which, more profitable, none
In theſe parts hold; maſter of many ſlaves;
As if you had not one at your command,
You labour in their offices yourſelf.
I ne'er go out ſo ſoon at morn, return
So late at eve, but in your grounds I ſee you

(11) Dig

(11) Dig, plough, or fetch and carry: in a word
You ne'er remit your toil, nor ſpare yourſelf.
This, I am certain, is not done for pleaſure.
—You'll ſay, perhaps, it vexes you to ſee
Your work go on ſo ſlowly;—do but give
The time you ſpend in labouring yourſelf
To ſet your ſlaves to work, 'twill profit more.
Mene. Have you ſuch leiſure from your own affairs
To think of thoſe, that don't concern you, Chremes?
Chrem. I am a man, and feel for all mankind (12).
Think, I adviſe, or aſk for information:
If right, that I may do the ſame; if wrong,
To turn you from it.
Mene. I have need to do thus.
Do you as you think fit.
Chrem. Need any man
Torment himſelf?
Mene. I need (13).
Chrem. If there's a cauſe (14),
I'd not oppoſe it. But what evil's this?
What is th' offence ſo grievous to your nature,
That aſks ſuch cruel vengeance on yourſelf?
Mene. Alas! alas! [*in tears.*
Chrem. Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reſerv'd; fear nothing: prithee, truſt me:
By conſolation, counſel, or aſſiſtance,
I poſſibly may ſerve you.
Mene. Would you know it?
Chrem. Ay, for the very reaſon I have mention'd.
Mene. I will inform you.
Chrem. But meanwhile lay down
Thoſe rakes: don't tire yourſelf.
Mene. It muſt not be.
Chrem. What mean you?
Mene. Give me leave: that I may take

No

No reſpite from my toil.

Chrem. I'll not allow it. [*taking away the rakes.*

Mene. Ah, you do wrong.

Chrem. What, and ſo heavy too! [*weighing them in his hand.*

Mene. Such my deſert.

Chrem. Now ſpeak. [*laying down the rakes.*

Mene. One only ſon
I have.—*Have* did I ſay?—*Had* I mean, Chremes.
Have I or no, is now uncertain.

Chrem. Wherefore?

Mene. That you ſhall know. An old Corinthian woman
Now ſojourns here, a ſtranger in theſe parts,
And very poor. It happen'd, of her daughter
My ſon became diſtractedly enamour'd;——
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me: which I no ſooner learnt
Than I began to deal ſeverely with him,
Not as a young and love-ſick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and uſual way of fathers.
Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, ſir!
"Think you that you ſhall hold theſe courſes long,
"And I your father living?—Keep a miſtreſs,
"As if ſhe were your wife!—You are deceiv'd,
"If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
"While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
"I ſhall act towards you worthy of myſelf.
"All this ariſes from mere idleneſs.
"I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
"To ſeek my fortune in the wars in Aſia,
"And there acquir'd in arms both wealth and glory."
—In ſhort things came to ſuch a paſs, the youth,
O'ercome with hearing ſtill the ſelf-ſame thing,
And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking,
Age and experience had enabled me
To judge his intereſt better than himſelf,

Went off to ſerve the king in Aſia, Chremes.
Chrem. How ſay you?
Mene. Stole away three months ago,
Without my knowledge.
Chrem. Both have been to blame:
And yet this enterprize beſpeaks a mind,
Modeſt and manly.
Mene. Having heard of this
From ſome of his familiars, home I came
Mournful, half-mad, and almoſt wild with grief.
I ſit me down; my ſervants run to me;
Some draw my ſandals off; while others haſte
(15) To ſpread the couches, and prepare the ſupper:
Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
To mitigate my ſorrow. Noting this,
" How, ſaid I to myſelf, ſo many then
" Anxious for me alone? to pleaſure me?
" So many ſlaves to dreſs me (16)? All this coſt
" For me alone?—Meanwhile, my only ſon,
" For whom all theſe were fit, as well as me,
" Nay rather more, ſince he is of an age
" More proper for their uſe; him, him, poor boy,
" Has my unkindneſs driven forth to ſorrow.
" Oh I were worthy of the heavieſt curſe,
" Could I brook that!—No; long as he ſhall lead
" A life of penury abroad, an exile
" Through my unjuſt ſeverity, ſo long
" Will I revenge his wrongs upon myſelf,
" Labouring, ſcraping, ſparing, ſlaving for him."
—In ſhort I did ſo; in the houſe I left
Nor (17) cloaths, nor moveables; I ſcrap'd up all.
My ſlaves both male and female, except thoſe
Who more than earn'd their bread in country-work
I ſold: Then ſet my houſe to ſale (18): In all
I got together about fifteen talents (19);

Purchas'd

Purchas'd this farm; and here fatigue myſelf;
Thinking I do my ſon leſs injury,
(20) While I'm in miſery too; nor is it juſt
For me, I think, to taſte of pleaſure here,
Till he return in ſafety to partake on't.

Chrem. You I believe a tender parent, him
A duteous ſon, if govern'd prudently.
But you was unacquainted with his nature,
And he with your's: ſad life, where things are ſo!
You ne'er betray'd your tenderneſs to him;
Nor durſt he place that confidence in you,
Which well becomes the boſom of a father.
Had that been done, this had not happen'd to you.

Mene. True, I confeſs; but I was moſt in fault.

Chrem. All, Menedemus, will, I hope, be well,
And truſt, your ſon will ſoon return in ſafety.

Mene. Grant it, good Gods!

Chrem. They will. Now, therefore, ſince
(21) The Dionyſia are held here to-day,
If 'tis convenient, come, and feaſt with me.

Mene. Impoſſible.

Chrem. Why ſo?——Nay, prithee now,
Indulge yourſelf a while: your abſent ſon,
I'm ſure, wou'd have it ſo.

Mene. It is not meet,
That I, who drove him forth to miſery,
Should fly it now myſelf.

Chrem. You are reſolv'd?

Mene. Moſt conſtantly.

Chrem. Farewel then!

Mene. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CHREMES *alone.*

He draws tears from me.—How I pity him!
—But tis high time, as the day goes, to warn
My neighbour Phania to come forth to ſupper.
I'll go, and ſee if he's at home.
[*goes to* Phania's *door, and returns.*
There was,
It ſeems, no need of warning: for, they tell me,
He has been gone to my houſe ſome time ſince;
I keep my gueſts in waiting; ſo I'll in.
But my doors creak. [Clitipho *appears.*
Who's this? I'll ſtep aſide. [*retires.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLITIPHO, *ſpeaking to* Clinia *within.*

As yet, my Clinia, you've no cauſe to fear:
They are not long: and ſhe, I'm confident,
Will be here ſhortly with the meſſenger.
Prithee, away then with theſe idle cares,
Which thus torment you!
Chrem, behind.] Whom does my ſon ſpeak to?
Clit. My father as I wiſh'd—Good Sir, well met.
Chrem. What now?
Clit. D'ye know our neighbour Menedemus?
Chremes. Ay, very well.
Clit. D'ye know he has a ſon?
Chremes. I've heard he is in Aſia.
Clit. No ſuch thing.
He's at our houſe, Sir.
Chremes. How!
Clit. But juſt arriv'd:

Ev'n

Ev'n at his landing I fell in with him,
And brought him here to ſupper: for, from boys,
We have been friends and intimates.
Chremes. Good news:
Now do I wiſh the more, that Menedemus,
Whom I invited, were my gueſt to-day,
That I, and under my own roof, had been
The firſt to have ſurpriz'd him with this joy!
And I may yet. [*going.*
Clit. Take heed! it were not good.
Chremes. How ſo?
Clit. Becauſe the youth is yet in doubt:
Newly arriv'd; in fear of ev'ry thing;
He dreads his father's anger, and ſuſpects
The diſpoſition of his miſtreſs tow'rds him;
Her, whom he doats upon; on whoſe account,
This diff'rence and departure came about.
Chremes. I know it.
Clit. He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy (22)
Into the city to her, and our Syrus
I ſent along with him.
Chremes. What ſays the ſon?
Clit. Says? that he's miſerable.
Chremes. Miſerable!
Who need be leſs ſo? for what earthly good
Can man poſſeſs, which he may not enjoy?
Parents, a proſp'rous country, friends, birth, riches.
Yet theſe all take their value from the mind
Of the poſſeſſor: he that knows their uſe,
To him they're bleſſings; he that knows it not,
To him miſuſe converts them into curſes.
Clit. Nay, but he ever was a croſs old man:
And now there's nothing that I dread ſo much,
As leſt he be tranſported in his rage
To ſome groſs outrages againſt his ſon.

Chremes.

Chremes. He !—He !—But I'll contain myſelf. 'Tis good
For Menedemus that his ſon ſhou'd fear. [*aſide.*
Clit. What ſay you, ſir, within yourſelf ! [*overhearing.*
Chremes. I ſay,
Be't as it might, the ſon ſhou'd have remain'd.
Grant that the father bore too ſtrict a hand
Upon his looſe deſires ; he ſhou'd have borne it.
Whom would he bear withal, if not a parent ?
Was't fitting that the father ſhou'd conform
To the ſon's humour, or the ſon to his ?
And for the rigour that he murmurs at,
'Tis nothing : the ſeverities of fathers,
Unleſs perchance a hard one here and there,
Are much the ſame : they reprimand their ſons
For riotous exceſſes, wenching, drinking ;
And ſtarve their pleaſures by a ſcant allowance.
Yet this all tends to good : but when the mind
Is once enſlav'd to vicious appetites,
It needs muſt follow vicious meaſures too.
Remember then this maxim, Clitipho,
A wiſe one 'tis to draw from others' faults
A profitable leſſon for yourſelf.
Clit. I do believe it.
Chremes. Well, I'll in, and ſee
What is provided for our ſupper : you,
As the day wears, ſee that you're not far hence. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

CLITIPHO *alone.*

What partial judges of all ſons are fathers !
Who aſk grey wiſdom from our greener years,
And think our minds ſhou'd bear no touch of youth ;
Governing by their paſſions, now kill'd in them,
And not by thoſe that formerly rebell'd.

If

If ever I've a ſon, I promiſe him
He ſhall find me an eaſy father; fit
To know, and apt to pardon his offences!
Not ſuch as mine, who, ſpeaking of another,
Shews how he'd act in ſuch a caſe himſelf:
Yet when he takes a cup or two too much,
Oh, what mad pranks he tells me of his own:
But warns me now, "to draw from others faults
"A profitable leſſon for myſelf."
Cunning old gentleman! he little knows,
He pours his proverbs in a deaf man's ear.
The words of Bacchis, *Give me*, *Bring me*, now
Have greater weight with me: to whoſe commands,
Alas! I've nothing to reply withall;
Nor is there man more wretched than myſelf.
For Clinia here, (though he, I muſt confeſs,
Has cares enough) has got a miſtreſs, modeſt,
Well-bred, and ſtranger to all harlot arts:
Mine is a ſelf-will'd, wanton, haughty madam,
Gay, and extravagant; and let her aſk
Whate'er ſhe will, ſhe muſt not be denied;
Since poverty I durſt not make my plea.
This is a plague I have but newly found,
Nor is my father yet appriz'd of it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CLINIA.

Clin. HAD my affairs in love been proſperous,
They had, I know, been here long ſince: but, ah,
I fear ſhe's fall'n from virtue in my abſence:
So many things concur to prove it ſo,

My

My mind miſgives me; opportunity,
The place, her age, an infamous old mother,
Under whoſe governance ſhe lives, to whom
Nought but gain's precious.

To him CLITIPHO.

Clit. Clinia!
Clin. Woe is me! [*to himſelf.*
Clit. Take heed, leſt ſome one iſſue from your father's,
And chance to ſee you here.
Clin. I will: but yet
My mind forebodes I know not what of ill.
Clit. What, ſtill foreboding, ere you know the truth?
Clin. Had there been no untoward circumſtance,
They had return'd already.
Clit. Patience, Clinia!
They'll be here preſently.
Clin. Preſently! but when?
Clit. (23) Conſider, 'tis a long way off: and then
You know the ways of women; to ſet off,
And trick their perſons out, requires an age.
Clin. Oh Clitipho, I fear——
Clit. Take courage; ſee,
Dromo and Syrus!

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS *and* DROMO, *converſing at a diſtance.*

Syrus. Say you?
Dromo. Even ſo.
Syrus. But while we chat, the girls are left behind.
Clit. liſtening.] Girls, Clinia! do you hear?
Clin. I hear, I ſee,
And now, at laſt, I'm happy, Clitipho.

Dromo.

Dromo to Syrus.] Left behind! troth, no wonder: ſo encumber'd;
A troop of waiting-women at her heels!
Clinia, liſtening.] Confuſion! whence ſhould ſhe have waiting-women?
Clit. How can I tell?
Syrus to Dromo.] We ought not to have dropp'd them.
They bring a world of baggage!
Clinia liſtening.] Death!
Syrus. Gold, cloaths!
It grows late too, and they may miſs their way.
We've been to blame: Dromo, run back, and meet them.
Away! quick! don't loiter. [*Exit* Dromo.
Clin. What a wretch!
All my fair hopes quite blaſted!
Clit. What's the matter?
What is it troubles you?
Clin. What troubles me?
D'ye hear? She waiting-women, gold, and cloaths!
She, whom I left with one poor ſervant-girl!
Whence come they, think you?
Clit. Oh, I take you now.
Syrus to himſelf.] Gods, what a croud! our houſe will hardly hold them.
What eating, and what drinking will there be!
How miſerable our old gentleman!
But here are thoſe I wiſh'd to ſee! [*ſeeing* Clit. *and* Clin.
Clin. Oh Jove!
Where then are truth, and faith, and honour fled?
While I a fugitive, for love of you,
Quit my dear country, you, Antiphila,
For ſordid gain deſert me in diſtreſs!
You, for whoſe ſake I courted infamy,
And caſt off my obedience to my father.

He, I remember now with grief and ſhame,
Oft warn'd me of theſe women's ways; oft tried
In vain by ſage advice to wean me from her.
But now I bid farewel to her for ever;
Though, when 'twere good and wholſome, I was froward.
No wretch more curſt than I!

Syrus. He has miſconſtrued
All our diſcourſe, I find——You fancy, Clinia,
Your miſtreſs other than ſhe is. Her life,
As far as we from circumſtance could learn,
Her diſpoſition tow'rd you, are the ſame.

Clin. How! tell me all: for there is nought on earth
I'd rather know than that my fears are falſe.

Syrus. Firſt then, that you may be appriz'd of all,
Th' old woman, thought her mother, was not ſo:
That beldam alſo is deceas'd; for this
I overheard her, as we came along,
Telling the other.

Clit. Other! who? what other?

Syrus. Let me but finiſh what I have begun,
And I ſhall come to that.

Clit. Diſpatch then.

Syrus. Firſt,
Having arriv'd, Dromo knocks at the door:
Which an old woman had no ſooner open'd,
But in goes Dromo, and I after him.
Th' old woman bolts the door, and ſpins again.
And now, or never, Clinia, might be known,
Coming thus unexpectedly upon her,
Antiphila's employments in your abſence:
For ſuch, as then we ſaw, we might preſume
Her daily practice, which of all things elſe,
Betrays the mind and diſpoſition moſt.
Buſily plying of the web we found her, (24)
Decently clad in mourning,—I ſuppoſe,

For

For the deceas'd old woman.——She had on
No gold or trinkets, but was plain and neat,
And dreſt like thoſe who dreſs but for themſelves.
No female varniſh to ſet off her beauty:
Her hair diſhevel'd, long, and flowing looſe
About her ſhoulders.——Peace! [*To* Clinia.

Clin. Nay, prithee, Syrus,
Do not tranſport me thus without a cauſe.

Syrus. Th' old woman ſpun the woof; one ſervant-girl,
A tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her. (25)

Clit. Clinia, if this be true, as ſure it is,
Who is more fortunate than you? D'ye mark
The ragged dirty girl that he deſcrib'd?
A ſign the miſtreſs leads a blameleſs life,
When ſhe maintains no flaunting go-between:
For 'tis a rule with thoſe gallants, who wiſh
To win the miſtreſs, firſt to bribe the maid.

Clin. Go on, I beg you, Syrus; and take heed
You fill me not with idle joy.—What ſaid ſhe
When you nam'd me?

Syrus. As ſoon as we inform'd her
You was return'd, and begg'd her to come to you,
She left her work immediately, and burſt
Into a flood of tears, which one might ſee
Were ſhed for love of you. (26)

Clin. By all the Gods,
I know not where I am for very joy.
Oh, how I trembled!

Clit. Without cauſe, I knew.
But come; (27) now, Syrus, tell us, who's that other?

Syrus. Your miſtreſs, Bacchis.

Clit. How! what! Bacchis? Tell me,
Where d'ye bring her, rogue?

Syrus. Where do I bring her?
To our houſe certainly.

Clit. My father's?
Syrus. Ay.
Clit. Oh monſtrous impudence!
Syrus. Conſider, Sir;
More danger, the more honour.
Clit. Look ye, ſirrah,
You mean to purchaſe praiſe at my expence,
Where the leaſt ſlip of yours would ruin me.
What is't you drive at?
Syrus. But———
Clit. But what?
Syrus. I'll tell you,
Give me but leave!
Clin. Permit him.
Clit. Well, I do.
Syrus. This buſineſs—now—is juſt as if— [*drawling.*
Clit. Confuſion!
What a long round-about beginning!
Clin. True.
To the point, Syrus!
Syrus. I've no patience with you.
You uſe me ill, Sir, and I can't endure it.
Clin. Hear him: peace, Clitipho! [*to* Clitipho.
Syrus. You'd be in love;
Poſſeſs your miſtreſs; and have wherewithal
To make her preſents: but to gain all this
You'd riſque no danger. By my troth, you're wiſe,
If it be wiſe to wiſh for what can't be.
Take good and bad together; both, or none;
Chuſe which you will; no miſtreſs, or no danger.
And yet the ſcheme I've laid is fair and ſafe;
Your miſtreſs may be with you at your father's
Without detection; by the ſelf-ſame means
I ſhall procure the ſum you've promis'd her,
Which you have rung ſo often in my ears,

You've

You've almoſt deafen'd them.—What wou'd you more ?
Clit. If it may be ſo———
Syrus. If ! the proof ſhall ſhew.
Clit. Well, well then, what's this ſcheme ?
Syrus. We will pretend
That Bacchis is his miſtreſs.
Clit. Mighty fine !
What ſhall become then of his own ? Shall ſhe
Paſs for his too, becauſe one's not enough
To anſwer for ?
Syrus. No. She ſhall to your mother.
Clit. How ſo ?
Syrus. 'Twere tedious, Clitipho, to tell :
Let it ſuffice, I've reaſon for it.
Clit. Nonſenſe !
I ſee no ground to make me hazard this.
Syrus. Well ; if you dread this, I've another way,
Which you ſhall both own has no danger in't.
Clit. Ay, prithee, find that out.
Syrus. With all my heart.
I'll run and meet the woman on the road,
And order them to go ſtrait home again.
Clit. How ! what !
Syrus. I mean to eaſe you of your fear,
That you may ſleep in peace on either ſide (28). [*going.*
Clit. What ſhall I do ?
Clin. E'en profit of his ſcheme.
Clit. But, Syrus, tell me then———
Syrus. Away, away !
This day too late, you'll wiſh for her in vain. [*going.*
Clin. This is your time : enjoy it, while you may :
Who knows, if you may have the like again ?
Clit. Syrus, I ſay.
Syrus. Call as you pleaſe, I'll on.
Clit. Clinia, you're right.—Ho, Syrus ! Syrus, ho !

Syrus

Syrus, I ſay.

Syrus. So, he grows hot at laſt. [*to himſelf.*

What would you, Sir? [*turning about.*

Clit. Come back, come back!

Syrus. I'm here. [*returns.*

You're pleaſure, Sir!—What, will not this content you!

Clit. Yes, Syrus; me, my paſſion, and my fame
I render up to you: diſpoſe of all;
But ſee you're not to blame.

Syrus. Ridiculous!
Spare your advice, good Clitipho! you know
Succeſs is my concern ſtill more than your's:
For if perchance we fail in our attempt,
You ſhall have words; but I, alas, dry blows.
Be ſure then of my diligence; and beg
Your friend to join, and countenance our ſcheme.

Clin. Depend on me: I ſee it muſt be ſo.

Clit. Thanks, my beſt Clinia!

Clin. But take heed ſhe trip not.

Syrus. Oh, ſhe's well inſtructed.

Clit. Still I wonder
How you prevail'd ſo eaſily upon her:
Her, who's ſo ſcornful.

Syrus. I came juſt in time,
Time, that in moſt affairs is all in all:
For there I found a certain wretched captain,
Begging her favours. (29) She, an artful baggage,
Denied him, to enflame his mind the more,
And make her court to you.—But hark ye, Sir,
Be cautious of your conduct! no imprudence!
You know how ſhrewd and keen your father is;
And I know your intemperance too well.
No double-meanings, glances, leers, ſighs, hems,
Coughing, or titt'ring, I beſeech you, Sir!

Clit. I'll play my part———

Syrus

Syrus. Look to't!
Clit. To your content.
Syrus. But ſee, the women! they're ſoon after us.
[*looking out.*
Clit. Where are they?— [*Syrus ſtops him*] Why d'ye hold me?
Syrus. She is not
Your miſtreſs now.
Clit. True: not before my father.
But now, mean while———
Syrus. Nor now, mean while.
Clit. Allow me!
Syrus. No.
Clit. But a moment!
Syrus. No,
Clit. A ſingle kiſs!
Syrus. Away, if you are wiſe!
Clit. Well, well, I'm gone.
—What's he to do?
Syrus. Stay here.
Clit. O happy———
Syrus. March! [*puſhes off* Clitipho.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, *and* ANTIPHILA *at a diſtance.*

Bacch. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila:
Happy, that you have made it ſtill your care,
That virtue ſhould ſeem fair as beauty in you!
Nor gracious Heav'n ſo help me, do I wonder
If ev'ry man ſhould wiſh you for his own;
For your diſcourſe beſpeaks a worthy mind.
And when I ponder with myſelf, and weigh
Your courſe of life, and all the reſt of thoſe
Who

Who live not on the common, 'tis not ſtrange,
Your morals ſhould be different from our's.
Virtue's your int'reſt; thoſe, with whom we deal,
Forbid it to be our's: For our gallants,
Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for that;
Which fading, they transfer their love to others.
If then meanwhile we look not to ourſelves,
We live forlorn, deſerted, and diſtreſt.
You, when you've once agreed to paſs your life
Bound to one man, whoſe temper ſuits with your's,
He too attaches his whole heart to you:
Thus mutual friendſhip draws you each to each;
Nothing can part you, nothing ſhake your love.
Anti. (30) I know not others'; for myſelf I know,
From his content I ever drew my own.
Clin. overhearing.] Excellent maid! my beſt Antiphila!
Thou too, thy love alone is now the cauſe
That brings me to my native land again.
For when away, all evils elſe were light
Compar'd to wanting thee.
Syrus. I do believe it.
Clin. (31) O Syrus, 'tis too much: I cannot bear it.
Wretch that I am!—and muſt I be debarr'd
To give a looſe to love, a love like this?
Syrus. And yet if I may judge your father's mind,
He has more troubles yet in ſtore for you.
apart
Bacch. Who is that youth that eyes us? [*ſeeing* Clinia.
Anti. Ha! [*ſeeing him.*]—Support me!
Bacch. Bleſs me, what now?
Anti. I faint.
Bacch. Alas, poor ſoul!
What is't ſurprizes you, Antiphila?
Anti. Is't Clinia that I ſee, or no?
Bacch. Whom do you ſee?

Clin.

Clin. Welcome my ſoul! [*running up to her.*
Anti. My wiſh'd-for Clinia, welcome!
Clin. How fares my love?
Anti. O'erjoyed at your return.
Clin. And do I hold thee, my Antiphila,
Thou only wiſh, and comfort of my ſoul!
Syrus. In, in, for you have made our good man wait.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

CHREMES.

'TIS now juſt day-break.(32)—Why delay I then
To call my neighbour forth, and be the firſt
To tell him of his ſon's return?—The youth,
I underſtand, would fain not have it ſo.
But ſhall I, when I ſee this poor old man
Afflict himſelf ſo grievouſly, by ſilence
Rob him of ſuch an unexpected joy,
When the diſcov'ry cannot hurt the ſon?
No, I'll not do't; but far as in my pow'r
Aſſiſt the father. As my ſon, I ſee,
Miniſters to th' occaſions of his friend,
Aſſociated in counſels, rank, and age,
So we old men ſhould ſerve each other too.

SCENE II.

Enter MENEDEMUS. (33)

Mene. to himſelf.] Sure I'm by nature form'd for miſery
Beyond the reſt of humankind, or elſe
'Tis a falſe ſaying, though a common one,
"That time aſſuages grief." For ev'ry day

My ſorrow for the abſence of my ſon
Grows on my mind: the longer he's away,
The more impatiently I wiſh to ſee him,
The more pine after him.
Chrem. But he's come forth. [*ſeeing Menedemus.*
Yonder he ſtands. I'll go and ſpeak with him.
Good morrow, neighbour! I have news for you;
Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.
Mene. Of my ſon, Chremes? (34)
Chrem. He's alive and well.
Mene. Where?
Chrem. At my houſe.
Mene. My ſon?
Chrem. Your ſon.
Mene. Come home?
Chrem. Come home.
Mene. My dear boy come? my Clinia? (35)
Chrem. He.
Mene. Away then! prithee, bring me to him.
Chrem. Hold!
He cares not you ſhould know of his return,
And dreads your ſight becauſe of his late treſpaſs.
He fears, beſides, your old ſeverity
Is now augmented.
Mene. Did not you inform him
The bent of my affections?
Chrem. Not I.
Mene. Wherefore, Chremes?
Chrem. Becauſe 'twould injure both yourſelf and him
To ſeem of ſuch a poor and broken ſpirit.
Mene. I cannot help it. Too long, much too long,
I've been a cruel father.
Chrem. Ah, my friend,
You run into extremes; too niggardly,
Or, too profuſe; imprudent either way.

Firſt,

Firſt, rather than permit him entertain
A miſtreſs, who was then content with little,
And glad of any thing, you drove him hence:
Whereon the girl was forc'd againſt her will,
To grow a common gameſter for her bread:
And now ſhe can't be kept without much coſt,
You'd ſquander thouſands. For to let you know
How admirably madam's train'd to miſchief,
How finely form'd to ruin her admirers, (36)
She came to my houſe yeſter-night with more
Than half a ſcore of women at her tail,
Laden with cloaths and jewels.—If ſhe had
(37) A Prince to her gallant, he could not bear
Such wild extravagance: much leſs can you.

Mene. Is ſhe within too?

Chrem. She within! Ay, truly.
I've found it to my coſt: for I have given
To her and her companions but one ſupper;
And to give ſuch another would undo me.
For, not to dwell on other circumſtances,
Merely to taſte, and ſmack, and ſpirt about (38),
What quantities of wine has ſhe conſum'd!
This is too rough, ſhe cries; *ſome ſofter, pray!*
I have pierc'd every veſſel, ev'ry caſk;
Kept ev'ry ſervant running to and fro:
All this ado, and all in one ſhort night!
What Menedemus, muſt become of you,
Whom they will prey upon continually?
Now, afore heaven, thinking upon this,
Ipi tied you.

Mene. Why let him have his will (39);
Waſte, conſume, ſquander; I'll endure it all,
So I but have him with me.

Chrem. If reſolv'd
To take that courſe, I hold it of great moment

That he perceive not you allow of this.

Mene. What ſhall I do then?

Chrem. Any thing much rather
Than what you mean to do: at ſecond hand
Supply him; or permit his ſlave to trick you;
Though I perceive they're on that ſcent already,
And privately contriving how to do't.
There's Syrus, and that little ſlave of your's
In an eternal whiſper: the young men
Conſulting too together: and it were
Better to loſe a talent by theſe means,
Than on your plan a mina: for at preſent
Money is not the queſtion, but the means
To gratify the youth the ſafeſt way.
For if he once perceives your turn of mind,
And that you'd rather hazard life, and wealth,
Than part from him; ah, Menedemus, what
A window to debauchery you'll open!
Nay, life itſelf will grow a burthen to you;
For too much liberty corrupts us all.
Whatever comes into his head, he'll have;
Nor think, if his demand be right or wrong.
You, on your part, to ſee your wealth and ſon
Both wreck'd, will not be able to endure.
You'll not comply with his demands; whereon
He falls to his old fence immediately,
And knowing where your weak part lies, will threaten
To leave you inſtantly.

Mene. 'Tis very like.

Chremes. Now on my life I have not clos'd my eyes (40),
Nor had a ſingle wink of ſleep this night,
For thinking how I might reſtore your ſon.

Mene. Give me your hand: and let me beg you, Chremes,
Continue to aſſiſt me!

Chremes. Willingly.

Mene.

Mene. D'ye know what I would have you do at preſent?
Chremes. What?
Mene. Since you have found out they meditate
Some practice on me, prithee, urge them on
To execute it quickly: for I long
To grant his wiſhes, long to ſee him ſtrait.
Chremes. Let me alone. I muſt lay hold of Syrus;
And give him ſome encouragement.—But ſee!
Some one, I know not who, comes forth: In, in (41),
Leſt they perceive that we conſult together!
I have a little buſineſs too in hand.
Simus and Crito, our two neighbours here,
Have a diſpute about their boundaries (42);
And they've referr'd it to my arbitration.
I'll go and tell them, 'tis not in my power
To wait on them, as I propos'd to-day.
I will be with you preſently.
Mene. Pray do. [*Exit* Chremes.
Gods! that the nature of mankind is ſuch,
To ſee and judge of the affairs of others,
Much better than their own (43)! Is't therefore ſo,
Becauſe that, in our own concerns, we feel
Too much the influence of joy or ſorrow?
How much more wiſely does my neighbour here
Conſult for me, than I do for myſelf!
Chrem. returning.] I've diſengag'd myſelf! that I might be
At leiſure to attend on your affairs. [*Exit* Menedemus.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the Stage.*

Syrus to himſelf.] This way, or that way, or ſome way or other!
For money muſt be had, and th' old man trick'd.

Chrem.

Chrem. overhearing.] Was I deceiv'd in thinking they were at it?
That ſlave of Clinia's, it ſhould ſeem, is dull,
And ſo our Syrus has the part aſſign'd him.
Syrus. Who's there? [*ſeeing* Chremes.] Undone if he has overheard me. [*aſide.*
Chrem. Syrus!
Syrus. Sir!
Chrem. What now?
Syrus. Nothing.—But I wonder
To ſee you up ſo early in the morning,
Who drank ſo freely yeſterday.
Chrem. Not much.
Syrus. Not much? You have, Sir, as the proverb goes,
The old age of an eagle (44).
Chrem. Ah!
Syrus. A pleaſant,
Good ſort of girl, this wench of Clinia's.
Chrem. Ay, ſo ſhe ſeems.
Syrus. And handſome.
Chrem. Well enough.
Syrus. (45) Not like the maids of old, but paſſable,
As girls go now: nor am I much amaz'd
That Clinia doats upon her. But he has,
Alas, poor lad! a miſerable, cloſe,
Dry, covetous, curmudgeon to his father:
Our neighbour here; d'ye know him?—Yet, as if
He did not roll in riches, his poor ſon
Was forc'd to run away for very want.
D'ye know this ſtory?
Chrem. Do I know it? Ay.
A ſcoundrel! ſhould be horſe-whipt.
Syrus. Who?
Chrem. That ſlave
Of Clinia's———

Syrus.

Syrus. Troth, I trembled for you, Syrus! [*aſide.*
Chrem. Who ſuffer'd this.
Syrus. Why what ſhould he have done?
Chrem. What?—have devis'd expedients, contriv'd ſchemes,
To raiſe the caſh for the young gentleman
To make his miſtreſs preſents; and have done
A kindneſs to th' old hunks againſt his will.
Syrus. You jeſt.
Chrem. Not I: it was his duty, Syrus.
Syrus. How's this? why prithee then, d'ye praiſe thoſe [ſlaves,
Who trick their maſters?
Chrem. Yes upon occaſion.
Syrus. Mighty fine, truly!
Chrem. Why, it oft prevents
A great deal of uneaſineſs: for inſtance,
This Clinia, Menedemus' only ſon,
Would never have elop'd.
Syrus. I cannot tell,
Whether he ſays all this in jeſt or earneſt;
But it gives freſh encouragement to me. [*aſide.*
Chrem. And now what is't the blockhead waits for, Syrus?
Is't till his maſter runs away again,
When he perceives himſelf no longer able
To bear with the expences of his miſtreſs?
Has he no plot upon th' old gentleman?
Syrus. He's a poor creature.
Chrem. But it is your part,
For Clinia's ſake, to lend a helping hand.
Syrus. Why, that indeed I eaſily can do,
If you command me; for I know which way,
Chrem. I take you at your word.
Syrus. I'll make it good.
Chrem. Do ſo.

Syrus

Syrus. But hark ye, Sir! remember this,
If ever it hereafter comes to paſs,
—As who can anſwer for th' affairs of men!
That your own ſon——
Chremes. I hope 'twill never be.
Syrus. I hope ſo too; nor do I mention this,
From any knowledge or ſuſpicion of him:
But that in caſe—his time of life, you know;
And ſhould there be occaſion, truſt me, Chremes,
But I could handle you moſt handſomely.
Chremes. Well, well, we'll think of it, when that time comes.
Now to your preſent taſk! [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE IV.

SYRUS *alone.*

I never heard
My maſter argue more commodiouſly;
Nor ever had a mind to miſchief, when
It might be done with more impunity.
But who's this coming from our houſe?

SCENE V.

Enter CLITIPHO, *and* CHREMES *following.*

Chremes. How now?
What manners are theſe, Clitipho? does this
Become you?
Clit. What's the matter?
Chremes. Did not I
This very inſtant ſee you put your hand
Into yon wench's boſom?
Syrus. So! all's over:
I am undone. [*aſide.*

Clit.

Clit. Me, Sir?
Chremes. Theſe very eyes
Beheld you: don't deny it.—'Tis baſe in you,
To be ſo flippant with your hands. For what
Affront's more groſs, than to receive a friend
Under your roof, and tamper with his miſtreſs?
And, laſt night in your cups too, how indecent,
And rudely you behav'd!
Syrus. 'Tis very true.
Chremes. So very troubleſome, ſo help me heav'n,
I fear'd the conſequence. I know the ways
Of lovers: they oft take offence at things
You dream not of.
Clit. But my companion, Sir,
Is confident I would not wrong him.
Chremes. Granted.
Yet you ſhould ceaſe to hang for ever on them.
Withdraw, and leave them ſometimes to themſelves.
Love has a thouſand ſallies; you reſtrain them.
I can conjecture from myſelf. There's none,
How near ſoever, Clitipho, to whom
I dare lay open all my weakneſſes.
With one my pride forbids it, with another
The very action ſhames me: and believe me,
It is the ſame with him; and 'tis our place
To mark on what occaſions to indulge him.
Syrus. What ſays he now? [*aſide.*
Clit. Confuſion!
Syrus. Clitipho,
Theſe are the very precepts that I gave you:
And how diſcreet and temperate you've been!
Clit. Prithee, peace!
Syrus. Ay, I warrant you.
Chremes. Oh, Syrus,
I'm quite aſham'd of him.

Syrus. I do not doubt it.
Nor without reaſon; for it troubles me.
Clit. Still, raſcal?
Syrus. Nay, I do but ſpeak the truth.
Clit. May I not then go near them?
Chremes. Prithee, then,
Is there *one* way alone of going near them?
Syrus. Confuſion! he'll betray himſelf, before
I get the money. [*aſide*]—Chremes, will you once
Hear a fool's counſel?
Chremes. What do you adviſe?
Syrus. Order your ſon about his buſineſs.
Clit. Whither?
Syrus. Whither! where'er you pleaſe. Give place to Them.
Go take a walk.
Clit. Walk! where?
Syrus. A pretty queſtion!
This, that, or any way.
Chremes. He ſays right. Go!
Clit. Now, plague upon you, Syrus! [*going.*
Syrus to Clit. going] Henceforth, learn
To keep thoſe hands of yours at reſt. [*Exit.* Clit.

SCENE VI.

D'ye mind?
What think you, Chremes, will become of him
Unleſs you do your utmoſt to preſerve,
Correct and counſel him?
Chremes. I'll take due care.
Syrus. But now's your time, Sir, to look after him.
Chremes. It ſhall be done.
Syrus. It muſt be, if you're wiſe:
For ev'ry day he minds me leſs and leſs.
Chremes. But, Syrus, ſay, what progreſs have you made

In

In that affair I juſt now mention'd to you?
Have you ſtruck out a ſcheme, that pleaſes you?
Or are you ſtill to ſeek?
Syrus. The plot, you mean,
On Menedemus. I've juſt hit on one.
Chrem. Good fellow! prithee now what is't?
Syrus. I'll tell you.
But as one thing brings in another——
Chremes. Well?
Syrus. This Bacchis is a ſad jade.
Chremes. So it ſeems.
Syrus. Ay, Sir, if you knew all nay, even now
She's hatching miſchief.——Dwelling hereabouts,
There was of late an old Corinthian woman,
To whom this Bacchis lent a thouſand pieces.
Chremes. What then?
Syrus. The woman's dead; and left behind
A daughter, very young, whom ſhe bequeath'd,
By way of pledge, to Bacchis for the money.
Chremes. I underſtand.
Syrus. This girl came here with Bacchis,
And now is with your wife. (46)
Chremes. What then?
Syrus. She begs
Of Clinia to advance the caſh; for which
She'll give the girl as an equivalent.
She wants the thouſand pieces.
Chremes. Does ſhe ſo?
Syrus. No doub't on't.
Chremes. So I thought.—And what do you
Intend to do?
Syrus. Who? I, Sir? I'll away
To Menedemus preſently; and tell him
This maiden is a rich and noble captive,
Stolen from Caria; and to ranſom her

Will greatly profit him.
Chrem. 'Twill never do.
Syrus. How ſo?
Chrem. I anſwer now for Menedemus.
I will not purchaſe her. What ſay you now?
Syrus. Give a more favourable anſwer!
Chremes. No,
There's no occaſion. (47)
Syrus. No occaſion?
Chremes. No.
Syrus. I cannot comprehend you.
Chremes. I'll explain.
—But hold! what now? whence comes it, that our door
Opens ſo haſtily?

SCENE VII.

Enter at a diſtance SOSTRATA *with a Ring, and the* Nurſe.

Soſtra. Or I'm deceiv'd,
Or this is certainly the very ring;
The ring, with which my daughter was expos'd.
Chremes to Syrus behind.] What can theſe words mean, Syrus?
Soſtra. Tell me nurſe!
Does it appear to you to be the ſame?
Nurſe. Ay, marry: and the very moment that
You ſhew'd it me, I ſaid it was the ſame.
Soſtra. But have you thoroughly examin'd, Nurſe?
Nurſe. Ay, thoroughly.
Soſtra. In then, and let me know
If ſhe has yet done bathing; and meanwhile
I'll wait my huſband here. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Syrus. She wants you, Sir! enquire,
What ſhe would have. She's grave, I know not why.
'Tis

'Tis not for nothing; and I fear the cauſe.
Chremes. The cauſe? pſhaw! nothing. She'll take mighty pains
To be deliver'd of ſome mighty trifle.
Soſtra. ſeeing them.] Oh huſband!
Chremes. Oh wife!
Soſtra. I was looking for you.
Chremes. Your pleaſure?
Soſtra. Firſt, I muſt intreat you then,
Believe, I would not dare do any thing
Againſt your order.
Chremes. What! muſt I believe
A thing paſt all belief?—I do believe it.
Syrus. This exculpation bodes ſome fault, I'm ſure. [*aſide.*
Soſtra. Do you remember, I was pregnant once,
When you aſſur'd me with much earneſtneſs,
That if I were deliver'd of a girl,
You would not have the child brought up?
Chremes. I know
What you have done. You have brought up the child.
Syrus. Madam, if ſo, my maſter gains a loſs. (48)
Soſtra. No, I have not: but there was at that time
An old Corinthian woman dwelling here,
To whom I gave the child to be expos'd.
Chremes. O Jupiter! was ever ſuch a fool!
Soſtra. Ah, what have I committed?
Chremes. What committed!
Soſtra. If I've offended, Chremes, 'tis a crime
Of ignorance, and nothing of my purpoſe.
Chremes. Own it or not, I know it well enough,
That ignorantly, and imprudently,
You do and ſay all things; how many faults
In this one action are you guilty of!
For firſt, had you complied with my commands,
The girl had been diſpatch'd (49); and not her death

Pretended

Pretended, and hopes given of her life.
But that I do not dwell upon: You'll cry,
—Pity,—a mother's fondneſs.—I allow it.
But then how rarely you provided for her!
What could you mean? conſider!—for 'tis plain,
You have betray'd your child to that old beldame,
Either for proſtitution, or for ſale.
So ſhe but liv'd, it was enough, you thought:
No matter how, or what vile life ſhe led.
—What can one do, or how proceed, with thoſe,
Who know of neither reaſon, right, nor juſtice?
Better or worſe, for or againſt, they ſee
Nothing but what they liſt.

Soſtra. My deareſt Chremes,
I own I have offended: I'm convinc'd.
But ſince you're more experienc'd than myſelf,
I pray you be the more indulgent too,
And let my weakneſs ſhelter in your juſtice.

Chrem. Well, well, I pardon you: but, Soſtrata,
Forgiving you thus eaſily, I do
But teach you to offend again. But come,
Say, wherefore you began this?

Soſtra. As we women
Are generally weak and ſuperſtitious,
When firſt to this Corinthian old woman
I gave the little infant, from my finger
I drew a ring, and charg'd her to expoſe
That with my daughter: that if chance ſhe died,
(50) She might have part of our poſſeſſions with her.

Chrem. (51) 'Twas right: you thus preſerv'd yourſelf and her.

Soſtra. This is that ring.

Chrem. Where had it you?

Soſtra. The girl
That Bacchis brought with her——

Syrus. Ha! [*aſide.*

Chremes.

Chrem. What ſays ſhe?
Soſtra. Deſir'd I'd keep it while ſhe went to bathe (52).
I took no notice on't, at firſt; but I
No ſooner look'd on't, than I knew't again,
And ſtrait ran out to you.
Chrem. And what d'ye think,
Or know concerning her?
Soſtra. I cannot tell,
Till you enquire it of herſelf, and find,
If poſſible, from whence ſhe had the ring.
Syrus. Undone! I ſee more hope than I deſire (53).
She's ours, if this be ſo. [*aſide.*
Chrem. Is ſhe alive
To whom you gave the child?
Soſtra. I do not know.
Chrem. What did ſhe tell you formerly?
Soſtra. That ſhe
Had done what I commanded her.
Chrem. Her name;
That we may make enquiry.
Soſtra. Philtere.
Syrus. The very ſame! ſhe's found, and I am loſt. [*aſide.*
Chrem. In with me, Soſtrata!
Soſtra. Beyond my hopes.
How much I fear'd you ſhould continue ſtill
So rigidly inclin'd, as formerly,
When you refus'd to educate her, Chremes!
Chrem. Men cannot always be, as they deſire (54),
But muſt be govern'd by their fortunes ſtill.
The times are alter'd with me, and I wiſh
To have a daughter now; then, nothing leſs (55).

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SYRUS *alone.*

My mind miſgives me, my defeat is nigh (56).
This unexpected incident has driven
My forces into ſuch a narrow paſs,
I cannot even handſomely retreat
Without ſome feint, to hinder our old man
From ſeeing that this wench is Clitipho's.
As for the money, and the trick I dreamt of,
Thoſe hopes are flown, and I ſhall hold it triumph,
So I but 'ſcape a ſcouring—Curſed fortune,
To have ſo delicate a morſel ſnatch'd
Out of my very jaws!—What ſhall I do?
What new device? for I muſt change my plan.
—Nothing ſo difficult, but may be won
By induſtry.—Suppoſe, I try it thus. [*thinking.*
—Twill never do.—Or thus?—No better ſtill.
But thus I think.—No, no.—Yes, excellent!
Courage! I have it.—Good!—Good!—beſt of all!—
—'Faith, I begin to hope to lay faſt hold
Of that ſame ſlipp'ry money after all.

SCENE II.

Enter CLINIA *at another part of the ſtage.*

Clin. Henceforward, fate, do with me what thou wilt!
Such is my joy, ſo full and abſolute,
I cannot know vexation. From this hour
To you, my father, I reſign myſelf,
Content to be more frugal than you wiſh!
Syrus, overhearing] 'Tis juſt as I ſuppos'd. The girl's acknowledged;

His

His raptures ſpeak it ſo.—[*going up*] I'm overjoyed.
That things have happen'd to your wiſh.
Clin. O Syrus!
Have you then heard it too?
Syrus. I heard it? Ay:
I, who was preſent at the very time!
Clin. Was ever any thing ſo lucky?
Syrus. Nothing.
Clin. Now, heav'n ſo help me, I rejoice at this
On her account much rather than my own,
Her, whom I know worthy the higheſt honours.
Syrus. No doubt on't.—But now, Clinia, hold a while!
Give me a moment's hearing in my turn.
For your friend's buſineſs muſt be thought of now,
And well ſecur'd, leſt our old gentleman
Suſpect about the wench.
Clin. O Jupiter! [*in raptures.*
Syrus. Peace! [*impatiently.*
Clin. My Antiphila ſhall be my wife.
Syrus. And will you interrupt me?
Clin. Oh, my Syrus,
What can I do! I'm overjoy'd. Bear with me.
Syrus. Troth ſo I do.
Clin. We're happy, as the Gods.
Syrus. I loſe my labour on you.
Clin. Speak; I hear.
Syrus. Ay, but you don't attend.
Clin. I'm all attention.
Syrus. I ſay then, Clinia, that your friend's affairs
Muſt be attended to, and well ſecur'd:
For if you now depart abruptly from us,
And leave the wench upon our hands, my maſter
Will inſtantly diſcover, ſhe belongs
To Clitipho. But if you take her off,
It will remain, as ſtill it is, a ſecret.

Clin. But, Syrus, this is flatly oppoſite
To what I moſt devoutly wiſh, my marriage,
For with what face ſhall I accoſt my father?
Dye underſtand me?
Syrus. Ay.
Clin. What can I ſay?
What reaſon can I give him?
Syrus. Tell no lie.
Speak the plain truth.
Clin. How?
Syrus. Every ſyllable.
Tell him your paſſion for Antiphila;
Tell him you wiſh to marry her, and tell him,
Bacchis belongs to Clitipho.
Clin. Tis well,
In reaſon, and may eaſily be done:
And then beſides you'd have me win my father,
To keep it hid from your old gentleman.
Syrus. No; rather to prevail on him, to go
And tell him the whole truth immediately.
Clin. How? are you mad? or drunk? You'll be the ruin
Of Clitipho: for how can he be ſafe?
Eh, Sirrah!
Syrus. That's my maſterpiece: this plot
Is my chief glory, and I'm proud to think
I have ſuch force, ſuch power of cunning in me,
As to be able to deceive them both,
By ſpeaking the plain truth: that when your father
Tells Chremes, Bacchis is his own ſon's miſtreſs,
He ſhan't believe it.
Clin. But that way again
You blaſt my hopes of marriage: for while Chremes
Suppoſes her my miſtreſs, he'll not grant
His daughter to me. You, perhaps, don't care,
So you provide for him, what comes of me.

Syrus

Syrus. Why, plague! d'ye think I'd have you counterfeit
For ever? but a day, to give me time
To bubble Chremes of the money.—Peace!
Not an hour more.
Clin. Is that sufficient for you?
But then, suppose, his father find it out!
Syrus. (57) Suppose, as some folks say, the sky should fall!
Clin. Still I'm afraid.
Syrus. Afraid indeed! as if,
It was not in your pow'r, whene'er you pleas'd,
To clear yourself, and tell the whole affair.
Clin. Well, well, let Bacchis be brought over then!
Syrus. Well said, and here she comes,

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, *&c. at another part of the stage.*

Bacch. Upon my life,
This Syrus with his golden promises
Has fool'd me hither charmingly! Ten minæ
He gave me full assurance of: but if
He now deceives me, come whene'er he will,
Canting and fawning to allure me hither,
It shall be all in vain; I will not stir.
Or when I have agreed, and fix'd a time,
Of which he shall have giv'n his master notice,
And Clitipho is all agog with hope,
I'll fairly jilt them both, and not come near them;
And master Syrus' back shall smart for it.
Clin. She promises you very fair.
Syrus D'ye think
She jests? She'll do it, if I don't take heed.

Bacch. They ſleep: i'faith, I'll rouſe them. (58) Hark ye, Phrygia,
Did'ſt note the villa of Charinus, (59) which
That fellow juſt now ſhew'd us? [*aloud.*
Phry. I did, Madam.
Bacch. The next houſe on the right hand. [*aloud.*
Phry. I remember.
Bacch. Run thither quickly: for the Captain ſpends
The Dionyſia there. [*aloud.*
Syrus, behind.] What means ſhe now?
Bacch. Tell him I'm here; and ſore againſt my will,
Detain'd by force; but that I'll find ſome means
To ſlip away and come to him. [*aloud.*
Syrus. Confuſion!—— [*comes forward.*
Stay, Bacchis, Bacchis! where d'ye ſend that girl?
Bid her ſtop!
Bacch. Go! [*to* Phrygia.
Syrus. The money's ready.
Bacch. Then
I ſtay. [Phrygia *returns.*
Syrus. This inſtant you ſhall have it, Bacchis.
Bacch. When you pleaſe; I don't preſs you.
Syrus. But d'ye know
What you're to do?
Bacch. Why, what?
Syrus. You muſt go over,
You and your equipage, to Menedemus.
Bacch. What are you at now, ſauce-box?
Syrus. Coining money,
For your uſe, Bacchis.
Bacch. Do you think to play
Your jeſts on me?
Syrus. No; this is downright earneſt.
Bacch. Are you the perſon I'm to deal with?
Syrus. No.

But

But there I'll pay the money.

Bacch. Let us go then!

Syrus. Follow her there.——Ho, Dromo!

SCENE IV.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Who calls?

Syrus. Syrus.

Dromo. Your pleaſure! What's the matter now?

Syrus. Conduct
All Bacchis' maids to your houſe inſtantly.

Dromo. Why ſo?

Syrus. No queſtions: let them carry over
All they brought hither. Our old gentleman
Will think himſelf reliev'd from much expence
By their departure. Troth, he little knows,
With how much loſs this ſmall gain threatens him.
If you're wiſe, Dromo, know not what you know.

Dromo. I'm dumb.

[*Exit* Dromo, *with* Bacchis' *ſervants and baggage into the houſe of* Menedemus.

SCENE V.

After which, Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to himſelf.] 'Fore heav'n, I pity Menedemus.
His caſe is lamentable: to maintain
That jade and all her harlot-family!
Altho' I know for ſome few days to come
He will not feel it; ſo exceedingly
He long'd to have his ſon: but when he ſees
Such monſtrous houſhold-riot and expence
Continue daily, without end or meaſure,
He'll wiſh his ſon away from him again.

But

But yonder's Syrus in good time. [*seeing* Syrus.

Syrus. I'll to him. [*aside.*

Chremes. Syrus!

Syrus. Who's there? [*turning about.*

Chremes. What now?

Syrus. The very man!

I have been wiſhing for you this long time.

Chremes. You ſeem to've been at work with the old man.

Syrus. What! at our plot? No ſooner ſaid, than done.

Chremes. Indeed!

Syrus. Indeed.

Chremes. I can't forbear to ſtroke

Your head for it. Good lad! come nearer, Syrus!

I'll do thee ſome good turn for this. I will,

I promiſe you. [*patting his head.*

Syrus. Ah, if you did but know

How luckily it came into my head!

Chremes. Pſhaw, are you vain of your good luck?

Syrus. Not I.

I ſpeak the plain truth.

Chremes. Let me know it then.

Syrus. Clinia has told his father, that the wench

Is miſtreſs to your Clitipho; and that

He brought her with him hither, to prevent

Your ſmoking it.

Chrem. Incomparable!

Syrus. Really?

Chrem. O, admirable!

Syrus. Ay, if you knew all.

But only hear the reſt of our advice.

He'll tell his father, he has ſeen your daughter,

Whoſe beauty has ſo charm'd him at firſt ſight,

He longs to marry her.

Chrem. Antiphila?

Syrus. The ſame: and he'll requeſt him to demand her

Of

Of you in marriage.
Chrem. To what purpoſe, Syrus?
I don't conceive the drift on't.
Syrus. No! you're ſlow.
Chrem. Perhaps ſo.
Syrus. Menedemus inſtantly
Will furniſh him with money for the wedding,
To buy———d'ye take me?
Chrem. Cloaths and jewels.
Syrus. Ay.
Chrem. But I will neither marry, nor betroth
My daughter to him.
Syrus. No? Why?
Chaem. Why!—is that
A queſtion? to a wretch!——
Syrus. Well, as you pleaſe.
I never meant that he ſhould marry her,
But only to pretend———
Chrem. I hate pretence.
Plot as you pleaſe, but do not render me
An engine in your rogueries. Shall I
Contract my daughter, where I never can
Conſent to marry her?
Syrus. I fancied ſo.
Chrem. Not I.
Syrus. It might be done moſt dextrouſly:
And, in obedience to your ſtrict commands,
I undertook this buſineſs.
Chrem. I believe it.
Syrus. However, Sir, I meant it well.
Chrem. Nay, nay,
Do't by all means, and ſpare no trouble in't;
But bring your ſcheme to bear ſome other way.
Syrus. It ſhall be done: I'll think upon ſome other.
—But then the money which I mention'd to you,

Owing

Owing to Bacchis by Antiphila,
Muſt be repaid her: and you will not now
Attempt to ſhift the matter off; or ſay,
" —What is't to me? was I the borrower?
" Did I command it? Could ſhe pledge my daughter
" Againſt my will?"——You can ſay none of this;
For 'tis a common ſaying, and a true,
(60) That ſtricteſt law is oft the higheſt wrong.
Chrem. I mean not to evade it.
Syrus. No, I'll warrant.
Nay you, tho' others did, could never think on't;
For all the world imagines you've acquir'd
A fair and handſome fortune.
Chrem. I will carry
The money to her inſtantly myſelf.
Syrus. No; rather ſend it by your ſon.
Chrem. Why ſo!
Syrus. Becauſe he acts the part of her gallant.
Chrem. What then?
Syrus. Why then 'twill ſeem more probable,
If he preſents it: I too ſhall effect
My ſcheme more eaſily.—And here he is.——
—In, Sir, and fetch the money out.
Chrem. I will. [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. to himſelf. Nothing ſo eaſy in itſelf, but when
Perform'd againſt one's will, grows difficult.
This little walk how eaſy! yet how faint
And weary it has made me!—and I fear
Leſt I be ſtill excluded, and forbid [above.
To come near Bacchis. [*ſeeing Syrus*]—Now all powers
Confound you, Syrus, for the trick you play'd me!

That

That brain of your's is evermore contriving
Some villany to torture me withall.
Syrus. Away, you malapert! Your frowardneſs
Had well nigh ruin'd me.
Clit. I would it had,
As you deſerv'd!
Syrus. As I deſerv'd!—How's that?—
I'faith I'm glad I heard you ſay ſo much
Before you touch'd the caſh, that I was juſt
About to give you.
Clit. Why, what can I ſay?
You went away; came back, beyond my hopes,
And brought my miſtreſs with you; then again
Forbad my touching her.
Syrus. Well, well, I can't
Be peeviſh with you now—But do you know
Where Bacchis is?
Clit. At our houſe.
Syrus. No.
Clit. Where then?
Syrus. At Clinia's
Clit. Then I'm ruin'd.
Syrus. Courage, man!
You ſhall go to her inſtantly, and carry
The money that you promis'd her.
Clit. Fine talk!
Where ſhould I get it?
Syrus. From your father.
Clit. Pſhaw!
You play upon me.
Syrus. The event ſhall ſhew.
Clit. Then I am bleſt indeed. Thanks, thanks, dear Syrus!
Syrus. Hiſt! here's your father.—Have a care! dont ſeem

Surpriz'd at any thing: give way in all:
Do as he bids, and ſay but little. Mum!

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES.

Chrem. Where's Clitipho?
Syrus. to Clit.] Here, ſay.
Clit. Here, Sir!
Chrem. Have you
Inform'd him of the buſineſs? [*to* Syrus.
Syrus. In good part.
Chrem. Here, take the money then, and carry it. [*to* Clit.
Syrus. Plague, how you ſtand, log!—take it.
Clit. Give it me. [*aukwardly.*
Syrus. Now in with me immediately!—You, Sir,
[*to* Chremes.
Be pleas'd meanwhile to wait our coming here;
There's nothing to detain us very long.
[*Exit* Clit. *and* Syrus.

SCENE VIII.

CHREMES *alone.*

My daughter now has had ten minæ of me,
Which I account laid out upon her board:
Ten more her cloaths will come to: and moreover
Two talents for her portion.———How unjuſt,
And abſolute is cuſtom! (61) I muſt now
Leave every thing, and find a ſtranger out,
On whom I may beſtow the ſum of wealth,
Which I have ſo much labour'd to acquire.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. to himſelf.] Oh ſon, how happy haſt thou made
thy father,
Convinc'd of thy repentance!
Chremes overhearing.] How miſtaken!
Mene. Chremes! I wiſh'd for you.—'Tis in your power,
And I beſeech you do it, to preſerve
My ſon, myſelf, and family.
Chremes. I'll do't.
Wherein can I oblige you?
Mene. You to-day
Have found a daughter.
Chremes. True. What then?
Mene. My Clinia
Begs your conſent to marry her.
Chremes. Good heaven!
What kind of man are you?
Mene. What mean you, Chremes?
Chremes. Has it then ſlipt your memory ſo ſoon,
The converſation that we had together,
Touching the rogueries they ſhould deviſe,
To trick you of your money?
Mene. I remember.
Chremes. This is the trick.
Mene. How, Chremes? I'm deceiv'd.
'Tis as you ſay. From what a pleaſing hope
Have I then fall'n!
Chremes. And ſhe, I warrant you, (62)
Now at your houſe, is my ſon's miſtreſs? Eh!
Mene. So they ſay.
Chremes. What! and you believ'd it?
Mene. All.

Chremes. —And they ſay too he wants to marry her;
That ſoon as I've conſented, you may give him
Money to furniſh her with jewels, cloaths,
And other neceſſaries.
Mene. Ay, 'tis ſo:
The money's for his miſtreſs.
Chremes. To be ſure.
Mene. Alas, my tranſports are all groundleſs then.
—Yet I would rather bear with any thing,
Than loſe my ſon again.—What anſwer, Chremes,
Shall I return with, that he mayn't perceive
I've found him out, and take offence?
Chrem. Offence!
You're too indulgent to him, Menedemus!
Mene. Allow me. I've begun, and muſt go through.
Do but continue to aſſiſt me.
Chremes. Say,
That we have met, and treated of the match,
Mene. Well; and what elſe?
Chremes. That I give full conſent;
That I approve my ſon-in-law;—In ſhort,
You may aſſure him alſo, if you pleaſe,
That I've betroth'd my daughter to him.
Mene. Good!
The thing I wanted.
Chremes. So ſhall he the ſooner
Demand the money; you, as you deſire,
The ſooner give.
Mene. 'Tis my deſire indeed.
Chrem. 'Troth, friend, as far as I can judge of this,
You'll ſoon be weary of your ſon again.
But as the caſe now ſtands, give cautiouſly,
A little at a time, if you are wiſe.
Mene. I will.
Chrem. Go in, and ſee what he demands.

If

If you ſhou'd want me, I'm at home.
Mene. 'Tis well.
For I ſhall let you know, do what I will.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MENEDEMUS *alone.*

THAT I'm not over-wiſe, no conjurer,
I know full well: but my aſſiſtant here,
And counſellor, and grand comptroller Chremes,
Outgoes me far: dolt, blockhead, ninny, aſs;
Or theſe, or any other common terms
By which men ſpeak of fools, befit me well:
But him they ſuit not: his ſtupidity
Is ſo tranſcendent, it exceeds them all.

SCENE II.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to Soſtrata within.] Nay prithee, good wife, ceaſe to ſtun the Gods
With thanking them that you have found your daughter;
Unleſs you fancy they are like yourſelf,
And think, they cannot underſtand a thing
Unleſs ſaid o'er and o'er a hundred times.
—But meanwhile [*coming forward.*] wherefore do my ſon and Syrus
Loiter ſo long?
Mene. Who are thoſe loiterers, Chremes?
Chremes. Ha, Menedemus, are you there?—Inform, me,
Have you told Clinia what I ſaid?
Mene. The whole.

Chrem.

Chremes. And what ſaid he?
Mene. Grew quite tranſported at it,
Like thoſe who wiſh for marriage.
Chremes. Ha! ha! ha!
Mene. What do you laugh at?
Chremes. I was thinking of
The cunning rogueries of that ſlave, Syrus. [*laughing.*
Mene. Oh, was that it?
Chrem. Why, he can form and mould
The very viſages of men, a rogue! [*laughing.*
Mene. Meaning my ſon's well-acted tranſport?
Chremes. Ay. [*laughing.*
Mene. The very ſame thing I was thinking of.
Chremes. A ſubtle villain! [*laughing.*
Mene. Nay, if you knew more,
You'd be ſtill more convinc'd on't.
Chremes. Say you ſo?
Mene. Ay; do but hear.
Chremes. laughing.] Hold! hold! inform me firſt
How much you're out of pocket. For as ſoon
As you inform'd your ſon of my conſent,
Dromo, I warrant, gave you a broad hint,
That the bride wanted jewels, cloaths, attendants;
That you might pay the money.
Mene. No.
Chremes. How? No?
Mene. No, I ſay,
Chremes. What! nor Clinia?
Mene. Not a word;
But only preſt the marriage for to-day.
Chremes. Amazing!—But our Syrus? Did not he
Throw in a word or two?
Mene. Not he.
Chrem. How ſo?
Mene. Faith I can't tell: but I'm amaz'd that you,

Who

Who ſee ſo clearly into all the reſt,
Shou'd ſtick at this.—But that arch villain Syrus
Has form'd and moulded your ſon too ſo rarely,
That nobody can have the leaſt ſuſpicion,
That this is Clinia's miſtreſs.

Chrem. How?

Mene. I paſs
Their kiſſes and embraces. All that's nothing.

Chrem. What is there more than he can counterfeit?

Mene. Ah! [*ſmiling.*

Chrem. What d'ye mean?

Mene. Nay, do but hear. I have
A private ſnug apartment, a back-room,
(63) Whither a bed was brought and made.

Chrem. What then?

Mene. No ſooner done, than in went Clitipho.

Chrem. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chrem. I tremble.

Mene. Bacchis follow'd.

Chrem. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chrem. Undone!

Mene. No ſooner in,
But they made faſt the door.

Chrem. Ha! And was Clinia
Witneſs to this?

Mene. He was.—Both he and I.

Chrem. Bacchis is my ſon's miſtreſs, Menedemus,
I'm ruin'd.

Mene. Why d'ye think ſo?

Chrem. Mine is ſcarce
A ten-days family.

Mene. What are you diſmay'd
Becauſe he ſticks ſo cloſely to his friend?

Chrem.

Chremes. Friend! His ſhe-friend.
Mene. If ſo———
Chremes. Is that a doubt?
Is any man ſo courteous, and ſo patient,
As tamely to ſtand by, and ſee his miſtreſs—
Mene. Ha, ha, ha! Why not?—That I, you know
Might be more eaſily impos'd upon. [*ironically.*
Chremes. D'ye laugh at me? I'm angry with myſelf:
And well I may. How many circumſtances
Conſpir'd to make it groſs and palpable,
Had I not been a ſtone!—What things I ſaw!
Fool, fool! But by my life I'll be reveng'd:
For now———
Mene. And can't you then contain yourſelf?
Have you no ſelf-reſpect? And am not I
A full example for you?
Chrem. Menedemus,
My anger throws me quite beſide myſelf.
Mene. That you ſhould talk thus! is it not a ſhame
To be ſo lib'ral of advice to others,
So wiſe abroad, and poor in ſenſe at home?
Chremes. What ſhall I do?
Mene. That which but even now (64)
You counſell'd me to do: Give him to know
That you're indeed a father: let him dare
Truſt his whole ſoul to you, ſeek, aſk of you;
Leſt he to others have recourſe, and leave you.
Chrem. And let him go; go where he will; much rather
Than here by his extravagance reduce
His father to diſtreſs and beggary.
For if I ſhould continue to ſupply
The courſe of his expences, Menedemus,
Your deſp'rate rakes would be my lot indeed.
Mene. Ah, to what evils you'll expoſe yourſelf,
Unleſs you're cautious! You will ſeem ſevere,

And

And yet forgive him afterwards, and then
With an ill grace too.
Chremes. Ah, you do not know
How much this grieves me.
Mene. Well, well, take your way.
But tell me, do you grant me my requeſt
That this your new-found daughter wed my ſon?
Or is there ought more welcome to you?
Chremes. Nothing.
The ſon-in-law, and the alliance pleaſe me.
Mene. What portion ſhall I tell my ſon you've ſettled!
Why are you ſilent?
Chrem. Portion!
Mene. Ay, what portion?
Chrem. Ah!
Mene. Fear not, Chremes, tho' it be but ſmall:
The portion nothing moves us.
Chrem. I propos'd,
According to my fortune, that two talents
Were full ſufficient: But you now muſt ſay,
If you'd ſave me, my fortune, and my ſon,
That I have ſettled all I have upon her.
Mene. What mean you?
Chrem. Counterfeit amazement too,
And queſtion Clitipho my reaſon for it.
Mene. Nay, but I really do not know your reaſon.
Chrem. My reaſon for it?—That his wanton mind,
Now fluſh'd with lux'ry and laſciviouſneſs,
I may o'erwhelm: and bring him down ſo low,
He may not know which way to turn himſelf.
Mene. What are you at?
Chrem. Allow me! let me have
My own way in this buſineſs.
Mene. I allow you.
Is it your pleaſure?

Chrem. It is.

Mene. Be it ſo.

Chrem. Come then, let Clinia haſte to call the bride.
And for this ſon of mine, he ſhall be ſchool'd,
As children ought.—But Syrus!

Mene. What of him?

Chrem. What! I'll ſo handle him, ſo curry him,
That while he lives he ſhall remember me. [*Exit* Mene. (65)
What make a jeſt of me? a laughing ſtock?
Now, afore heav'n, he would not dare to treat
A poor lone widow, as he treated me.

SCENE III.

Re-enter MENEDEMUS *with* CLITIPHO *and* SYRUS.

Clit. And can it, Menedemus, can it be,
My father has ſo ſuddenly caſt off
All natural affection? for what act?
What crime, alas, ſo heinous have I done?
It is a common failing.

Mene. This I know,
Should be more heavy and ſevere to you
On whom it falls: and yet am I no leſs
Affected by it, tho' I know not why,
And have no other reaſon for my grief,
But that I wiſh you well.

Clit. Did not you ſay
My father waited here?

Mene. Ay; there he is. [*Exit* Menedemus.

Chrem. Why d'ye accuſe your father, Clitipho?
Whate'er I've done, was providently done
Tow'rd you and your imprudence. When I ſaw
Your negligence of ſoul, and that you held
The pleaſures of to-day your only care,

Regardleſs

Regardleſs of the morrow ; I found means
That you ſhou'd neither want, nor waſte my ſubſtance.
When you, whom fair ſucceſſion firſt made heir,
Stood ſelf-degraded by unworthineſs,
I went to thoſe the next in blood to you,
Committing and conſigning all to them.
There ſhall your weakneſs, Clitipho, be ſure
Ever to find a refuge ; food, and raiment,
And roof to fly to.

Clit. Ah me !

Chrem. Better thus,
Than, you being heir, for Bacchis to have all.

Syrus. Diſtraction ! what diſturbances have I,
Wretch that I am, all unawares created !

Clit. Wou'd I were dead !

Chrem. Learn firſt, what 'tis to live.
When you know that, if life diſpleaſes you,
Then talk of dying.

Syrus. Maſter, may I ſpeak ?

Chrem. Speak.

Syrus. But with ſafety ?

Chrem. Speak.

Syrus. How wrong is this,
Or rather what extravagance and madneſs,
To puniſh him for my offence !

Chrem. Away !
Do not you meddle. No one blames you, Syrus !
Nor need you to provide a ſanctuary,
Or interceſſor.

Syrus. What is it you do ?

Chrem. I am not angry, nor with you, nor him :
Nor ſhould you take offence at what I do.

[*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE IV.

Syrus. He's gone. Ah, wou'd I'd aſk'd him——

Clit. Aſk'd what, Syrus?

Syrus. Where I ſhou'd eat, ſince he has caſt us off.
You, I perceive, are quarter'd on your ſiſter.

Clit. Is't come to this, that I ſhou'd be in fear
Of ſtarving, Syrus?

Syrus. So we do but live,
There's hope——

Clit. Of what?

Syrus. That we ſhall have rare ſtomachs.

Clit. D'ye jeſt at ſuch a time as this;
And lend me no aſſiſtance by your counſel?

Syrus. Nay, I was ſtudying for you even now,
And was ſo all the while your father ſpoke.
And far as I can underſtand this——

Clit. What?

Syrus. Stay, you ſhall have it preſently. [*thinking.*

Clit. Well, what?

Syrus. Thus then: I don't believe that you're their ſon.

Clit. How Syrus! are you mad?

Syrus. I'll ſpeak my thoughts.
Be you the judge. While they had you alone,
While yet there was no other, nearer joy,
You they indulg'd, and gave with open hand:
But now a daughter's found, their real child,
A cauſe is found to drive you forth.

Clit. 'Tis like,

Syrus. Think you this fault ſo angers him?

Clit. I think not.

Syrus. Conſider too; 'tis ever found, that mothers
Plead for their ſons, and in the father's wrath
Defend them. 'Tis not ſo at preſent.

Clit.

Clit. True.
What ſhall I do then, Syrus?
Syrus. Aſk of them
The truth of this ſuſpicion. Speak your thoughts.
If 'tis not ſo, you'll ſpeedily incline them
Both to compaſſion; or, if ſo, be told
Whoſe ſon you are.
Clit. Your counſel's good. I'll do't.

SCENE V.

SYRUS *alone.*

(66) A lucky thought of mine! for Clitipho:
The leſs he hopes, ſo much more eaſily
Will he reduce his father to good terms.
Beſides, who knows but he may take a wife?
No thanks to Syrus neither.—But who's here?
Chremes!—I'm off: for ſeeing what has paſt,
I wonder that he did not order me
To be truſs'd up immediately. I'll hence
To Menedemus, and prevail on him
To intercede for me: as matters ſtand,
I dare not truſt to our old gentleman. [*Exit* Syrus.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES, SOSTRATA.

Soſtrá. Nay indeed, huſband, if you don't take care,
You'll bring ſome kind of miſchief on your ſon:
I can't imagine how a thought ſo idle
Could come into your head.
Chremes. Still, woman, ſtill
D'ye contradict me? Did I ever wiſh
For any thing in all my life, but you

In

In that ſame thing oppos'd me, Soſtrata?
Yet now if I ſhould aſk, wherein I'm wrong,
Or wherefore I act thus, you do not know.
Why then d'ye contradict me, ſimpleton?
Soſtra. Not know?
Chremes. Well, well, you know: I grant it, rather
Than hear your idle ſtory o'er again.
Soſtra. Ah, 'tis unjuſt in you to aſk my ſilence
In ſuch a thing as this.
Chremes. I do not aſk it.
Speak if you will: I'll do it ne'ertheleſs.
Soſtra. Will you?
Chremes. I will.
Soſtra. You don't perceive what harm
May come of this. He thinks himſelf a foundling. (67)
Chremes. A foundling, ſay you?
Soſtra. Yes indeed, he does.
Chremes. Confeſs it to be true.
Soſtra. Ah, heav'n forbid!
Let our moſt bitter enemies do that!
Shall I diſown my ſon, my own dear child!
Chremes. What! do you fear you cannot at your pleaſure,
Produce convincing proofs that he's your own?
Soſtra. Is it, becauſe my daughter's found, (68) you ſay this?
Chremes. No: but becauſe, a ſtronger reaſon far,
His manners ſo reſemble yours, you may
Eaſily prove him thence to be your ſon.
He is quite like you: not a vice, whereof
He is inheritor, but dwells in you:
And ſuch a ſon no mother but yourſelf
Could have engender'd—But he comes.—How grave!
Look in his face, and you may gueſs his plight.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. O mother, if there ever was a time
When you took pleasure in me, or delight
To call me son, beseech you, think of that;
Pity my present misery, and tell me
Who are my real parents!

Sostra. My dear son,
Take not, I beg, that notion to your mind,
That you're an alien to our blood.

Clit. I am.

Sostra. Ah me! and can you then demand me that?
So may you prosper after both, as you're
Of both the child! and if you love your mother
Take heed henceforward that I never hear
Such words from you.

Chremes. And if you fear your father,
See that I never find such vices in you.

Clit. What vices?

Chremes. What? I'll tell you. Trifler, idler,
Cheat, drunkard, whoremaster, and prodigal.
—Think this, and think that you are our's.

Sostra. These words
Suit not a father.

Chremes. No, no, Clitipho,
(69) Tho' from my brain you had been born, as Pallas
Sprang, it is said, from Jupiter, I wou'd not
Bear the disgrace of your enormities.

Sostra. The Gods forbid———

Chrem. I know not for the Gods: (70)
I will do all that lies in me. You seek
For parents, which you have: but what is wanting,
Obedience to your father, and the means

To

To keep what he by labour hath acquir'd
For that you ſeek not.—Did you not by tricks
Ev'n to my preſence introduce———I bluſh
(71) To ſpeak immodeſtly before your mother:
But you by no means bluſh'd to do't.
Clit. Alas!
How hateful am I to myſelf! how much
Am I aſham'd! ſo loſt, I cannot tell
How to attempt to pacify my father.

SCENE VIII.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. Now in good faith our Chremes plagues his ſon
Too long and too ſeverely. I come forth
To reconcile him, and make peace between them.
And there they are!
Chrem. Ha, Menedemus! wherefore
Is not my daughter ſummon'd? and the portion,
I ſettled on her; ratified by you?
Soſtra. Dear huſband, I beſeech you not to do it!
Clit. My father, I intreat you pardon me!
Mene. Forgive him, Chremes! let his pray'rs prevail?
Chrem. What! ſhall I then with open eyes beſtow
My whole eſtate on Bacchis? I'll not do't.
Mene. We will prevent that. It ſhall not be ſo.
Clit. If you regard my life, forgive me, father!
Soſtra. Do, my dear Chremes!
Mene. Do, I prithee now!
Be not obdurate, Chremes!
Chrem. Why is this?
I ſee I can't proceed as I've begun.
Mene. 'Tis as it ſhou'd be now.
Chrem. On this condition,
That he agrees to do what I think fit.

Cit.

Clit. I will do ev'ry thing. Command me, father!
Chrem. Take a wife.
Clit. Father!
Chrem. Nay, Sir, no denial!
Mene. I take that charge upon me. He ſhall do't.
Chrem. But I don't hear a word of it from him.
Clit. Confuſion!
Soſtra. Do you doubt then, Clitipho?
Chrem. Nay, which he pleaſes.
Mene. He'll obey in all;
What'er you'd have him.
Soſtra. This at firſt is grievous,
While you don't know it; when you know it, eaſy.
Clit. I'm all obedience, father!
Soſtra. Oh my ſon,
I'll give you a ſweet wife, that you'll adore,
Phanocrata's, our neighbour's daughter.
Clit. Her!
That red-hair'd, blear-eyed, wide-mouth'd, hook-nos'd wench?
I cannot, father.
Chrem. Oh, how nice he is!
Would any one imagine it?
Soſtra. I'll get you
Another then.
Clit. Well, well; ſince I muſt marry,
I know one pretty near my mind.
Soſtra. Good boy!
Clit. The daughter of Archonides, our neighbour!
Soſtra. Well choſen!
Clit. One thing, father, ſtill remains.
Chrem. What?
Clit. That you'd grant poor Syrus a full pardon
For all that he hath done on my account.
Chrem. (72) Be it ſo.—[*to the Audience.*] Farewell Sirs, and clap your hands!

THE

BROTHERS;

Acted at the Funeral Games of L. Æmilius Paulus, (1) given by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus (2): Principal Actors, L. Attilius Prænestinus, and Minutius Prothimus: the musick, composed for Tyrian flutes (3), by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius. Taken from the Greek of Menander. First acted, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius, Consuls.

Year of Rome——————593
Before Christ——————160

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

DEMEA.

MICIO.

ÆSCHINUS.

CTESIPHO.

HEGIO.

SANNIO.

SYRUS,

GETA.

DROMO.

PARMENO, other Servants, &c.

SOSTRATA.

CANTHARA.

MUSICK-GIRL, and other Mutes.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THE Bard perceiving his piece cavill'd at
By partial criticks, and his adverſaries
Miſrepreſenting what we're now to play,
Pleads his own cauſe: and you ſhall be the judges,
Whether he merits praiſe or condemnation.
The *Synapothneſcontes* (4) is a piece
By Diphilus, (5) a comedy which Plautus,
Having tranſlated, call'd COMMORIENTES.
In the beginning of the Græcian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
Has our bard interwoven with his *Brothers*;
The new piece which we repreſent to-day.
Say then if this be theft, (6) or honeſt uſe
Of what remain'd unoccupied.—For that
Which malice tells, that (7) certain noble perſons
Aſſiſt the Bard, and write in concert with him;
That which they deem a heavy ſlander, He
Eſteems his greateſt praiſe: that he can pleaſe
Thoſe who pleaſe you, who all the people pleaſe;
Thoſe who (8) in war, in peace, in counſel, ever
Have render'd you the deareſt ſervices,
And ever born their faculties ſo meekly.
Expect not now the ſtory of the play:
Part the old men, who firſt appear, will open;
Part will in act be ſhewn.—Be favourable;
And let your candour to the poet now
Increaſe his future earneſtneſs to write!

THE

THE

BROTHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter MICIO.

HO, Storax! (9)—Æſchinus did not return
Laſt night from ſupper; no, nor any one
Of all the ſlaves, who went to ſee for him. (10)
—'Tis commonly,—and oh how truly!—ſaid,
If you are abſent, or delay, 'twere beſt
That ſhould befal you, which your wife denounces,
Or which in anger ſhe calls down upon you,
Than that which kindeſt parents fear.—Your wife,
If you delay, or thinks that you're in love,
Or lov'd, or drink, or entertain yourſelf,
Taking your pleaſure, while ſhe pines at home.
—And what a world of fears poſſeſs me now!
How anxious that my ſon is not return'd;
Leſt he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!
—Gods, that a man ſhould ſuffer any one
To wind himſelf ſo cloſe about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himſelf!
And yet he is not my ſon, but my brother's,
Whoſe bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet, and ſerene, town-life;

And

And, as ſome reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the oppoſite of this,
Has paſt his days entirely in the country
With thrift, and labour; married; had two ſons;
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my ſoul holds dear,
Striving to make myſelf as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requiſite
That all his deeds ſhould be controul'd by me,
Giving him ſcope to act as of himſelf;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my ſon
Not to conceal from me. For whoſoe'er
Hath won upon himſelf to play the falſe one,
And practiſe impoſitions on a father,
Will do the ſame with leſs remorſe to others;
And 'tis, in my opinion, better far (11)
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleneſs and modeſty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do theſe notions, nor this conduct pleaſe him.
Oft he comes open mouth'd—Why how now, Micio?
Why do you ruin this young lad of our's?
Why does he wench? why drink? and why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dreſs too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
—'Tis hard in him, unjuſt and out of reaſon.
And he, I think, deceives himſelf indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendſhip;
For thus I reaſon, thus perſuade myſelf:
He who performs his duty driven to't
By fear of puniſhment, while he believes
His actions are obſerv'd, ſo long he's wary;

But

But if he hopes for ſecrecy, returns
To his own ways again: But he whom kindneſs,
Him alſo inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Preſent or abſent, evermore the ſame.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father.
To make a ſon embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice, than terror or conſtraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a maſter. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confeſs he knows not
How to rule children.—But is this the man,
Whom I was ſpeaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He ſeems uneaſy too, I know not why,
And I ſuppoſe, as uſual, comes to wrangle. (12)

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to ſee you well.
Demea. Oho! (13)
Well met: the very man I came to ſeek.
Micio. But you appear uneaſy: What's the matter?
Demea. Is it a queſtion, when there's Æſchinus
To trouble us, what makes me ſo uneaſy?
Micio. I ſaid it wou'd be ſo.—What has he done?
Demea. What has he done? a wretch, whom neither ties
Of ſhame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!
For not to ſpeak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now!
Micio. What has he done?
Demea. Burſt open doors, and forc'd (14)
His way into another's houſe, and beat
The maſter and his family half-dead;
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.

The

The whole town cries out ſhame upon him, Micio.
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk.——
(15) And if we needs muſt draw compariſons,
Does not he ſee his brother, thrifty, ſober,
Attentive to his buſineſs in the country?
Not given to theſe practices; and when
I ſay all this to him, to you I ſay it.
You are his ruin, Micio.

Micio. How unjuſt
Is he, who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right, but what he does himſelf!

Demea. Why d'ye ſay that?

Micio. Becauſe you, Demea,
Judge wrongly of theſe matters. 'Tis no crime
For a young man to wench, or drink.—'Tis not,
Believe me!—nor to force doors open.—This
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not. And now
You claim a merit to yourſelf, from that
Which want conſtrain'd you to. It is not fair.
For had there been but wherewithal to do't,
We likewiſe ſhould have done thus. Wherefore you,
Were you a man, would let your younger ſon,
Now, while it ſuits his age, purſue his pleaſures;
Rather than, when it leſs becomes his years,
When, after wiſhing long, he ſhall at laſt
Be rid of you, he ſhould run riot then.

Demea. Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
Is it no crime, d'ye ſay, for a young man
To take theſe courſes?

Micio. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor ſtun me with the ſelf ſame thing for ever!
Your elder ſon you gave me for adoption:
He's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,

'Tis an offence to me, and I muſt bear
The burden. (16) Does he treat? or drink? or dreſs?
'Tis at my coſt.——Or wench? I will ſupply him,
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
(17) His miſtreſſes perhaps will ſhut him out.
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? it ſhall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irkſome.—In a word,
Or ceaſe, or chuſe ſome arbiter between us:
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.
Demea. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from thoſe,
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!
Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counſel.
Demea. You! do you counſel any thing?
Micio. Nay, nay;
If you perſiſt, I'm gone.
Demea. Is't thus you treat me?
Micio. Muſt I ſtill hear the ſame thing o'er and o'er?
Demea. It touches me.
Micio. And me it touches too.
But, Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other.
For to concern yourſelf with both, appears
As if you'd redemand the boy you gave.
Demea. Ah, Micio!
Micio. So it ſeems to me.
Demea. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleaſure, waſte, deſtroy,
And ſquander; it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er ſay one word——
Micio. Again?
Angry again, good Demea?
Demea. You may truſt me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?

It

—It hurts me. I am not a ſtranger to him.
—But if I once oppoſe——Well, well, I've done.
You wiſh I ſhould take care of one. I do
Take ſpecial care of him; and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wiſh he *ſhould* be: which your ward,
I warrant, ſhall find out one time or other.
I will not ſay ought worſe of him at preſent. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MICIO *alone.* (18)

Though what he ſays be not entirely true,
There's ſomething in it, and it touches me.
But I diſſembled my concern with him,
Becauſe the nature of the man is ſuch,
To pacify, I muſt oppoſe and thwart him;
And even thus I ſcarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame, or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himſelf.
Yet Æſchinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What wench is there he has not lov'd? to whom
He has not made ſome preſent——And but lately
(Tir'd I ſuppoſe, and ſick of wantonneſs)
(19) He told me he propos'd to take a wife.
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoyc'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afreſh.——Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out; and know it inſtantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO, *the* Muſick Girl, *and a croud of People.*

San. HELP, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's ſake!
Aſſiſt a miſerable harmleſs man!
Help the diſtreſt!
Æſch. to the Girl.] Fear nothing: ſtand juſt there!
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger. Never,
While I am by, ſhall he lay hands upon you.
San. Ay, but I will, in ſpite of all the world.
Æſch. Rogue as he is, he'll ſcarce do any thing
To make me cudgel him again to-day.
San. One word, Sir Æſchinus! that you may not
Pretend to ignorance of my profeſſion;
I'm a procurer. (20)
Æſch. True.
San. And in my way
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to abſolve yourſelf, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wrong'd me thus.
I ſhan't care *that* for your excuſe. [*ſnapping his fingers.*] Be ſure,
I'll proſecute my right; nor ſhall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way,
——"I'm ſorry that I did it: and I'll ſwear
"You are unworthy of this injury"——
Though all the while I'm us'd moſt ſcurvily.
Æſch. to Par.] Do you go forwards, Parmeno, and throw
The door wide open.
San. That ſha'n't ſignify.
Æſch. to Parmeno.] Now in with her!
San. ſtepping between.] I'll not allow it.

Æſch.

Æſch. to Parmeno.] Here!
Come hither, Parmeno!—you're too far off.—
Stand cloſe to that pimp's ſide—There—there—juſt there!
And now be ſure you always keep your eyes
Stedfaſtly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fiſt directly in his face.
San. Ay, if he dare.
Æſch. to Par.] Now mind!—[*to Sannio.*] Let go the girl
[Sannio *ſtill ſtruggling with the Girl,* Æſchinus *winks, and* Parmeno *ſtrikes* Sannio.
San. Oh monſtrous!
Æſch. He ſhall double it, unleſs
You mend your manners. [Parmeno *ſtrikes* Sannio *again.*
San. Help, help: murder, murder!
Æſch. to Parmeno.] I did not wink: but you had better err
That way than t'other.——Now go in with her.
[Parmeno *leads the Girl into* Micio's *houſe.*
San. How's this?—Do you reign king here, Æſchinus?
Æſch. Did I reign king, you ſhould be recompens'd
According to your virtues, I aſſure you.
San. What buſineſs have you with me?
Æſch. None.
San. D'ye know (21)
Who I am, Æſchinus?
Æſch. Nor want to know.
San. Have I touch'd ought of your's, Sir?
Æſch. If you had,
You ſhould have ſuffer'd for't.
San. What greater right
Have you to take away my ſlave, for whom
I paid my money? anſwer me!
Æſch. 'Twere beſt,
You'd leave off bellowing before our door:
If you continue to be troubleſome,

I'll

I'll have you dragg'd into the houſe, and there
Laſh'd without mercy.
San. How, a freeman laſh'd!
Æſch. Ev'n ſo.
San. O monſtrous tyranny! Is this,
Is this the liberty they boaſt of here,
Common to all?
Æſch. If you have brawl'd enough,
Pleaſe to indulge me with one word, you pimp.
San. Who has brawl'd moſt, yourſelf, or I?
Æſch. Well, well!
No more of that, but to the point!
San. What point?
What wou'd you have?
Æſch. Will you allow me then
To ſpeak of what concerns you?
San. Willingly:
Speak, but in juſtice.
Æſch. Very fine! a pimp,
And talks of juſtice!
San. Well, I am a pimp; (22)
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,
A public nuiſance, I confeſs it: yet
I never did you wrong.
Æſch. No, that's to come.
San. Prithee return to whence you firſt ſet out, Sir!
Æſch. You, plague upon you for it! bought the girl
For twenty minæ; which ſum we will give you.
San. What if I do not chuſe to ſell the girl?
Will you oblige me?
Æſch. No.
San. I fear'd you would.
Æſch. She's a free-woman, and ſhould *not* be ſold,
And, as ſuch, (23) by due courſe of law I claim her.
Now then conſider which you like the beſt,

To

To take the money, or maintain your action.
Think on this, Pimp, till I come back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SANNIO *alone.*

Oh Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags me
Out of my own houſe; cudgels me moſt ſoundly;
And carries off my ſlave againſt my will:
And after this ill treatment, he demands
The Muſick-Girl to be made over to him,
At the ſame price I bought her.—He has pour'd
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deſerves ſo nobly at my hands,
He ſhould no doubt be gratified.—Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the caſh, I'm ſtill content.
But this I gueſs will be the caſe: as ſoon
As I ſhall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witneſſes immediately,
To prove that I have ſold her—And the money
Will be mere moon-ſhine.—"By and by."—"To-
morrow."
—Yet I could bear that too, altho' much wrong,
Might I but get the money after all:
For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he muſt receive,
And pocket the affronts of young gallants.
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Concluſions to no purpoſe.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus to Æſch. within. Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant

I'll

I'll make him take the money; ay, and own
That he's well treated too. [*coming forward.*
Why how now, Sannio?
What's the diſpute I overheard juſt now
'Twixt you and my young maſter?
San. Never was
Any diſpute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to day! Poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary.
Syrus. All your fault.
San. What could I do!
Syrus. Give a young man his way.
San. What could I give him more, who gave my face?
Syrus. Nay, but d'ye know my meaning, Sannio?
To ſeem upon occaſion to ſlight money,
Proves in the end, ſometimes, the greateſt gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated ſomewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with intereſt?
San. I never purchaſe hope with ready money.
Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to enſnare men, Sannio.
San. Well, perhaps,
Your way were beſt: yet I was ne'er ſo crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment.
Syrus. Pſhaw! I know your ſpirit:
As if you valued twenty minæ now,
So you might do a kindneſs to my maſter!
—Beſides they ſay you're ſetting out for Cyprus. [*careleſsly.*
San. Ha! [*alarm'd.*
Syrus.—And have bought up a large ſtock of goods
To carry over thither.——Hir'd a veſſel.

That

That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in ſuſpence:
When you return, I hope, you'll ſettle this.
San. I ſhall not budge a foot.——Undone by heav'n!
Urg'd by theſe hopes they've undertaken this. [*aſide.*
Syrus. He fears. I've thrown a ſmall rub in his way. [*aſide.*
San. to himſelf.] Confuſion! they have nick'd me to a hair! (24)
I've bought up ſev'ral ſlaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miſs my time
(25) At Cyprus-fair would be a heavy loſs.
Then if I leave this buſineſs broken thus,
All's over with me; and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and ſtale.
"——What! come at laſt?—Why did you ſtay ſo long?
"Where have you been?"—that it were better loſe it,
Than wait for it ſo long, or ſue for't then.
Syrus, coming up to him.] (26) Well, have you calculated what's your due?
San. Monſtrous oppreſſion! Is this honourable,
Or juſt in Æſchinus, to take away
My property by force?
Syrus. So, ſo! he comes. [*aſide.*
—I have but one word more to ſay to you
See, how you like it.—Rather Sannio,
Than run the riſk to get or loſe the whole,
E'en halve the matter: and he ſhall contrive
To ſcrape together by ſome means (27) ten minæ.
San. Alas, alas! am I in danger then
Of loſing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him! he has looſen'd all my teeth:
My head is ſwell'd all over like a muſhroom:
And will he cheat me too?—I'm going no where.
Syrus. Juſt as you pleaſe.—Have you ought elſe to ſay,
Before I go?
San. Yes, one word, prithee Syrus!

However things have happen'd, rather than
I ſhould be driven to commence a ſuit,
Let him return me my bare due at leaſt;
The ſum ſhe coſt me, Syrus.—I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendſhip yet;
But you ſhall find I will not be ungrateful.

Syrus. I'll do my beſt. But I ſee Cteſipho.
He is rejoic'd about his miſtreſs.

San. Say,
Will you remember me?

Syrus. Hold, hold a little! [Syrus *and* Sannio *retire.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the ſtage.*

Cteſ. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome, when
Conferr'd by thoſe, from whom we moſt expect them.
O brother, brother, how ſhall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I riſe to ſuch a height of praiſe
But your deſervings will out-top me ſtill:
For in this point I am ſupremely bleſt,
That none can boaſt ſo excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.

Syrus. coming forward.] O Cteſipho!

Cteſ. turning round.] O Syrus! where's my brother?

Syrus, At home, where he expects you.

Cteſ. Ha! [*joyfully.*]

Syrus. What now!

Cteſ. What now?—By his aſſiſtance I live, Syrus.
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who diſregarding
All his own intereſts for my advantage,
The ſcandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himſelf!
What could exceed it?—But who's there?—The door

Creaks

Creaks on the hinges, [*offering to go off.*

Syrus. Hold! tis Æſchinus.

SCENE V.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æſch. Where is that raſcal? (28)

San. behind.] He enquires for me.

Has he brought out the caſh with him?—Confuſion!

I ſee none.

Æſch. to Cteſipho.] Ha! well met: I long'd to ſee you.

How is it, Cteſipho? All's ſafe. Away

With melancholy!

Cteſ. Melancholy! I

Be melancholy, who have ſuch a brother?

Oh my dear Æſchinus! thou beſt of brothers,

—Ah, I'm aſham'd to praiſe you to your face,

Leſt it appear to come from flattery,

Rather than gratitude.

Æſch. Away, you fool!

As if we did not know each other, Cteſipho.

It only grieves me, we ſo lately knew this,

When things were almoſt come to ſuch a paſs,

That all the world, had they deſir'd to do it,

Could not aſſiſt you.

Cteſ. 'Twas my modeſty.

Æſch. Pſhaw! it was folly, and not modeſty.

For ſuch a trifle, almoſt (29) fly your country?

Heaven forbid it!—fie, fie, Cteſipho!

Cteſ. I've been to blame.

Æſch. Well, what ſays Sannio?

Syrus. He's pacified at laſt.

Æſch. I'll to the Forum,

And pay him off.—You, Cteſipho, go in

To the poor girl.

San. Now urge the matter, Syrus! [*apart to* Syrus.

Syrus. Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.

San. Not in ſuch haſte: tho' truly I have no cauſe
To loiter here

Syrus. You ſhall be paid: ne'er fear!

San. But all?

Syrus. Yes, all: ſo hold your tongue, and follow!

San. I will. [*Exit after* Æſchinus—Syrus *going.*

Ctef. Hiſt! hark ye, Syrus!

Syrus, turning back.] Well, what now?

Ctef. For heaven's ſake diſcharge that ſcurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale ſhould reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone for ever.

Syrus. It ſha'nt be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourſelf with her; and order
The couches to be ſpread, and all prepar'd,
For, theſe preliminaries once diſpatch'd,
I ſhall march homewards with proviſions.

Ctef. Do!
And ſince this buſineſs has turn'd out ſo well,
Let's ſpend the day in mirth and jollity!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Sof. PRITHEE, good nurſe, how will it go with her?

Can. How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.

Sof. Her pains begin to come upon her, nurſe.

Can.

Can. You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,
As if you ne'er was preſent at a labour,
Or never had been brought to bed yourſelf.
Soſ. Alas, I've no ſoul here: we're all alone.
Geta is abſent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a midwife, or call Æſchinus.
Can. He'll be here preſently, I promiſe you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a ſingle day
Go by, but he is ſure to viſit us.
Soſ. He is my only comfort in my ſorrows.
Can. Troth, as the caſe ſtands, madam, circumſtances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And ſince your daughter ſuffer'd violence,
'Twas well ſhe met with ſuch a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.
Soſ. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The gods preſerve him to us!

SCENE II.

Enter GETA *haſtily at another part of the ſtage.*

Geta. We are now
So abſolutely loſt, that all the world
Joining in conſultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune, that has fallen
On me, my miſtreſs, and her daughter, all
Wou'd not avail.——Ah me! ſo many troubles
Environ us at once, we ſink beneath them.
Rape, poverty, oppreſſion, ſolitude,
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!
O wicked, oh vile race!—oh impious man!
Soſ. to Canthara.] Ah, why ſhould Geta ſeem thus terrified,
And agitated?
Geta, to himſelf.] Wretch! whom neither honour,

Nor

Nor oaths, nor pity could controul or move!
Nor her approaching labour; her, on whom
He ſhamefully committed violation!
Soſ. I don't well underſtand him.
Can. Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Soſtrata!
Geta, to himſelf.] Alas,
I'm ſcarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
With ſuch fierce anger.—Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them,
While yet it boils within me.—There is nothing
I'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
Firſt I'd tread out the ſtinking ſnuff his father,
Who gave the monſter being.—And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it.—how I'd tear him!—Firſt
I'd ſeize him round the waiſt, and lift him high,
Then daſh his head againſt the ground, and ſtrew
The pavement with his brains.—For Æſchinus,
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him,
Head foremoſt down ſome precipiece.—The reſt
I'd ruſh on, drag, cruſh, trample under foot.
But why do I delay to tell my miſtreſs
This heavy news as ſoon as poſſible! [*going.*
Soſ. Let's call him back.——Ho, Geta!
Geta. Whoſoe'er
You are, excuſe me. (31)
Soſ. I am Soſtrata. [you Madam;
Geta. Where, where is Soſtrata? [*turns about.*] I ſought
Impatiently I ſought you: and am glad
To have encounter'd you thus readily.
Soſ. What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?
Geta. Alas!
Soſ. Take breath!—But why thus mov'd, good Geta?
Geta. We're quite———

Soſ.

Sof. Quite what?
Geta. Undone: We're ruin'd, Madam.
Sof. Explain, for heaven's ſake!
Geta. Ev'n now———
Sof. What now?
Geta. Æſchinus———
Sof. What of Æſchinus?
Geta. Has quite
Eſtrang'd himſelf from all our family.
Sof. How's that? confuſion! why?
Geta. He loves another.
Sof. Wretch that I am!
Geta. Nor that clandeſtinely;
But ſnatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.
Sof. Are you ſure of this?
Geta. Sure? With theſe very eyes I ſaw it, Madam.
Sof. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?—What? our Æſchinus! (32)
Our very life, our ſole ſupport, and hope!
Who ſwore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
Upon his father's lap, (33) and in that way
Wring from him his conſent to marry her!
Geta. Nay, weep not, miſtreſs; but conſider rather
What courſe were beſt to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to diſcloſe it to ſome friend?
Can. Diſcloſe it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be diſclos'd, d'ye think?
Geta. I'd not adviſe it.
For firſt, that he has quite abandon'd us,
The thing itſelf declares. If we then make
The ſtory known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation, and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confeſs,

Since

Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he ſhould wed your daughter.—For which reaſons,
Silence is requiſite.

Sof. Ah, no: not I.

Geta. What mean you?

Sof. To diſcloſe the whole.

Geta. How, Madam!
Think what you are about.

Sof. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worſe ſtate than now.
In the firſt place my daughter has no portion,
And that which ſhould have been her ſecond dowry,
Is alſo loſt; and ſhe can ne'er be giv'n
In marriage as a virgin. For the reſt,
If he denies his former commerce with her,
I have the ring he loſt to vouch the fact.
In ſhort, ſince I am conſcious to myſelf,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,
And that no ſordid love of gain, nor aught,
Unworthy of my daughter or myſelf,
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.

Geta. Well, I agree, 'twere better to diſcloſe it. (34)

Sof. You then away, as faſt as poſſible,
And run to Hegio our good friend and kinſman,
To let him know the whole affair: for he
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever ſhew'd a great regard for us.

Geta. And well he does, for no one elſe cares for us.

Sof. And you, good Canthara, away with haſte,
And call a midwife; that we may be ſure
Of her aſſiſtance in the time of need. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter DEMEA.

Dem. Confuſion! I have heard that Cteſipho
Was preſent with his brother at this riot.
This is the ſum of all my miſeries,
If he, even he, a ſober, hopeful lad,
May be ſeduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where ſhall I enquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into ſome vile brothel.
That profligate perſuaded him, I'm ſure.
—But here comes Syrus; he can tell me all.
And yet this ſlave is of the gang; and if
He once perceives that I'm enquiring for him,
He'll never tell me any thing; a rogue!
I'll not diſcover my deſign.

SCENE IV.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the ſtage.*

Syrus, to himſelf.] We've juſt
Diſclos'd the whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er ſaw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.
Dem. Oh heav'n,
The folly of the man! [*liſtening.*
Syrus, to himſelf.] He prais'd his ſon;
Me, who concerted the whole ſcheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burſt with rage. [*liſtening.*
Syrus, to himſelf.] He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beſide,
To make an entertainment, a half-mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
Dem. So! if you'd have your buſineſs well ta'en care of,

Commit it to this fellow!

Syrus, overhearing.] Who's there? Demea!
I did not ſee you, Sir. How goes it?

Dem. How?
I can't ſufficiently admire your conduct.

Syrus, negligently.] Silly enough, to ſay the truth, and idle.

To ſervants within.] Cleanſe you the reſt of thoſe fiſh, Dromo: let
That large eel play a little in the water.
When I return it ſhall be bon'd; till then
It muſt not be.

Dem. Are crimes like theſe———

Syrus, to Demea.] Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry ſhame upon them.
—*To ſervants within.*] See that thoſe ſalt fiſh are well ſoak'd, Stephanio.

Dem. Gods! is this done on purpoſe? Does he think
'Tis laudable to ſpoil his ſon? Alas!
I think I ſee the day, when Æſchinus
Shall fly for want, and liſt himſelf a ſoldier.

Syrus. O Demea! that is to be wiſe: to ſee,
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.

Dem. What is the Muſick-Girl at your houſe?

Syrus. Ay,
Madam's within.

Dem. What! and is Æſchinus
To keep her at home with him?

Syrus. I believe ſo;
Such is their madneſs.

Dem. Is it poſſible?

Syrus. A fond, and fooliſh father!

Dem. I'm aſham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.

Syrus.

Syrus. Ah!
There is a deal of diff'rence, Demea,
—Nor is't, becauſe you're preſent, that I ſay this——
There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wiſdom:
He, a meer dotard.—Would you e'er permit
Your boy to do ſuch things?
Dem. Permit him? I?
Or ſhould I not much rather ſmell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it?
Syrus. Pſhaw! do you boaſt your vigilance to me?
Dem. Heav'n keep him ever, as he is at preſent!
Syrus. As fathers from their children, ſo they prove.
Dem. But now we're ſpeaking of him, have you ſeen
The lad to day? [*with an affected careleſſneſs.*
Syrus. Your ſon d'ye mean?—I'll drive him
Into the country. [*aſide.*]—He is hard at work
Upon your grounds by this time. [*to* Demea.
Dem. Are you ſure on't?
Syrus. Sure? I ſet out with him myſelf.
Dem. Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter'd here. [*aſide.*
Syrus. And much
Enrag'd, I promiſe you.
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,
About the muſick-girl.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Ay, faith:
He did not mince the matter: he ſpoke out
For as the caſh was telling down, in pops,
All unexpected, Maſter Cteſipho:
Cries out,—"Oh Æſchinus, are theſe your courſes?
"Do you commit theſe crimes? and do you bring
"Such a diſgrace upon our family?"

Dem. Oh, oh, I weep for joy.
Syrus. ——" You ſquander not
" The money only, but your life, your honour."
Dem. Heav'n bleſs him; he is like his anceſtors. [*weep-*
Syrus. Father's own ſon, I warrant him. [*ing.*
Dem. Oh, Syrus!
He's full of all thoſe precepts, he!
Syrus. No doubt on't:
He need not go from home for good inſtruction.
Dem. I ſpare no pains; neglect no means; I train him.
—In ſhort I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himſelf.
—" Do this."——
Syrus. Good!
Dem. " Fly that."
Syrus. Very good!
Dem. " This deed
" Is commendable."
Syrus. That's the thing;
Dem. " That's reprehenſible."
Syrus. Moſt excellent!
Dem. " And then moreover——
Syrus. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience juſt at preſent,
I've got an admirable diſh of fiſh;
And I muſt take good care they are not ſpoilt.
For that were an offence as grievous, Demea,
In us, as 'twere in you to leave undone
The things you juſt now mentioned: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow-ſlaves the ſelf-ſame way.
—" This is too ſalt.—This is burnt-up too much.
" That is not nice and cleanly.—That's well done.
" Mind, and do ſo again."—I ſpare no pains,

And

And give them the beſt precepts that I can.
In ſhort, I bid them look into the diſhes,
As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn
The duty of a cook.—This ſchool of our's,
I own, is idle: but what can you do?
According to the man muſt be the leſſon.
—Would you aught elſe with us?

Dem. Your reformation.

Syrus. Do you go hence into the country?

Dem. Strait.

Syrus. For what ſhould you do here, where nobody,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them? [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

DEMEA *alone.*

I then will hence, ſince he, on whoſe account
I hither came, is gone into the country.
He is my only care, *He*'s my concern.
My brother, ſince he needs will have it ſo,
May look to Æſchinus himſelf.——But who
Is coming yonder? Hegio, of our tribe? (35)
If I ſee plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys;
And ſuch men now-a-days are wondrous ſcarce.
A citizen of ancient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from him.
How I rejoice to ſee but the remains
Of this old ſtock! Ah, life's a pleaſure now.
I'll wait, that I may aſk about his health,
And have a little converſation with him.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO, GETA *converſing at a diſtance.*

Hegio. Good heaven! a moſt unworthy action, Geta!
Geta. Ev'n ſo.
Hegio. A deed ſo baſe
Sprung from that family?—Oh Æſchinus,
I'm ſure this was not acting like your father.
Demea, behind.] So! he has heard about this Muſick-Girl,
And is affected at it, tho' a ſtranger,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monſtrous! wou'd that he were ſomewhere nigh,
And heard all this!
Hegio. Unleſs they do what's juſt,
They ſhall not carry off the matter thus.
Geta. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You're our ſole friend, our guardian, and our father,
The good old Simulus, on his death-bed
Bequeath'd us to your care. If you deſert us,
We are undone indeed.
Hegio. Ah, name it not!
I will not, and with honeſty, I cannot.
Dem. I'll go up to him.—Save you, Hegio!
Hegio. The man I look'd for.—Save you, Demea!
Dem. Your pleaſure!
Hegio. Æſchinus, your elder ſon,
Adopted by your brother, has committed
A deed unworthy of an honeſt man,
And of a gentleman.
Dem. How ſo?
Hegio. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?
Dem. Ay ſure.

Hegio

Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.
Dem. How!
Hegio. Hold Demea, for the worſt is ſtill to come.
Dem. Is there aught worſe?
Hegio. Much worſe: for this perhaps
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and youth
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.
——Soon as his ſenſe returning made him conſcious
Of his raſh outrage, of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Intreating, vowing conſtancy, and ſwearing
That he would take her home.—He was forgiven;
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:
This is the tenth month.(36)—He, good gentleman,
Has got a muſick-girl, heav'n bleſs the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.
Dem. And are you well aſſur'd of this?
Hegio. The mother,
The girl, the fact itſelf, are all before you,
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And beſides,
This Geta here—as ſervants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleneſs—maintains them;
The ſole ſupport of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.
Geta. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not ſo, good Demea!
Nay, Æſchinus, I'm ſure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him.
Dem. aſide.] I'm aſham'd: and what
To do, or what to ſay to him, I know not.
Pamphila, within.] Ah me! I'm torn in pieces!——
Racking pains! (37)
Juno Lucina, help me! ſave, I pray thee!
Hegio. Ha! Is ſhe then in labour, *Geta?*
Geta. Yes, Sir.

Hegio

Hegio. Hark! ſhe now calls upon your juſtice, Demea!
Grant her then freely, what law elſe will claim.
And heaven ſend, that you may rather do
What honour bids! but if you mean it not,
Be ſure of this; that with my utmoſt force
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father;
He was my kinſman (38); we were bred together
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, ſtrive, nay loſe
My life itſelf, before I will forſake them.
—What is your anſwer?

Dem. I'll find out my brother:
What he adviſes, I will follow, Hegio. (39)

Hegio. But ſtill remember, Demea, that the more
You live at eaſe; the more your pow'r, your wealth,
Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honourably,
If you regard the name of honeſt men.

Dem. Go to: we'll do you juſtice.

Hegio. 'Twill become you.
Geta, conduct me into Soſtrata. [*Exit with* Geta.

SCENE VII.

DEMEA *alone.*

This is no more than I foretold: and well
If his intemp'rance wou'd ſtop *here!*—But this
Immoderate indulgence muſt produce
Some terrible misfortune in the end.
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter HEGIO, *ſpeaking to* Soſtrata *at the door.*

Be of good cheer, my Soſtrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum
And tell him the whole ſtory: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but ſpeak, his mind to me, and then
I ſhall know how to act accordingly. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

Cteſ. MY father gone into the country, ſay you?
Syrus. Long ſince.
Cteſ. Nay; ſpeak the truth!
Syrus. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.
Cteſ. I wiſh,
So that his health were not the worſe for it,
He might ſo heartily fatigue himſelf,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed theſe three days!
Syrus. I wiſh ſo too; and more, if poſſible.
Cteſ. With all my heart: for I wou'd fain conſume,
As I've begun, the live-long day in pleaſure.
Nor do I hate that farm of our's ſo much
For any thing, as that it is ſo near.
For if 'twas at a greater diſtance, night
Would come upon him, ere he could return.
But now, not finding me, I'm very ſure
He'll hobble back again immediately;

Queſtion me where I've been, that I've not ſeen him
All the day long; and what ſhall I reply?
Syrus. What? can you think of nothing?
Cteſ. No, not I.
Syrus. So much the worſe.—Have you no client, friend,
Or gueſt?
Cteſ. I have. What then?
Syrus. You've been engag'd
With them.
Cteſ. When not engag'd? It cannot be.
Syrus. It may.
Cteſ. Ay marry, for the day I grant you.
But if I paſs the night here, what excuſe
Then, Syrus?
Syrus. Ah! I would it were the cuſtom
To be engag'd at night too with one's friends!
—But be at eaſe! I know his mind ſo well,
That when he raves the loudeſt, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb.
Cteſ. How ſo?
Syrus. He loves
To hear you prais'd. I ſing your praiſes to him,
And make you out a little God.
Cteſ. Me!
Syrus. You.
And then the old man blubbers like a child,
For very joy.—But have a care! [*looking out.*
Cteſ. What now?
Syrus. The wolf i'th' fable! (40)
Cteſ. What, my father?
Syrus. He.
Cteſ. What's the beſt, Syrus?
Syrus. In! fly! I'll take care.
Cteſ. You have not ſeen me, if he aſks: d'ye hear?
Syrus. Can't you be quiet? [*puſhes out* Cteſipho.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA *at another part of the ſtage.*

Dem. Verily I am
A moſt unhappy man! for firſt of all,
I cannot find my brother any where:
And then beſides, in looking after him,
I chanc'd on one of my day labourers, (41)
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Cteſipho was not there. What ſhall I do?
Cteſ. peeping out.] Syrus? } *apart.*
Syrus. What?
Cteſ. Does he ſeek me?
Syrus. Yes.
Cteſ. Undone!
Syrus. Courage!
Demea, to himſelf.] Plague on it, what ill luck is this!
I can't account for it: but I believe
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the firſt who feels our woes; the firſt
Who knows of them; the firſt who tells the news:
And come what may, I bear the weight alone.
Syrus, behind.] Ridiculous! he ſays he knows all firſt;
And he alone is ignorant of all.
Dem. I'm now return'd to ſee if Micio
Be yet come home again.
Cteſ. peeping out.] Take care, good Syrus, } *apart.*
He don't ruſh in upon us unawares!
Syrus. Peace! I'll take care.
Cteſ. 'Faith, I'll not truſt to you,
But ſhut myſelf and her in ſome bye place
Together: that's the ſafeſt.
Syrus. Well, away! [Cteſipho *diſappears.*
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you.
Dem. ſeeing Syrus.] But ſee that raſcal Syrus coming hither!

Syrus, advancing haſtily, and pretending not to ſee Demea.]
By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.—I'd fain know
How many maſters I'm to have.—Oh monſtrous!
Dem. What does he howl for? what's the meaning on't
Hark ye, my good Sir! prithee tell me, if
My brother be at home.
Syrus. My good ſir! Plague!
Why do you come with your *good ſirs* to me?
I'm half kill'd.
Dem. What's the matter?
Syrus. What's the matter!
Cteſipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgell'd me and the poor muſick-girl
Almoſt to death.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Indeed. Nay ſee
How he has cut my lip; [*pretending to ſhew it.*
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. The girl, he ſays, was bought by my advice.
Dem. Did not you ſay you ſaw him out of town
A little while ago?
Syrus. And ſo I did.
But he came back ſoon after, like a madman.
He had no mercy.—Was not he aſham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat me;
Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? [*ſhewing.*
Dem. Oh rare, Cteſipho!
Father's own ſon! a man, I warrant him.
Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith if he is wiſe,
He'll hold his hands another time.
Dem. Oh brave!
Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed!—Becauſe he beat

A helpleſs girl, and me a wretched ſlave,
Who durſt not ſtrike again ;—oh, to be ſure,
Mighty brave truly !
Dem. Oh, moſt exquiſite !
My Cteſipho perceived, as well as I,
That you was the contriver of this buſineſs.
—But is my brother here ?
Syrus. Not he. [*ſulkily.*
Dem. I'm thinking
Where I ſhall ſeek him.
Syrus. I know where he is :
But I'll not tell.
Dem. How, ſirrah ?
Syrus. Even ſo.
Dem. I'll break your head.
Syrus. I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
Dem. Well, where's the place ?
Syrus. D'ye know the Portico
Juſt by the market, down this way ? [*pointing.*
Dem. I do.
Syrus. Go up that ſtreet ; keep ſtrait along : and then
You'll ſee a hill ; go ſtrait down that : and then
On this hand, there's a chapel ; and juſt by
A narrow lane. [*pointing.*
Dem. Where ? [*looking.*
Syrus. There ; by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, Sir ?
Dem. I do.
Syrus. Go through that lane.
Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.
Syrus. Ay, very true :
No more it is, Sir.—What a fool I am !
I was miſtaken—You muſt go quite back
Into the portico ; and after all,

This

This is the neareſt and the ſafeſt way.
—D'ye know Cratinus' houſe? the rich man?
Dem. Ay.
Syrus. (42) When you've paſs'd that, turn ſhort upon the left
Keep ſtrait along that ſtreet, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right.
And then, on this ſide of the city gate, (43)
Juſt by the pond, there is a baker's ſhop,
And oppoſite a joiner's.—There he is.
Dem. What buſineſs has he there?
Syrus. He has beſpoke
Some tables to be made with oaken legs (44)
To ſtand the ſun.
Dem. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave! But I loſe time. I'll after him. [*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

Ay, go your ways! I'll work your old ſhrunk ſhanks
As you deſerve, old Drybones!—Æſchinus
Loiters intolerably. Dinner's ſpoil'd. (45)
Cteſipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myſelf too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and toſſing off my cups,
In lazy leiſure lengthen out the day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO, *and* HEGIO.

Micio. I can ſee nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit ſo much commendation.
'Tis but my duty, to redreſs the wrongs,

That

That we have cauſ'd: unleſs perhaps you took me
For one of thoſe, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expoſtulation an affront;
And having firſt offended, are the firſt
To turn accuſers.—I've not acted thus:
And is't for this that I am thank'd?

Hegio. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourſelf to her what you have juſt told me:
—That the ſuſpicion, fall'n on Æſchinus,
Sprung from his brother and the muſick-girl.

Micio. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go!

Hegio. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raiſe her ſpirit drooping with the load
Of grief and miſery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myſelf,
And tell her the whole ſtory.

Micio. No, I'll go.

Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
(46) For they, whoſe fortunes are leſs proſperous,
Are all I know not how, the more ſuſpicious;
And think themſelves neglected and contemn'd,
Becauſe of their diſtreſs and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould ſatisfy them more,
If you would clear up this affair yourſelf.

Micio. What you have ſaid is juſt, and very true.

Hegio. Let me conduct you in!

Micio. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn.
Fear ſhakes my limbs, amazement fills my ſoul,
And in my breaſt deſpair ſhuts out all counſel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myſelf?
Such a ſuſpicion is now fallen on me;
And that too grounded on appearances.
Soſtrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the muſick-girl. That's plain enough
From the old nurſe. For meeting her by chance,
As ſhe was ſent from hence to call a midwife,
I ran, and aſk'd her of my Pamphila.
—"Is ſhe in labour? are you going now
"To call a midwife?"—"Go, go, Æſchinus!
"Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
"Fool'd us enough with your fine promiſes,"
Cried ſhe.—"What now?" ſays I.—"Farewell, enjoy
"The girl that you're ſo taken with!"—I ſaw
Immediately their cauſe of jealouſy:
Yet I contain'd myſelf, nor would diſcloſe
My brother's buſineſs to a tatling goſſip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
—But what ſhall I do now? ſhall I confeſs
The girl to be my brother's; an affair
Which ſhould by no means be reveal'd?—But not
To dwell on that.—Perhaps they'd not diſcloſe it.
Nay I much doubt if they would credit it:
So many proofs concur againſt myſelf.——
I bore her off: I paid the money down;
She was brought home to me.—All this I own,

Is my own fault. For ſhould I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I ſhou'd, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
To marry Pamphila.—What indolence,
Ev'n, till this hour! now, Æſchinus, awake!
—But firſt I'll go, and clear myſelf to them.
I'll to the door. [*goes up.*] Confuſion! how I tremble!
How guilty like I ſeem when I approach
This houſe! [*knocks*] Hola! within! 'Tis I;
'Tis Æſchinus. Come, open ſomebody
The door immediately!—Who's here? A ſtranger!
I'll ſtep aſide. [*retires.*

SCENE VI.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, to Soſtrata within.] Do as I have told you, Soſtrata.
I'll find out Æſchinus, and tell him all.
—But who knock'd at the door? [*coming forward.*
Æſch. behind.] By heav'n, my father!
Confuſion!
Micio ſeeing him.] Æſchinus!
Æſch. What does he here? [*aſide.*
Micio. Was't you that knock'd! What, not a word! Sup-
I banter him a little. He deſerves it, [poſe
For never truſting this affair to me. [*aſide.*
—Why don't you ſpeak?
Æſch. Not I, as I remember. [*diſorder'd.*
Micio. No, I dare ſay, not you: for I was wond'ring
What buſineſs could have brought you here.—He bluſhes,
All's ſafe, I find. [*aſide.*
Æſch. recovering.] But prithee, tell me, ſir,
What brought you here?
Micio. No buſineſs of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,
To be his advocate.
Æſch. In what.

Micio. I'll tell you.
This houſe is tenanted by ſome poor women,
Whom, I believe, you know not;—Nay, I'm ſure on't,
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.
Æſch. Well?
Micio. A young woman and her mother.
Æſch. Well?
Micio. The father's dead.—This friend of mine, it ſeems,
Being her next relation, by the law
Is forc'd to marry her. (47)
Æſch. Confuſion! [*aſide.*
Micio. How?
Æſch. Nothing.—Well?—pray go on, Sir!—
Micio. He's now come
To take her home, for he is of Miletus. (48)
Æſch. How! take her home with him?
Micio. Yes, take her home.
Æſch. What to Miletus?
Micio. Ay.
Æſch. Oh torture! [*aſide.*]—Well?
What ſay the women?
Micio. Why, what ſhou'd they? Nothing.
Indeed the mother has deviſ'd a tale
About her daughter's having had a child
By ſome one elſe, but never mentions whom:
His claim, ſhe ſays, is prior; and my friend
Ought not to have her.
Æſch. Well? and did not this
Seem a ſufficient reaſon?
Micio. No.
Æſch. No, Sir?
And ſhall this next relation take her off?
Micio. Ay, to be ſure: why not?
Æſch. Oh barbarous, cruel!
And to ſpeak plainly, Sir—ungenerous!

Micio

Micio. Why ſo ?
Æſch. Why ſo, Sir ?—What d'ye think
Will come of him, the poor unhappy youth
Who was connected with her firſt—who ſtill
Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life ;——
When he ſhall ſee her torn out of his arms,
And born away for ever ?—Oh ſhame, ſhame !
Micio. Where is the ſhame on't ?—(49) Who betroth'd,
Who gave her ?
When was ſhe married ? and to whom ? Where is he,
And wherefore did he wed another's right ?
Æſch. Was it for her, a girl of ſuch an age,
To ſit at home, expecting till a kinſman
Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her ?
—This, Sir, it was your buſineſs to have ſaid,
And to have dwelt on it.
Micio. Ridiculous !
Should I have pleaded againſt him, to whom
I came an advocate ?—But after all.
What's this affair to us ? or, what have we
To do with them ? let's go !—Ha ! why thoſe tears ?
Æſch. Father, beſeech you, hear me !
Micio. Æſchinus,
I have heard all, and I know all, already :
For I do love you ; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more.
Æſch. So may you ever love me,
And ſo may I deſerve your love, my father,
As I am ſorry to have done this fault,
And am aſham'd to ſee you !
Micio. I believe it ;
For well I know you have a liberal mind :
But I'm afraid you are too negligent,
For in what city do you think you live ?
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law

Forbade your touching.—'Twas a fault, a great one;
But yet a natural failing. Many others,
Some not bad men, have often done the ſame.
—But after this event, can you pretend
You took the leaſt precaution? or conſider'd
What ſhou'd be done, or how?—If ſhame forbade
Your telling me yourſelf, you ſhou'd have found
Some other means to let me know of it.
Loſt in theſe doubts, ten months have ſlipt away.
You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,
Yourſelf, the poor young woman, and your child.
What! did you think the Gods wou'd bring about
This buſineſs in your ſleep; and that your wife,
Without your ſtir would be convey'd to you
Into your bed-chamber?—I wou'd not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.——Come,
Cheer up, ſon! you ſhall wed her.

Æſch. How!

Micio. Cheer up,
I ſay!

Æſch. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!

Micio. Mock you? I? wherefore? (50)

Æſch. I don't know; unleſs
That I ſo much deſire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more.

Micio. ——Away; go home;
And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife.
Away!

Æſch. How's that? my wife? what! now?

Micio. Now.

Æſch. Now?

Micio. Ev'n now, as ſoon as poſſible.

Æſch. May all
The Gods deſert me, Sir, but I do love you,
More than my eyes?

Micio.

Micio. Than her?
Æsch. As well.
Micio. That's much.
Æsch. But where is that Milesian?
Micio. Gone:
Vanish'd: on board the ship—But why d'ye loiter?
Æsch. Ah, Sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than than I,
They will the sooner hear your pray'rs. (51)
Micio. I'll in,
To see the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wise, do as I said. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a son?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wish?
Should I not love him? bear him in my bosom!
Ah! his great kindness has so wrought upon me,
That it shall be the study of my life
To shun all follies, (52) lest they give him pain.
—But I'll in strait, that I may not retard
My marriage by my own delay. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

DEMEA *alone.*

I'm tir'd
With walking.—Now great Jove confound you, Syrus;
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No sign of any shop was there,

Not

Nor any perſon who had ſeen my brother.
—Now I'll in therefore and ſet up my reſt
In his own houſe, till he comes home again. [*going*

SCENE IX.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. I'll go and let the women know we're ready.
Dem. But here he is.—I have long ſought you, Micio.
Micio. What now?
Dem. I bring you more offences: great ones;
Of that ſweet youth———
Micio. See there!
Dem. New; capital!
Micio. Nay, nay, no more!
Dem. Ah, you don't know———
Micio. I do.
Dem. O fool, you think I mean the Muſick-Girl.
This is a rape upon a citizen.
Micio. I know it.
Dem. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?
Micio. Why not endure it?
Dem. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?
Micio. No: to be ſure I'd rather———
Dem. There's a child born.
Micio. Heav'n bleſs it!
Dem. And the girl
Has nothing.
Micio. I have heard ſo.
Dem. And is he
To marry her without a fortune?
Micio. Ay.
Dem. What's to be done then?
Micio. What the caſe requires.

The

The girl ſhall be brought over here.
Dem. Oh Jove!
Can that the proper?
Micio. What can I do elſe?
Dem. What can you do!—If you're not really griev'd,
It were at leaſt your duty to appear ſo.
Micio. I have contracted the young woman to him:
The thing is ſettled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehenſions I've remov'd.
This is ſtill more my duty.
Dem. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?
Micio. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis paſt all cure,
I bear it patiently. The life of man (53)
Is like a game at tables. If the caſt
Which is moſt neceſſary, be not thrown,
That, which chance ſends, you muſt correct by art.
Dem. Oh rare *Corrector!*—By your *art* no leſs
Than twenty minæ have been thrown away
On yonder muſick-wench; who out of hand,
Muſt be ſent packing; if no buyer, gratis.
Micio. Not in the leaſt; nor do I mean to ſell her. (54)
Dem. What will you do then!
Micio. Keep her in my houſe.
Dem. Oh heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife
In the ſame houſe!
Micio. Why not?
Dem. Have you your wits?
Micio. Truly I think ſo.
Dem. Now, ſo help me heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To ſing with you.
Micio. Why not?
Dem. And the young bride

Shall

Shall be her pupil?
Micio. To be ſure.
Dem. And you
Dance hand in hand with them? (55)
Micio. Ay.
Dem. Ay?
Micio. And you
Make one amongſt us too upon occaſion.
Dem. Ah! are you not aſham'd on't?
Micio. Patience, Demea!
Lay by your wrath, and ſeem, as it becomes you,
Chearful and free of heart at your ſon's wedding.
—I'll but ſpeak with the bride and Soſtrata,
And then return to you immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

DEMEA *alone.*

Jove, what a life! what manners! what diſtraction!
A bride juſt coming home without a portion;
A Muſick-Girl already there in keeping:
A houſe of waſte; the youth, a libertine;
Th' old man, a dotard!—'Tis not in the pow'r
Of providence herſelf, howe'er deſirous,
To ſave from ruin ſuch a family.

SCENE XI.

Enter at a diſtance SYRUS *drunk.*

Syrus to himſelf.] Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en ſpecial care
Of your ſweet ſelf, and play'd your part moſt rarely.
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my fill
Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad.

Dem.

Dem. behind.] Look there!
A pattern of inſtruction!
Syrus. ſeeing him.] But ſee there:
Yonder's old Demea. [*going up to him.*] What's the matter now?
And why ſo melancholy?
Dem. Oh thou villain!
Syrus. What! are you ſpouting ſentences, old wiſdom?
Dem. Were you my ſervant——
Syrus. You'd be plaguy rich,
And ſettle your affairs moſt wonderfully.
Dem. I'd make you an example.
Syrus. Why? for what?
Dem. Why, ſirrah?—(56) In the midſt of the diſturbance,
And in the heat of a moſt heavy crime,
While all is yet confuſion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you raſcal!
Syrus. Why the plague
Did not I keep within? [*aſide.*

SCENE XII.

Enter DROMO *haſtily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
Cteſipho begs that you'd come back.
Syrus. Away! [*puſhes him off.*
Dem. What's this he ſays of Cteſipho?
Syrus. Pſhaw! nothing.
Dem. How! dog, is Cteſipho within?
Syrus. Not he.
Dem. Why does he name him then?
Syrus. It is another.
Of the ſame name—a little paraſite—
D'ye know him?
Dem But I will immediately. [*going.*

Syrus, ſtopping him.] What now? where now?
Dem. Let me alone.
Syrus. Don't go! } *ſtruggling.*
Dem. Hands off! what won't you? muſt I brain you, raſcal?
[*diſengages himſelf from* Syrus, *and Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

SYRUS *alone.*

He's gone—gone in—and faith no welcome roarer— (57)
—Eſpecially to Cteſipho.—But what
Can I do now; unleſs till this blows over,
I ſneak into ſome corner, and ſleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't.
[*Exit reeling.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter MICIO *from* SOSTRATA.

Micio to Soſtrata within.]
All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Soſtrata,
As I have already told you, when you pleaſe. [*comes forward.*
But who's this (58) forces open our ſtreet-door
With ſo much violence?

Enter DEMEA *on t'other ſide.*

Dem. Confuſion! death!
What ſhall I do? or how reſolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations? Heav'n! Earth! Sea!
Micio behind.] So! all's diſcover'd: that's the thing he raves at.
—Now for a quarrel!—(59) I muſt help the boy.
Dem. ſeeing him.] Oh, there's the grand corrupter of our children!

Micio

Micio. Appeaſe your wrath, and be yourſelf again!
Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myſelf again;
I ſpare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own propoſal too, that you ſhou'd never
Concern yourſelf with Cteſipho, nor I
With Æſchinus. Say, was't not ſo?
Micio. It was.
I don't deny it.
Dem. Why does Cteſipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a miſtreſs, Micio?—Is not juſtice
My due from you, as well as your's from me?
Since I do not concern myſelf with your's,
Meddle not you with mine!
Micio. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old ſaying,
"All things are common among friends."
Dem. How ſmart!
Put off with quips and ſentences at laſt!
Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience, Demea.
—Firſt, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflection calm you! Formerly,
You bred them both according to your fortune,
Suppoſing it ſufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I ſhou'd take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, ſcrape, and ſave; do ev'ry thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,
Let them uſe freely! As your capital
Will not be waſted, what addition comes
From mine, conſider as clear gain: and thus,
Weighing all this impartially, you'll ſpare
Yourſelf, and me, and them, a world of trouble.

Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals——
Micio. Hold!
I underſtand; and meant to ſpeak of that.
(60) There are in nature ſundry marks, good Demea,
By which you may conjecture eaſily,
That when two perſons do the ſelf-ſame thing,
It oftentimes falls out, that in the one
'Tis criminal, in t'other 'tis not ſo:
Not that the thing itſelf is different,
But he who does it.—In theſe youths I ſee
The marks of virtue; and, I truſt, they'll prove
Such as we wiſh them. They have ſenſe, I know;
Attention; in its ſeaſon, liberal ſhame;
And fondneſs for each other; all ſure ſigns
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:
And tho' they ſtray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.—But perhaps you fear, they'll prove
Too inattentive to their intereſt.
Oh my dear Demea, in all matters elſe
Increaſe of years increaſes wiſdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
"We're all more worldly-minded, than there's need:"
Which paſſion age, that kills all paſſions elſe,
Will ripen in your ſons too.
Dem. Have a care
That theſe fine arguments, and this great mildneſs
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio
Micio. Peace!
It ſhall not be: away with all your fears!
This day be rul'd by me: come, ſmooth your brow.
Dem. Well, ſince at preſent things are ſo, I muſt,
But then I'll to the country with my ſon
To-morrow, at firſt peep of day.
Micio. At midnight,
So you'll but ſmile to-day.

Dem.

Dem. And that wench too
I'll drag away with me.
Micio. Ay; there you've hit it.
For by that means you'll keep your ſon at home;
Do but ſecure her.
Dem. I'll ſee that: for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of aſhes, ſmoak, and meal:
Nay at high noon too ſhe ſhall gather ſtubble.
I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.
Micio. Right! now you're wiſe.—And then I'd make my ſon
Go to bed to her, tho' againſt his will.
Dem. D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper!
I feel———
Micio. Ah! that again?
Dem. I've done.
Micio. In then!
And let us ſuit our humour to the time. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. (61)

DEMEA *alone.*

NEVER did man lay down ſo fair a plan,
So wiſe a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made ſome change in it;
And taught him, that thoſe things he thought he knew
He did not know, and what he held as beſt,
In practice he threw by. The very thing
That happens to myſelf. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the laſt ſtage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,

There's

There's nothing ſo advantages a man,
As mildneſs and complacency. Of this
My brother and myſelf are living proofs:
He always led an eaſy, chearful life;
Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial batchelor,
His whole expences center'd in himſelf.
I on the contrary, rough, rigid, croſs,
Saving, moroſe, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miſeries did marriage bring!—had children;
—A new uneaſineſs!—and then beſides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my courſe near finiſh'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their ſecret counſels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forſaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus thoſe, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a ſmall expence, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleaſure his.
—Well then, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generoſity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let me too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Caſh will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldeſt-born?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. Oh Sir! your brother has diſpatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off.
Dem. Who's there?———
(62) What, honeſt Syrus! ſave you: how is't with you?
How goes it?
Syrus. Very well, ſir.
Demea, aſide.] Excellent!
Now for the firſt time, I, againſt my nature,
Have added theſe three phraſes, "Honeſt Syrus!
"How is't?—How goes it!—[*to Syrus*] You have prov'd yourſelf
A worthy ſervant. I'll reward you for it.
Syrus. I thank you, Sir.
Dem. I will, I promiſe you;
And you ſhall be convinc'd on't very ſoon.

SCENE III.

Enter GETA.

Geta, to Soſtrata within] Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
———But here is Demea. Save you!
Dem. Oh! your name?
Geta. Geta, Sir.
Dem. Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For ſure that ſervant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his maſter's intereſt at heart,
As I perceiv'd that you did, Geta! wherefore,

Soon

Soon as occaſion offers, I'll reward you.
—I am endeavouring to be affable,
And not without ſucceſs. [*aſide.*
Geta. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor ſlave, Sir.
Dem. aſide.] Firſt of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æſch. They murder me with their delays; and while
They laviſh all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waſte the live-long day in preparation.
Dem. How does my ſon?
Æſch. My father! are you here?
Dem. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.—But why
Do you not call the bride?
Æſch. 'Tis what I long for:
But wait the muſick and the ſingers.
Dem. Pſhaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?
Æſch. Well?
Dem. (63) Ne'er mind ſingers, company, lights, muſick;
But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As ſoon as poſſible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houſes into one.
Bring too the mother, and whole family,
Over to us.
Æſch. I will. O charming father!
Dem. aſide.] *Charming!* See there! he calls me *charming* now.
—My brother's houſe will be a thorough-fare;
Throng'd with whole crouds of people; much expence

Will

Will follow; very much: what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.
—Ho! order Babylo immediately (64)
To pay him twenty minæ.—Prithee Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders?
Syrus. What?
Dem. Down with the wall!—[*Exit* Syrus.]—You Geta, go, and bring
The ladies over.
Geta. Heaven bleſs you, Demea,
For all your friendſhip to our family! [*Exit* Geta.
Dem. They're worthy of it.—What ſay you to this?
Æſch. I think it admirable. [*to* Æſch.
Dem. 'Tis much better,
Than for a poor ſoul, ſick, and lying-in,
To be conducted thro' the ſtreet.
Æſch. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, Sir.
Dem. 'Tis juſt my way.—But here comes Micio.

SCENE V.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, at entering.] My brother order it, d'ye ſay? where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?
Dem. 'Twas my order:
And by this means, and every other way,
I would unite, ſerve, cheriſh, and oblige,
And join the family to our's!
Æſch. Pray do, Sir! [*to* Micio.
Micio. I don't oppoſe it.
Dem. Nay, but 'tis our duty.
Firſt, there's the mother of the bride——
Micio. What then?

Dem. Worthy and modeſt.
Micio. So they ſay.
Dem. In years.
Micio. True.
Dem. And ſo far advanc'd, that ſhe is long
Paſt child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,
With none to comfort her.
Micio. What means all this?
Dem. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
—And your's [*to Æſch.*] to bring him to't.
Micio. I marry her?
Dem. You.
Micio. I?
Dem. Yes, you I ſay.
Micio. Ridiculous!
Dem. to Æſch. If you're a man, he'll do't.
Æſch. to Micio.] Dear father!
Micio. How!
Do you then join him, fool?
Dem. Nay, don't deny.
It can't be otherwiſe.
Micio. You've loſt your ſenſes!
Æſch. Let me prevail upon you, Sir!
Micio. You're mad.
Away!
Dem. Oblige your ſon.
Micio. Have you your wits?
I a new married man at ſixty-five!
And marry a decrepid poor old woman!
Is that what you adviſe me!
Æſch. Do it, Sir!
I've promis'd them.
Micio. You've promis'd them indeed!
Prithee, boy, promiſe for yourſelf.
Dem. Come, come!

What

What if he aſk'd ſtill more of you?
Micio. As if
This was not ev'n the utmoſt.
Dem. Nay, comply!
Æſch. Be not obdurate!
Dem. Come, come, promiſe him.
Micio. Won't you deſiſt?
Æſch. No, not till I prevail.
Micio. This is mere force.
Dem. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
Micio. Tho' this appears to me abſurd, wrong, fooliſh,
And quite repugnant to my ſcheme of life,
Yet, if you're ſo much bent on't, let it be!
Æſch. (65) Obliging father, worthy my beſt love!
Dem. aſide.] What now?—This anſwers to my wiſh—
What more?
—Hegio's their kinſman, [*to* Micio.] our relation too,
And very poor. We ſhou'd do him ſome ſervice.
Micio. Do what?
Dem. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him
To live upon.
Micio. So little, do you call it?
Dem. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been
Father to her; a good man; our relation.
It will be given worthily. In ſhort,
That ſaying, Micio, I now make my own,
Which you ſo lately and ſo wiſely quoted;
"It is the common failing of old men,
"To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that ſtain. The ſaying's true,
And ſhould be practis'd.
Micio. Well, well; be it ſo,
If he requires it. [*pointing to* Æſch.
Æſch. I beſeech it, father.

Dem. Now you're indeed my brother, ſoul and body.
Micio. I'm glad to find you think me ſo.
Dem. I foil him
At his own weapons. [*aſide.*

SCENE VI.

To them SYRUS.

Syrus. I have executed
Your orders, Demea.
Dem. A good fellow!——Truly
Syrus, I think, ſhou'd be made free to-day.
Micio. Made free! He!——Wherefore?
Dem. Oh, for many reaſons.
Syrus. Oh Demea, you're a noble gentleman.
I've taken care of both your ſons from boys;
Taught them, inſtructed them, and given them
The wholeſomeſt advice, that I was able.
Dem. The thing's apparent: and theſe offices,
To cater;—bring a wench in, ſafe and ſnug;
—Or (66) in mid-day prepare an entertainment;—
—All theſe are talents of no common man.
Syrus. Oh moſt delightful gentleman!
Dem. Beſides,
He has been inſtrumental too this day
In purchaſing the muſick-girl. He manag'd
The whole affair. We ſhou'd reward him for it.
It will encourage others.(67)—In a word,
Your Æſchinus would have it ſo.
Micio. Do you
Deſire it?
Æſch. Yes, Sir.
Micio. Well if you deſire it——

Come

Come hither, Syrus!—Be thou free!

[Syrus *kneels*; Micio *ſtrikes him, being the ceremony of manumiſſion, or giving a ſlave his freedom.*]

Syrus. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but moſt of all, to Demea!

Dem. I'm glad of your good fortune.

Æſch. So am I.

Syrus. I do believe it; and I wiſh this joy
Were quite complete, and I might ſee my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free, as well as I.

Dem. The very beſt of women!

Syrus. And the firſt
That ſuckled my young maſter's ſon, your grandſon.

Dem. Indeed! the firſt who ſuckled him!—Nay then
Beyond all doubt, ſhe ſhould be free.

Micio. For what?

Dem. For that. Nay, take the ſum, whate'er it be,
Of me.

Syrus. Now all the powers above grant all
Your wiſhes, Demea!

Micio. You have thriv'd to-day
Moſt rarely, Syrus.

Dem. And beſides this, Micio,
It wou'd be handſome to advance him ſomething
To try his fortune with. He'll ſoon return it.

Micio. Not that. [*ſnapping his fingers.*

Æſch. He's honeſt.

Syrus. Faith I will return it.
Do but advance it.

Æſch. Do, Sir!

Micio. Well, I'll think on't.

Dem. I'll ſee that he ſhall do't. [*to* Syrus

Syrus. Thou beſt of men!

Æſch. My moſt indulgent father!

Micio.

Micio. What means this?
Whence comes this hafty change of manners, brother?
(68) Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence
This fudden prodigality?

Dem. I'll tell you:
(69) To fhew you, that the reafon, why our fons
Think you fo pleafant and agreeable,
Is not from your deferts, or truth, or juftice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
—Now, therefore, if I'm odious to you, fon,
Becaufe I'm not fubfervient to your humour,
In all things, right, or wrong; away with care!
Spend, fquander, and do what you will!—but if,
In thofe affairs where youth has made you blind,
Eager, and thoughtlefs, you will fuffer me
To counfel and correct—and in due feafon
Indulge you—I am at your fervice.

Æfch. Father,
In all things we fubmit ourfelves to you.
What's fit and proper, you know beft.—But what
Shall come of my poor brother?

Dem. (70) I confent
That he fhall have her: let him finifh there.

Æfch. (71) All now is as it fhou'd be.—[*to the audience.*]
Clap your hands!

THE

STEP-MOTHER;

(1) EXHIBITED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES.

Sextus Julius Cæsar and Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, Curule Ædiles: It was not acted through: the musick, composed for equal flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: it is intirely from the Greek of Apollodorus (2): it was acted first without a Prologue, Cn. Octavius and T. Manlius, Consuls; and brought on again at the Funeral Games of Æmilius Paulus: it did not please: it was acted a third time, Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius, Curule Ædiles: principal actor, L. Ambivius Turpio: it pleas'd.

Year of Rome——588
Before Christ——165

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

LACHES.

PHIDIPPUS.

PAMPHILUS.

PARMENO.

SOSIA.

BOY, and other Servants.

SOSTRATA.

MYRRHINA.

BACCHIS.

PHILOTIS.

SYRA.

NURSE, Servants to Bacchis, &c.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THIS play is call'd the STEP-MOTHER. When first
It was preſented, ſuch a hurricane, (3)
A tumult ſo uncommon interven'd,
It neither could be ſeen, nor underſtood:
So taken were the people, ſo engag'd
By a rope dancer!—It is now brought on
As a new piece: and he who wrote the play,
Suffer'd it not to be repeated then,
That he might profit by a ſecond ſale. (4)
(5) Others, his plays, you have already known;
Now then, let me beſeech you, know this too.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE. (6)

I COME a pleader, (7) in the ſhape of prologue:
Let me then gain my cauſe, and now grown old
Experience the ſame favour as when young;
Who then recover'd many a loſt play,
Breath'd a new life into the ſcenes, and ſav'd
The author, and his writings from oblivion.
Of thoſe, which firſt I ſtudied of Cæcilius, (8)
In ſome I was excluded; and in ſome
Hardly maintain'd my ground. But knowing well
The variable fortunes of the ſcene,
I was content to hazard certain toil
For an uncertain gain. I undertook
To reſcue thoſe ſame plays from condemnation,

And labour'd to reverſe your ſentence on them;
That the ſame Poet might afford me more,
And no ill fortune damp young Genius in him.
My cares prevail'd; the plays were heard; and thus
Did I reſtore an Author, nearly loſt
Through the malevolence of adverſaries,
To ſtudy, labour, and the Poet's art.
But had I at that time deſpis'd his plays,
Or labour'd to deter him from the taſk,
It had been eaſy to have kept him idle,
And to have ſcar'd him from attempting more:
For my ſake, therefore, deign to hear with candour
The ſuit I mean to offer to you now.

Once more I bring The STEP-MOTHER before you,
Which yet in ſilence I might never play;
So did confuſion cruſh it: which confuſion
Your prudence may allay, if it will deign
To ſecond our endeavours.—When I firſt
Began to play this piece, the ſturdy Boxers,
(The dancers on the rope expected too)
Th' increaſing crouds, the noiſe and women's clamour
Oblig'd me to retire before my time.
I, upon this occaſion, had recourſe
To my old way. I brought it on again.
In the firſt act I pleaſe: meanwhile there ſpreads
A rumour of the Gladiators: then
The people flock together, riot, roar,
And fight for places. I meanwhile *my* place
Could not maintain—To-day there's no diſturbance;
All's ſilence and attention; a clear ſtage:
(9) 'Tis your's to give theſe games their proper grace.
Let not, oh let not the Dramatick Art
Fall to a few! let your authority
Aſſiſt and ſecond mine! if I for gain Ne'er

Ne'er over-rated my abilities,
If I have made it ſtill my only care
To be obedient to your will, oh grant
That he who hath committed his performance
To my defence, and who hath thrown himſelf
On your protection, be not giv'n to ſcorn,
And foul deriſion of his envious foes!

Admit this plea for my ſake, and be ſilent;
That other Poets may not fear to write,
That I too may hereafter find it meet
To play new pieces, (10) bought at my expence.

THE
STEP-MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILOTIS, SYRA.

Phi. Now, by my troth, a woman of the town
Scarce ever finds a faithful lover, Syra.
This very Pamphilus, how many times
He ſwore to Bacchis, ſwore ſo ſolemnly
One could not but believe him, that he never
Would, in her life-time, marry. See! he's married.
Syra. I warn you therefore, and moſt earneſtly
Conjure you, to have pity upon none.
But plunder, fleece, and beggar ev'ry man
That falls into your pow'r.
Phi. What! ſpare none?
Syra. None.
For know, there is not one of all your ſparks
But ſtudies to cajole you with fine ſpeeches,
And have his will as cheaply as he can.
Shou'd not you then endeavour to fool them?
Phi. But to treat all alike is wrong.
Syra. What! wrong?
To be reveng'd upon your enemies?
Or to ſnare thoſe who ſpread their ſnares for you?
—Alas! why have not I your youth and beauty,
Or you my ſentiments?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PARMENO.

Par. to Scritus within.] If our old gentleman
Aſks for me, tell him I'm this very moment
Gone to the Port to ſeek for Pamphilus.
D'ye underſtand my meaning, Scritus? If he aſks,
Tell him that; if he ſhou'd not aſk, ſay nothing;
That this excuſe may ſerve another time. [*comes forward.*
—But is not that Philotis? Whence comes ſhe?
Philotis, ſave you!

Phi. Save you, Parmeno!

Syra. Save you, good Parmeno!

Par. And ſave you, Syra!
—Tell me, Philotis, where have you been gadding.
Taking your pleaſure this long time?

Phi. I've taken
No pleaſure, Parmeno, indeed. I went
With a moſt brutal Captain hence to Corinth,
There have I led a wretched life with him,
For two whole years.

Par. Ay, ay, I warrant you
That you have often wiſh'd to be in Athens;
Often repented of your journey.

Phi. Oh,
'Tis quite impoſſible to tell how much
I long'd to be at home, how much I long'd
To leave the Captain, ſee you, revel with you,
After the good old faſhion, free, and eaſy.
For there I durſt not ſpeak a ſingle word,
But what, and when the mighty Captain pleas'd.

Par. 'Twas cruel in him thus to tie your tongue:
At leaſt, I'll warrant, that you thought it ſo.

Phi. But what's this buſineſs, Parmeno? this ſtory

Tha-

That Bacchis has been telling me within?
I could not have believ'd that Pamphilus
Would in her life-time marry.
Par. Marry truly!
Phi. Why he is married: is not he?
Par. He is.
But I'm afraid 'twill prove a crazy match,
And will not hold together long.
Phi. Heav'n grant it.
So it turn out to Bacchis's advantage!
But how can I believe this, Parmeno?
Tell me.
Par. It is not fit it ſhould be told.
Enquire no more.
Phi. For fear I ſhould divulge it?
Now heav'n ſo proſper me, as I enquire,
Not for the ſake of telling it again,
But to rejoice within myſelf.
Par. All theſe
Fair words, Philotis, ſha'nt prevail on me
To truſt my back to your diſcretion.
Phi. Well;
Don't tell me, Parmeno.—As if you had not
Much rather tell this ſecret, than I hear it
Par. She's in the right: I am a blab, 'tis true.
It is my greateſt failing.—Give your word,
You'll not reveal it, and I'll tell you.
Phi. Now
You're like yourſelf again. I give my word.
Speak.
Par. Liſten then.
Phi. I'm all ear.
Par. Pamphilus
Doated on Bacchis ſtill as much as ever,
When the old gentleman began to teaze him

To marry, in the common cant of fathers;
—"That he was now grown old; and Pamphilus
"His only child; and that he long'd for heirs,
"As props of his old age" At firſt my maſter
Withſtood his inſtances, but as his father
Became more hot and urgent, Pamphilus
Began to waver in his mind, and felt
A conflict betwixt love and duty in him.
At length, by hammering on marriage ſtill,
And daily inſtances, th' old man prevail'd,
And made a match with our next neighbour's daughter.
Pamphilus did not take it much to heart,
Till juſt upon the very brink of wedlock:
But when he ſaw the nuptial rites prepar'd,
And, without reſpite, he muſt marry; then
It came ſo home to him, that even Bacchis,
Had ſhe been preſent, muſt have pitied him.
Whenever he could ſteal from company,
And talk to me alone,—"Oh Parmeno,
"What have I done?" he'd cry.—"I'm loſt for ever.
"Into what ruin have I plung'd myſelf!
"I cannot bear it, Parmeno. Ah wretch!
"I am undone."

Phi. Now all the powers of heav'n
Confound you, Laches, for thus teazing him?

Par. In ſhort, he marries, and brings home his wife.
The firſt night he ne'er touch'd her! nor the next.

Phi. How! he a youth, and ſhe a maidenhead!
Tipſy, and never touch her! 'Tis not likely;
Nor do I think it can be true.

Par. No wonder.
For they, that come to you, come all deſire:
But he was bound to her againſt his will.

Phi. What followed upon this?

Par A few days after,

Pamphilus

Pamphilus, taking me aſide, informs me,
" That the maid ſtill remain'd a maid for him ;
" That he had hop'd, before he brought her home,
" He might have born the marriage:—but reſolving
" Within myſelf, not to retain her long,
" I held it neither honeſty in me,
" Nor of advantage to the maid herſelf,
" That I ſhould throw her off to ſcorn :—but rather
" Return her to her friends, as I receiv'd her,
" Chaſte and inviolate."
Phi. A worthy youth,
And of great modeſty !
Par. " To make this public
" Would not, I think, do well : and to return her
" Upon her father's hands, no crime alledg'd,
" As arrogant : but ſhe, I hope, as ſoon
" As ſhe perceives ſhe cannot live with me,
" Will of her own accord depart."
Phi. But tell me ;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis ?
Par. Every day.
But ſhe, as is the way you know, perceiving
He was another's property, became
More croſs and mercenary.
Phi. Troth, no wonder.
Par. Ay, but 'twas that detach'd him chiefly from her.
For when he had examin'd well himſelf,
Bacchis, and her at home ; and had compar'd
Their different manners ; ſeeing that his bride,
After the faſhion of a lib'ral mind,
Was decent, modeſt, patient of affronts,
And anxious to conceal the wrongs he did her ;
Touch'd partly with compaſſion for his wife,
And partly tir'd with t'other's inſolence,
He by degrees withdrew his heart from Bacchis,

Transferring

Transferring it to her, whoſe diſpoſition
Was ſo congenial to his own. Meanwhile
An old relation of the family
Dies in the iſle of Imbrus (11). His eſtate
Comes by the law to them; and our old man
Diſpatching thither, much againſt his will,
The now-fond Pamphilus, he leaves his wife
Here with his mother. The old gentleman
Retir'd into the country (12), and but ſeldom
Comes up to town.

Phi. But what is there in this
That can affect the marriage?

Par. You ſhall hear
Immediately. At firſt, for ſome few days,
The woman ſeem'd to live on friendly terms:
Till all at once the bride, forſooth, conceiv'd
A wonderful diſguſt to Soſtrata: (13)
And yet there was no open breach between them,
And no complaints on either ſide.

Phi. What then?

Par. If Soſtrata, for converſation-ſake,
Went to the bride, ſhe inſtantly withdrew,
Shunning her company. At length, not able
To bear it any longer, ſhe pretends
Her mother had ſent for her to aſſiſt
At ſome home-ſacrifice. Away ſhe went.
After a few days abſence, Soſtrata
Sent for her back. They made ſome lame excuſe,
I know not what. She ſends again. No lady.
Then after ſeveral meſſages, at laſt
They ſay the gentlewoman's ſick. My miſtreſs
Goes on a viſit to her: not let in.
Th' old gentleman, inform'd of all this, came
On this occaſion yeſterday to town;
And waited on the father of the bride.

What paſt between them, I as yet can't tell;
And yet I long to know the end of this.
—There's the whole buſineſs. Now I'll on my way.
Phi. And I: for there's a ſtranger here, with whom I have an aſſignation. (14)
Par. Speed the plough!
Phi. Parmeno, fare you well!
Par. Farewell, Philotis! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

LACHES, SOSTRATA. (15)

Lach. O heav'n and earth, what animals are women!
What a conſpiracy between them all,
To do or not do, love or hate alike!
Not one but has the ſex ſo ſtrong in her,
She differs nothing from the reſt. Step-mothers
All hate their Step-daughters: and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her huſband,
The ſame perverſeneſs running through them all.
Each ſeems train'd up in the ſame ſchool of miſchief:
And of that ſchool, if any ſuch there be,
My wife, I think is ſchool-miſtreſs.
Soſtra. Ah me!
Who know not why I am accus'd.
Lach. Not know?
Soſtra. No, as I hope for mercy! as I hope
We may live long together!
Lach. Heav'n forbid!
Soſtra. Hereafter, Laches, you'll be ſenſible
How wrongfully you have accus'd me.
Lach. I?
Accuſe you wrongfully?——I'ſt poſſible

To

To ſpeak too hardly of your late behaviour?
Diſgracing me, yourſelf, and family;
Laying up ſorrow for your abſent ſon;
Converting into foes his new made friends,
Who thought him worthy of their child in marriage.
You've been our bane, and by your ſhrewiſhneſs
Brew'd this diſturbance.

Soſtra. I?

Lach. You, woman, you!
Who take me for a ſtone, and not a man.
Think ye, becauſe I'm moſtly in the country,
I'm ignorant of your proceedings here?
No, no; I know much better what's done here,
Than where I'm chiefly reſident. Becauſe
Upon my family at home, depends
My character abroad. I knew long ſince
Philumena's diſguſt to you;——no wonder!
Nay, 'twere a wonder, had it not been ſo.
Yet I imagin'd not her hate ſo ſtrong,
'Twould vent itſelf upon the family:
Which had I dream'd of, ſhe ſhould have remain'd,
And you pack'd off,—Conſider, Soſtrata,
How little cauſe you had to vex me thus.
In complaiſance to you, and huſbanding
My fortune, I retir'd into the country:
Scraping, and labouring beyond the bounds
Of reaſon, or my age, that my eſtate
Might furniſh means for your expence and pleaſure.
—Was it not then your duty in return
To ſee that nothing happen'd here to vex me?

Soſtra. 'Twas not my doing, nor my fault indeed.

Lach. 'Twas your fault, Soſtrata; your fault alone.
You was ſole miſtreſs here; and in your care
The houſe, tho' I had freed you of all other cares.
A woman, an old woman too, and quarrel

With a green girl! oh ſhame upon't!—You'll ſay
That 'twas her fault.

Soſtra. Not I indeed, my Laches.

Lach. 'Fore heav'n, I'm glad on't! on my ſon's account.
For as for you, I'm well enough aſſur'd,
No fault can make you worſe.

Soſtra. But prithee, huſband,
How can you tell that her averſion to me
Is not a mere pretence, that ſhe may ſtay
The longer with her mother?

Lach. No ſuch thing.
Was not your viſit yeſterday a proof,
From their denial to admit you to her?

Soſtra. They ſaid ſhe was ſo ſick ſhe could not ſee me.

Lach. Sick of your humours; nothing elſe, I fancy.
And well ſhe might: for there's not one of you
But want your ſons to take a wife: and that's
No ſooner over, but the very woman,
Which by your inſtigation they have married,
They, by your inſtigation, put away.

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] Although, Philumena, I know my pow'r
To force you to comply with my commands;
Yet yielding to paternal tenderneſs,
I e'en give way, nor croſs your humour.

Lach. See,
Phidippus in good time! I'll learn from him
The cauſe of this.—[*going up to him.*] Phidippus, (16) tho' I own
Myſelf indulgent to my family,
Yet my complacency and eaſineſs

Runs

Runs not to that extreme, that my good-nature
Corrupts their morals. Would you act like me,
'Twould be of ſervice to both families.
But you I ſee are wholly in their power.
Phid. See there! (17)
Lach. I waited on you yeſterday
About your daughter: but I went away,
No wiſer than I came. It is not right,
If you would have the alliance laſt between us,
To ſmother your reſentment. If we ſeem
In fault, declare it; that we may refute,
Or make amends for our offence: and you
Shall carve the ſatisfaction out yourſelf.
But if her ſickneſs only is the cauſe
Of her remaining in your family,
Truſt me, Phidippus, but you do me wrong,
To doubt her due attendance at my houſe.
For, by the pow'rs of heav'n, I'll not allow
That you, altho' her father, wiſh her better
Than I. I love her on my ſon's account;
To whom, I'm well convinc'd, ſhe is as dear
As he is to himſelf: and I can tell (18)
How deeply 'twill affect him, if he knows this.
Wherefore I wiſh ſhe ſhould come home again,
Before my ſon's return.
Phid. My good friend Laches,
I know your care, and your benevolence;
Nor doubt but all is as you ſay; and hope
That you'll believe I wiſh for her return,
So I could but effect it.
Lach. What prevents it?
Tell me, Phidippus! does ſhe blame her huſband?
Phid. Not in the leaſt. For when I urg'd it home,
And threaten'd to oblige her to return,
She vow'd moſt ſolemnly, ſhe could not bear

Your

Your houſe, ſo long as Pamphilus was abſent.
—All have their failings: I am of ſo ſoft
A nature, I can't thwart my family.
Lach. (19) Ha, Soſtrata! [*to* Soſtrata, *apart.*
Soſtra. Wretch that I am! Ah me! [*aſide.*
Lach. And her return's impoſſible? [*to* Phidippus.
Phid. At preſent.
—Would you aught elſe with me? for I have buſineſs
That calls me to the Forum.
Lach. I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. How unjuſtly
Do huſbands ſtretch their cenſures to all wives
For the offences of a few, whoſe vices
Reflect diſhonour on the reſt!—For, heaven
So help me, as I'm wholly innocent
Of what my huſband now accuſes me!
But 'tis no eaſy taſk to clear myſelf;
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,
That Step-Mothers are all ſevere.—Not I;
For I have ever lov'd Philumena,
As my own daughter; nor can I conceive
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.
My ſon's return, I hope, will ſettle all;
And, ah, I've too much cauſe to wiſh his coming.
[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PAMPHILUS *and* PARMENO.

Pam. NEVER did man experience greater ills,
More miſeries in love than I.—Diſtraction!
Was it for this I held my life ſo dear?
For this was I ſo anxious to return?
Better, much better were it to have liv'd
In any place, than come to this again!
To feel, and know myſelf a wretch!—For when
Miſchance befals us, all the interval
Between its happening, and our knowledge of it,
May be eſteem'd clear gain.

Par. But as it is,
You'll ſooner be deliver'd from your troubles:
For had you not return'd, the breach between them
Had been made wider. But now, Pamphilus,
Both will, I doubt not, reverence your preſence.
You'll know the whole, make up their difference,
And reconcile them to each other.—Theſe
Are all mere trifles, which you think ſo grievous.

Pam. Ah, why will you attempt to comfort me?
Was ever ſuch a wretch?—Before I married,
My heart, you know, was wedded to another.
—But I'll not dwell upon that miſery,
Which may be eaſily conceiv'd: and yet
I had not courage to refuſe the match
My father forc'd upon me.—Scarcely wean'd
From my old love, my lim'd ſoul ſcarcely freed
From Bacchis, and devoted to my wife,
Than, lo, a new calamity ariſes,
Threatening to tear me from Philumena.
For either I ſhall find my mother faulty,

Or

Or elſe my wife: In either caſe unhappy.
For duty, Parmeno, obliges me
To bear with all the failings of a mother:
And then I am ſo bounden to my wife,
Who, calm as patience, bore the wrongs I did her,
Nor ever murmur'd a complaint.—But ſure
'Twas ſomewhat very ſerious, Parmeno,
That could occaſion ſuch a laſting quarrel.

Par. Rather ſome trifle, if you knew the truth.
The greateſt quarrels do not always riſe
From deepeſt injuries. We often ſee,
That what wou'd never move another's ſpleen,
Renders the cholerick your worſt of foes.
Obſerve how lightly children ſquabble.—Why?
Becauſe they're govern'd by a feeble mind.
Women, like children, too are impotent,
And weak of ſoul. A ſingle word, perhaps,
Has kindled all this enmity between them.

Pam. (20) Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.
[*noiſe within.*

Par. Ha! what's all this?

Pam. Huſh!

Par. I perceive a buſtle,
And running to and fro.—Come this way, ſir!
—To the door!—nearer ſtill!—There, there, d'ye hear?
[*noiſe continues.*

Pam. Peace; huſh! [*ſhreik within*] Oh Jupiter, I heard a ſhriek!

Par. You talk yourſelf, and bid me hold my tongue.

Myrrhina, within.] Huſh, my dear child, for heaven's ſake!

Pam. It ſeem'd
The voice of my wife's mother. I am ruin'd!

Par. How ſo?

Pam. Undone!

Par. And why?

Pam.

Pam. Ah, Parmeno,
They hide ſome terrible misfortune from me!
Par. They ſaid, your wife Philumena was ill:
Whether 'tis that, I cannot tell.
Pam. Death, ſirrah!
Why did you not inform me that before?
Par. Becauſe I could not tell you all at once.
Pam. What's her diſorder?
Par. I don't know.
Pam. But tell me.
Has ſhe had no phyſician?
Par. I don't know.
Pam. But why do I delay to enter ſtrait,
That I may learn the truth, be what it will?
—Oh my Philumena, in what condition
Shall I now find thee?—If there's danger of thee,
My life's in danger too. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

It were not good
That I ſhould follow him into the houſe:
For all our family are odious to them. (21)
That's plain from their denying Soſtrata
Admittance yeſterday.—And if by chance
Her illneſs ſhould increaſe, (which heav'n forbid,
For my poor maſter's ſake!) they'll cry directly,
"Soſtrata's ſervant came into the houſe:"
Swear,—"that I brought the plague along with me,
"Put all their lives in danger, and increas'd
"Philumena's diſtemper."—By which means,
My miſtreſs will be blam'd, and I be beaten.

SCENE III.

Enter SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. Alas, I hear a dreadful noiſe within.
Philumena, I fear, grows worſe and worſe:
Which Æſculapius, and thou, Health, forbid! (22)
But now I'll viſit her. [*goes towards the houſe.*

Par. Ho, Soſtrata!

Soſtra. Who's there?

Par. You'll be ſhut out a ſecond time.

Soſtra. Ha, Parmeno, are you there?—Wretched woman!
What ſhall I do?—Not viſit my ſon's wife,
When ſhe lies ſick at next door!

Par. Do not go;
No, nor ſend any body elſe; for they,
That love the folks, to whom themſelves are odious,
I think are guilty of a double folly:
Their labour proves but idle to themſelves,
And troubleſome to thoſe for whom 'tis meant.
Beſides, your ſon, the moment he arriv'd,
Went in to viſit her.

Soſtra. How, Parmeno!
Is Pamphilus arriv'd?

Par. He is.

Soſtra. Thank heav'n!
Oh, how my comfort is reviv'd by that!

Par. And therefore I ne'er went into the houſe.
For if Philumena's complaints abate,
She'll tell him, face to face, the whole affair,
And what has paſt between you to create
This difference.—But here he comes—how ſad!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Soſtra. My dear boy, Pamphilus!
Pam. My mother, ſave you! [*diſordered.*
Soſtra. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd—How does
Your wife!
Pam. A little better.
Soſtra. Grant it heav'n!
—But why d'ye weep, and why are you ſo ſad!
Pam. Nothing, good mother.
Soſtra. What was all that buſtle?
Tell me, did pain attack her ſuddenly?
Pam. It did.
Soſtra. And what is her complaint?
Pam. A fever.
Soſtra. What! a quotidian?
Par. So they ſay.——But in, (23)
Good mother, and I'll follow.
Soſtra. Be it ſo. [*Exit.*
Pam. Do you run, Parmeno, to meet the ſervants,
And give your help in bringing home the baggage.
Par. As if they did not know the road!
Pam. Away! [*Exit* Parmeno.

SCENE V.

PAMPHILUS *alone.*

Which way ſhall I begin the wretched tale
Of my misfortunes, which have fall'n upon me
Thus unexpectedly? which even now
Theſe very eyes have ſeen, theſe ears have heard?
And which, diſcover'd, drove me out o'doors.
Cover'd with deep confuſion?—For but now

As I ruſh'd in, all anxious for my wife,
And thinking to have found her viſited,
Alas, with a far different complaint;
Soon as her women ſaw me, at firſt ſight
Struck and o'erjoy'd, they all exclaim'd, "He's come!"
And then as ſoon each countenance was chang'd,
That chance had brought me ſo unſeaſonably.
Meanwhile one of them ran before, to ſpeak
Of my arrival. I, who long'd to ſee her,
Directly follow'd; and no ſooner enter'd,
Than her diſorder was, alas, too plain:
For neither had they leiſure to diſguiſe it,
Nor could ſhe ſilence the loud cries of travail.
Soon as I ſaw it, "Oh ſhame, ſhame!" I cried,
And ruſh'd away in tears and agony,
O'erwhelm'd with horror at a ſtroke ſo grievous.
The mother follows me, and at the threſhold
Falls on her knees before me all in tears.
This touch'd me to the ſoul. And certainly
'Tis in the very nature of our minds,
To riſe and fall according to our fortunes.
Thus ſhe addreſs'd me.—"Oh, my Pamphilus,
"The cauſe of her removal from your houſe,
"You've now diſcover'd. To my virgin-daughter
"Some unknown villain offer'd violence;
"And ſhe fled hither to conceal her labour
"From you and from your family."——Alas!
When I but call her earneſt prayers to mind,
I cannot chuſe but weep.—"Whatever chance,"
Continued ſhe, "whatever accident,
"Brought you to-day thus ſuddenly upon us,
"By that we both conjure you—if in juſtice,
"And equity we may—to keep in ſilence,
"And cover her diſtreſs—Oh, Pamphilus,
"If e'er you witneſs'd her affection for you,

By

" By that affection ſhe implores you now,
" Not to refuſe us !—for recalling her,
" Do as your own diſcretion ſhall direct.
" That ſhe's in labour now, or has conceiv'd
" By any other perſon, is a ſecret
" Known but to you alone. For I've been told,
" The two firſt months you had no commerce with her
" (24) And it is now the ſeventh ſince your union.
" Your ſentiments on this are evident.
" But now, my Pamphilus, if poſſible,
" I'll call it a miſcarriage: no one elſe
" But will believe, as probable, 'tis your's.
" The child ſhall be immediately expos'd.
" No inconvenience will ariſe to you;
" While thus you ſhall conceal the injury,
" (25) That my poor girl unworthily ſuſtain'd."
—I promis'd her; and I will keep my word.
But to recall her, wou'd be poor indeed:
Nor will I do it, tho' I love her ſtill.
And former commerce binds me ſtrongly to her.
—I can't but weep, to think how ſad and lonely
My future life will be.—Oh fickle fortune!
How tranſient are thy ſmiles!—But I've been ſchool'd
To patience by my former hapleſs paſſion,
Which I ſubdued by reaſon: and I'll try
By reaſon to ſubdue this too.—But yonder
Comes Parmeno, I ſee, with th' other ſlaves!
He muſt by no means now be preſent, ſince
To him alone I formerly reveal'd, (26)
That I abſtain'd from her when firſt we married:
And if he hears her frequent cries, I fear,
That he'll diſcover her to be in labour.
I muſt diſpatch him on ſome idle errand,
Until Philumena's deliver'd. (27)

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter at a diſtance PARMENO, SOSIA, *and other ſlaves with baggage.*

Par. to Soſia.] Ay?
And had you ſuch a wretched voyage, ſay you?
Soſia. O Parmeno, words can't expreſs how wretched
A ſea-life is.
Par. Indeed?
Soſia. Oh happy Parmeno!
You little know the dangers you've eſcap'd,
Who've never been at ſea.—For not to dwell
On other hardſhips, only think of this!
I was on ſhip-board thirty days or more,
In conſtant fear of ſinking all the while,
The winds ſo contrary, ſuch ſtormy weather!
Par. Dreadful!
Soſia. I found it ſo, I promiſe you.
In ſhort, were I aſſur'd I muſt return,
'Fore heaven, Parmeno, I'd run away
Rather than go on board a ſhip again.
Par. You have been apt enough to think of that
On ſlighter reaſons, Soſia, before now.
—But yonder's my young maſter Pamphilus
Standing before that door.—Go in! I'll to him,
And ſee if he has any buſineſs for me.
[*Exeunt* Soſia, *and the reſt of the ſlaves with the baggage.*
Maſter, are you here ſtill? [*to* Pamphilus.
Pam. Oh Parmeno!
I waited for you,
Par. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
Pam. Run to the Citadel. (28)
Par. Who?

Pam.

Pam. You.
Par. The Citadel!
For what?
Pam. Find out one Callidemides,
My landlord of Mycone, who came over
In the ſame ſhip with me.
Par. A plague upon it!
Would not one ſwear that he had made a vow (29)
To break my wind, if he came home in ſafety,
With running on his errands?
Pam. Away, Sirrah!
Par. What meſſage? muſt I only find him out?
Pam. Yes; tell him, that it is not in my power
To meet him there to-day, as I appointed;
That he mayn't wait for me in vain.—Hence; fly!
Par. But I don't know him, if I ſee him, Sir.
Pam. impatiently.] Well; I'll deſcribe him ſo, you cannot miſs him.
—A large, red, frizzle-pated, groſs, blear-eyed,
I'll-looking fellow.
Par. Plague on him, ſay I!
—What if he ſhould not come, Sir, muſt I wait
Till evening for him?
Pam. Wait.—Be quick!
Par. Be quick?
I can't be quick,—I'm ſo much tir'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

PAMPHILUS *alone.*

He's gone.
What ſhall I do? Alas, I ſcarcely know
How to conceal as Myrrhina deſir'd,
Her daughter's labour. Yet I pity her;
And what I can, I am reſolv'd to do,

Conſiſten

Conſiſtent with my duty: for my parents (30)
Muſt be obey'd before my love.—But ſee!
My father and Phidippus come this way.
How I ſhall act, heav'n knows.

SCENE VIII.

Enter at a diſtance LACHES *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Lach. Did not you ſay
She only waited my ſon's coming?
Phid. Ay.
Lach. They ſay that he's arriv'd. Let her return then!
Pam. behind.] What reaſon I ſhall frame to give my father,
For not recalling her, I cannot tell.
Lach. overhearing.] Whoſe voice was that?
Pam. to himſelf.] And yet I am reſolv'd
To ſtand to my firſt purpoſe.
Lach. ſeeing Pamphilus.] He himſelf,
Whom I was ſpeaking of!
Pam. going up.] My father, ſave you!
Lach. Save you, my ſon!
Phid. Pamphilus, welcome home!
I'm glad to ſee you ſafe, and in good health.
Pam. I do believe it.
Lach. Are you juſt now come?
Pam. Juſt now, Sir.
Lach. Well; and tell me, Pamphilus,
What has our kinſman Phania left us?
Pam. Ah, Sir,
He, his whole life-time, was a man of pleaſure,
And ſuch men ſeldom much enrich their heirs.
Yet he has left at leaſt this praiſe behind him,
"While he liv'd, he liv'd well."
Lach. And have you brought (31)

Nothing

Nothing home with you, but this ſingle ſentence ?
Pam. What he has left, tho' ſmall, is of advantage.
Lach. Advantage ? No, it is a diſadvantage :
For I could wiſh he was alive and well.
Phid. That you may ſafely ; for your wiſhing for't
Will never bring the man to life again :
Yet I know well enough which you'd like beſt. [*aſide.*
Lach. to Pam.] Phidippus order'd that Philumena
Should be ſent over to him yeſterday.
—Say that you order'd it. [*aſide to* Phidippus, *thruſting him.*
Phid. aſide to Laches.] Don't thruſt me ſo.——
I did. [*aloud.*
Lach. But now he'll ſend her home again.
Phid. I will.
Pam. Nay, nay, I know the whole affair.
Since my arrival, I have heard it all.
Lach. Now, plague upon theſe envious tale-bearers,
Who are ſo glad to fetch and carry news !
Pam. to Phid.] That I've endeavour'd to deſerve no blame
From any of the family, I'm conſcious.
Were it my inclination to relate,
How true I've been, how kind, and gentle tow'rds her,
I well might do it : but I rather chuſe,
You ſhould collect it from herſelf. For when
She, altho' now there's enmity between us,
Beſpeaks me fair, you will the ſooner credit
My diſpoſition tow'rds her. And I call
The Gods to witneſs, that this ſeparation
Has not ariſen from my fault. But ſince
She thinks it is beneath her to comply
With Soſtrata, and bear my mother's temper ;
And ſince no other means are to be found
Of reconciliation, I, Phidippus,
Muſt leave my mother or Philumena.

Duty then calls me to regard my mother.

Lach. My Pamphilus, I cannot be diſpleas'd,
That you prefer to all the world a parent.
But take head, your reſentment don't tranſport you
Beyond the bounds of reaſon, Pamphilus.

Pam. Ah, what reſentment can I bear to her,
Who ne'er did any thing I'd wiſh undone,
But has ſo often deſerv'd well of me?
I love her, own her worth, and languiſh for her;
For I have known her tenderneſs of ſoul:
And heaven grant, that with ſome other huſband
She find that happineſs ſhe miſt in me;
From whom the ſtrong hand of neceſſity
Divorces her for ever!

Phid. That event
'Tis in your pow'r to hinder.

Lach. If you're wiſe,
Take your wife home again!

Pam. I cannot, father.
I muſt not ſlack my duty to my mother. [*going.*

Lach. Where are you going? [*Exit* Pamphilus.

SCENE IX.

Manent LACHES, *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. How perverſe is this! [*angrily.*

Lach. Did not I ſay he'd take it ill, Phidippus,
And therefore begg'd you to ſend back your daughter?

Phid. 'Fore heaven I did not think him ſuch a churl.
What! does he fancy I'll go cringing to him?
No;—if he'll take his wife he may:—if not,
Let him refund her portion;—there's an end!

Lach. See there now! you're as fractious as himſelf.

Phid. You're come back obſtinate and proud enough
In conſcience, Pamphilus! [*angrily.*

Lach.

Lach. This anger will ſubſide,
Tho' he has had ſome cauſe to be diſturb'd.
Phid. Becauſe you've had a little money left you,
Your minds are ſo exalted!
Lach. What d'ye quarrel
With me too?
Phid. Let him take to-day to think on't,
And ſend me word if he ſhall have her home,
Or not: that if ſhe don't remain his wife,
She may be given to another. [*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE X.

LACHES *alone.*

Stay!
Hear me! one word, Phidippus! Stay!—He's gone.
—What is't to me?[*angrily.*] E'en let them ſettle it
Among themſelves; ſince nor my ſon, nor he
Take my advice, nor mind one word I ſay.
—This quarrel ſhall go round, I promiſe them:
I'll to my wife, the author of this miſchief,
And vent my ſpleen and anger upon her. (32) [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MYRRHINA *haſtily.*

Myrr. WHAT ſhall I do!—Confuſion!—which way turn?
Alas, what anſwer ſhall I make my huſband?
For I dare ſay he heard the infant's cries,
He ran ſo haſtily, without a word,
Into my daughter's chamber. If he finds
That ſhe has been deliver'd, what excuſe

To make, for having thus conceal'd her labour,
I can't deviſe.—But our door creaks!—'tis he.
I am undone.

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. Soon as my wife perceiv'd (33)
That I was going to my daughter's chamber,
She ſtole directly out o'doors.—But there
She ſtands.—Why, how now, Myrrhina?
Holo, I ſay! [*She affects not to ſee him.*

Myrr. D'ye call me, huſband?

Phid. Huſband!
Am I your huſband? am I ev'n a man?
For had you thought me to be either, woman,
You would not dare to play upon me thus.

Myrr. How!

Phid. How?—My daughter has been brought to bed.
—Ha! are you dumb?—By whom?

Myrr. Is that a queſtion
For you, who are her father, to demand?
Alas, by whom d'ye think, unleſs her huſband?

Phid. So I believe: nor is it for a father
To ſuppoſe otherwiſe: But yet I wonder,
That you have thus conceal'd her labour from us
Eſpecially as ſhe has been deliver'd
At her full time, and all is as it ſhou'd be.
What! Is there ſuch perverſeneſs in your nature,
As rather to deſire the infant's death,
Than that his birth ſhou'd knit the bond of friendſhip
Cloſer betwixt us; rather than my daughter,
Againſt your liking, ſhou'd remain the wife
Of Pamphilus?——I thought all this
Had been their fault, while you're alone to blame.

Myrr.

Myrr. How wretched am I!
Phid. Would to heav'n you were!
—But now I recollect your converſation
When firſt we made this match, you then declar'd
You'd not endure ſhe ſhould remain the wife
Of Pamphilus, who follow'd miſtreſſes,
And paſs'd the nights abroad.
Myrr. I had much rather
He ſhould think any reaſon, than the true one. [*aſide.*
Phid. I knew he kept a miſtreſs; knew it long
Ere you did, Myrrhina; but I could never
Think that offence ſo grievous in a youth,
Seeing 'tis natural to them all: and ſoon
The time ſhall come, when he'll ſtand ſelf-reprov'd.
But you, perverſe and wilful as at firſt,
Could take no reſt, till you had brought away
Your daughter, and annull'd the match, I made;
There's not a circumſtance, but loudly ſpeaks
Your evil diſpoſition to the marriage.
Myrr. D'ye think me then ſo obſtinate, that I,
Who am her mother, ſhou'd betray this ſpirit,
Granting the match were of advantage to us?
Phid. Is it for you then to foreſee, or judge
What's of advantage to us? You perhaps
Have heard from ſome officious buſy body,
That they have ſeen him going to his miſtreſs,
Or coming from her houſe: and what of that,
So it were done diſcreetly, and but ſeldom?
Were it not better that we ſhould diſſemble
Our knowledge of it, than pry into things,
Which to appear to know wou'd make him hate us?
For could he tear her from his heart at once,
To whom he'd been ſo many years attach'd,
I ſhould not think he were a man, or likely
To prove a conſtant huſband to my daughter.

Myrr.

Myrr. No more of Pamphilus, or my offence ;
Since you will have it ſo !—Go, find him out ;
Confer with him alone, and fairly aſk him,
Will he, or no, take back Philumena ?
If he avows his inclination to't,
Reſtore her ; but if he refuſes it,
Allow, I've ta'en good counſel for my child.

Phid. Grant, he ſhou'd prove repugnant to the match,
Grant, you perceiv'd this in him, Myrrhina ;
Was not I preſent ! had not I a right
To be conſulted in't ?—It makes me mad,
That you ſhould dare to act without my order :
And I forbid you to remove the child
Out of this houſe.—But what a fool am I,
Enjoining her obedience to my orders !
I'll in, and charge the ſervants, not to ſuffer
The infant to be carried forth. [*Exit*

SCENE III.

MYRRHINA *alone.*

No woman more unhappy than myſelf :
For how he'd bear it, did he know the whole,
When he has taken ſuch offence at this,
Which is of much leſs conſequence, is plain.
Nor by what means to reconcile him to it,
Can I deviſe. After ſo many ills,
This only miſery there yet remain'd,
To be oblig'd to educate the child,
Ignorant of the father's quality.
For he, the cruel ſpoiler of her honour,
Taking advantage of the night and darkneſs,
My daughter was not able to diſcern
His perſon ; nor to force a token from him,
Whereby he might be afterwards diſcover'd :

But

But he, at his departure, pluck'd by force
A ring from off her finger (34).——I fear too,
That Pamphilus will not contain himſelf,
Nor longer keep our ſecret, when he finds
Another's child acknowledg'd for his own. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SOSTRATA, PAMPHILUS.

Soſtra. Dear ſon, I'm not to learn that you ſuppoſe,
Tho' you diſſemble your ſuſpicions to me,
That my ill-humour caus'd your wife's departure.
But by my truſt in heav'n, and hopes in you,
I never knowingly did any thing
To draw her hatred and diſguſt upon me.
I always thought you lov'd me, and to-day
You have confirm'd my faith: for even now
Your father has been telling me within,
How much you held me dearer than your love.
Now therefore, on my part, I am reſolv'd
To equal you in all good offices;
That you may know your mother ne'er withholds
The juſt rewards of filial piety;
Finding it then both meet for your repoſe,
My Pamphilus, as well as my good name,
I have determin'd to retire directly
From hence into the country with your father;
So ſhall my preſence be no obſtacle,
Nor any cauſe remain, but that your wife
Return immediately.

Pam. What thoughts are theſe?
Shall her perverſeneſs drive you out of town?
It ſhall not be: Nor will I draw, good mother,
That cenſure on me, that my obſtinacy,
Not your good-nature was the cauſe.—Beſides,

That

That you ſhould quit relations, friends, diverſions,
On my account, I can't allow.

Soſtra. Alas,
Thoſe things have no allurements for me now.
While I was young, and 'twas the ſeaſon for them.
I had my ſhare, and I am ſatisfied.
'Tis now my chief concern to make my age
Eaſy to all, (35) that no one may regret
My lengthen'd life, nor languiſh for my death.
Here, altho' undeſervedly, I ſee (36)
My preſence odious: I had beſt retire:
So ſhall I beſt cut off all diſcontent,
Abſolve myſelf from this unjuſt ſuſpicion,
And humour them. Permit me then to ſhun
The common ſcandal thrown upon the ſex.

Pam. How fortunate in every thing but one,
Having ſo good a mother,—ſuch a wife!

Soſtra. Patience, my Pamphilus! Is't poſſible
You can't endure one inconvenience in her?
If in all elſe, as I believe, you like her,
Dear ſon, be rul'd by me, and take her home!

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Soſtra. And I am wretched too:
For this grieves me, my ſon, no leſs than you.

SCENE V.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. I have been ſtanding at a diſtance, wife,
And overheard your converſation with him.
You have done wiſely to ſubdue your temper,
And freely to comply with what, perhaps,
Hereafter muſt be done.

Soſtra. And let it be! (37)

Lach. Now then retire with me into the country:

There

There I ſhall bear with you, and you with me.
Soſtra. I hope we ſhall.
Lach. Go in then, and pack up
The neceſſaries you would carry with you.
Away!
Soſtra. I ſhall obey your orders. [*Exit.*
Pam. Father!
Lach. Well, Pamphilus?
Pam. My mother leave the town?
By no means.
Lach. Why?
Pam. Becauſe I'm yet uncertain
What I ſhall do about my wife.
Lach. How's that?
What *would* you do, but take her home again?
Pam. 'Tis what I wiſh for, and can ſcarce forbear it.
But I'll not alter what I firſt deſign'd.
What's beſt I'll follow: and I'm well convinc'd
That there's no other way to make them friends,
But that I ſhould not take her home again.
Lach. You don't know that: but 'tis of no importance
Whether they're friends or not, when Soſtrata
Is gone into the country. We old folks
Are odious to the young. We'd beſt retire.
In ſhort we're grown a by-word, Pamphilus,
" (38) The old man and old woman."—But I ſee
Phidippus coming in good time. Let's meet him!

SCENE VI.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] I'm angry with you—'fore hea-
ven, very angry,
Philumena!—You've acted ſhamefully.
Though you indeed have ſome excuſe for't, ſeeing

Your mother urg'd you to't; but ſhe has none.
Lach. You're come upon us in good time, Phidippus;
Juſt in the time we wanted you.
Phid. What now?
Pam. What anſwer ſhall I give them! (39) how explain? [*aſide.*
Lach. Inform your daughter, Soſtrata will hence
Into the country; ſo Philumena
Need not dread coming home again.
Phid. Ah, friend!
Your wife has never been in fault at all:
All this has ſprung from my wife Myrrhina.
The caſe is alter'd. She confounds us Laches.
Pam. So that I may not take her home again,
Confound affairs who will! [*aſide.*
Phid. I, Pamphilus,
Would fain, if poſſible, make this alliance
Perpetual between our families.
But if you cannot like it, take the child. (40)
Pam. He knows of her delivery. Confuſion: [*aſide.*
Lach. The child! what child?
Phid. We've got a grandſon, Laches.
For when my daughter left your houſe, ſhe was
With child, it ſeems, altho' I never knew it
Before this very day.
Lach. 'Fore heav'n, good news!
And I rejoice to hear a child is born,
And that your daughter had a ſafe delivery.
But what a woman is your wife, Phidippus?
Of what a diſpoſition? to conceal
Such an event as this? I can't expreſs
How much I think ſhe was to blame.
Phid. This pleaſes me, no more than you, good Laches
Pam. Altho' my mind was in ſuſpence before,
My doubts all vaniſh now. I'll ne'er recall her,

Since

Since ſhe brings home with her another's child. [*aſide.*

Lach. There is no room for choice now, Pamphilus.

Pam. Confuſion! [*aſide.*

Lach. We've oft wiſh'd to ſee the day,
When you ſhould have a child, to call you father.
That day's now come. The Gods be thank'd!

Pam. Undone! [*aſide.*

Lach. Recall your wife, and don't oppoſe my will.

Pam. If ſhe had wiſh'd for children by me, father,
Or to remain my wife, I'm very ſure
She never would have hid this matter from me:
But now I ſee her heart divorc'd from me,
And think we never can agree hereafter,
Wherefore ſhould I recall her?

Lach. A young woman
Did as her mother had perſuaded her.
Is that ſo wonderful? and do you think
To find a woman without any fault?
—Or is't becauſe the *men* are ne'er to blame? [*ironically.*

Phid. Conſider with yourſelves then, gentlemen,
Whether you'll part with her, or call her home.
What my wife does, I cannot help, you know.
Settle it as you pleaſe, you've my conſent,
But for the child, what ſhall be done with him?

Lach. A pretty queſtion truly! come what may,
Send his own bantling home to him of courſe,
That we may educate him.

Pam. When his own (41)
Father abandons him, I educate him?

Lach. What ſaid you? how! not educate him, ſay you?
Shall we expoſe him rather, Pamphilus?
What madneſs is all this?—My breath, and blood!
I can contain no longer. You oblige me
To ſpeak, againſt my will, before Phidippus:

Think you I'm ignorant whence flow thoſe tears?
Or why you're thus diſorder'd and diſtreſs'd?
Firſt, when you gave as a pretence, *you could not*
Recall your wife from reverence to your mother,
She promis'd to retire into the country.
But, now, ſince that excuſe is taken from you,
You've made *her private lying-in* another.
You are miſtaken if you think me blind
To your intentions—That you might at laſt
Bring home your ſtray affections to your wife,
How long a time to wean you from your miſtreſs
Did I allow? your wild expence upon her
How patiently I bore? I preſs'd, intreated,
That you would take a wife. 'Twas time, I ſaid
At my repeated inſtances you married,
And, as in duty bound to do, complied:
But now your heart is gone abroad again
After your miſtreſs, whom to gratify,
You throw this wanton inſult on your wife.
For I can plainly ſee you are relaps'd
nto your former life again.

Pam. Me?

Lach. You.

And 'tis baſe in you, to invent falſe cauſes
Of quarrel with your wife, that you may live
In quiet with your miſtreſs, having put
This witneſs from you. This your wife perceiv'd.
For was there any other living reaſon,
Wherefore ſhe ſhould depart from you?

Phid. He's right,
That was the very thing.

Pam. I'll take my oath,
'Twas none of thoſe, that you have mention'd:

Lach. Ah,
Recall your wife: or tell me, why you will not.

Pam.

Pam. 'Tis not convenient now.
Lach. Take home the child then.
For *he* at leaſt is not in fault, I'll ſee
About the mother afterwards.
Pam. to himſelf.] Ev'ry way
I am a wretch, nor know I what to do:
My father has me in the toils, and I,
By ſtruggling to get looſe, am more entangled.
I'll hence, ſince preſent I ſhall profit little.
For I believe they'll hardly educate
The child againſt my will; eſpecially
Seeing my ſtep-mother will ſecond me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent PHIDIPPUS, LACHES.

Lach. Going? how's that? and give me no plain anſwer!
—D'ye think he's in his ſenſes?—Well—ſend home
The child to me, Phidippus. I'll take care on't.
Phid. I will.—I cannot wonder that my wife
Took this ſo ill. Women are paſſionate,
And can't away with ſuch affronts as theſe.
This was their quarrel: nay ſhe told me ſo,
Though before him I did not care to ſpeak on't:
Nor did I credit it at firſt; but now
'Tis evident, and I can plainly ſee
He has no ſtomach to a wife.
Lach. Phidippus,
How ſhall I act? What's your advice?
Phid. How act?
I think 'twere beſt to ſeek this wench, his miſtreſs.
Let us expoſtulate the matter with her,
Speak to her roundly, nay, e'en threaten her,
If ſhe has aught to do with him hereafter.

Lach.

Lach. I'll follow your advice.—Ho, boy! [*Enter a boy.*] run over
To Bacchis. Tell her to come forth to me. [*Exit boy.*
—I muſt beſeech you alſo to continue
Your kind aſſiſtance to me in this buſineſs.

Phid. Ah, Laches! I have told you all along,
And I repeat it now, that 'tis my wiſh
To render our alliance firm and laſting,
If poſſible, as I have hopes it will be.
—But would you have me preſent at your conference
With Bacchis? (42)

Lach. No; go, ſeek the child a nurſe. [*Exit* Phidippus.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BACCHIS *attended by her Women.*

Bacc. to herſelf.] 'Tis not for nothing Laches wants to ſee me;
And, or I'm much deceiv'd, I gueſs the cauſe.

Lach. to himſelf.] I muſt take care my anger don't tranſport me
Beyond the bounds of prudence, which may hinder
My gaining my deſign on her, and urge me
To do what I may afterwards repent.
I'll to her.—[*going up.*] Save you, Bacchis!

Bacc. Save you, Laches!

Lach. Bacchis, I do not doubt but you're ſurpriz'd
That I ſhould ſend the boy to call you forth.

Bacc. Ay, and I'm fearful too, when I reflect
Both who and what I am: leſt my vocation
Should prejudice me in your good opinion.
My conduct I can fully juſtify.

Lach. If you ſpeak truth, you're in no danger, woman.
For I'm arriv'd at that age, when a treſpaſs
Would not be eaſily forgiven in me.

Where-

Wherefore I ſtudy to proceed with caution,
And to do nothing raſhly. If you act,
And will continue to act honeſtly,
It were ungenerous to do you wrong,
And ſeeing you deſerve it not, unjuſt.

Bacc. Truly, this conduct aſks my higheſt thanks;
For he who does the wrong, and then aſks pardon,
Makes but a ſorry reparation for it.
But what's your pleaſure?

Lach. You receive the viſits
Of my ſon Pamphilus——

Bacc. Ah!——

Lach. Let me ſpeak.
Before he married I endur'd your love.
—Stay! I've not finiſh'd all I have to ſay.—
He is now married. You then, while 'tis time,
Seek out another, and more conſtant friend.
For he will not be fond of you for ever,
Nor you, good faith, for ever in your bloom.

Bacc. Who tells you that I ſtill receive the viſits
Of Pamphilus?

Lach. His ſtep-mother.

Bacc. I?

Lach. You.
And therefore has withdrawn her daughter: therefore
Meant ſecretly to kill the new-born child.

Bacc. Did I know any thing, to gain your credit,
More ſacred than an oath, I'd uſe it, Laches,
In ſolemn proteſtation to aſſure you,
That I have had no commerce with your ſon
Since he was married. (43)

Lach. Good girl! but dy'e know
What I would farther have you do?

Bacc. Inform me.

Lach. Go to the women here, and offer them

The

The ſame oath. Satisfy their minds, and clear
Yourſelf from all reproach in this.

Bacc. I'll do't.

Although I'm ſure no other of my calling
Would ſhew herſelf before a married woman
Upon the ſame occaſion.—But it hurts me
To ſee your ſon ſuſpected on falſe grounds;
And that to thoſe, who owe him better thoughts,
His conduct ſhould ſeem light. For he deſerves
All my beſt offices.

Lach. Your converſation has much wrought upon me,
Gain'd my good-will, and alter'd my opinion.
For not the women only thought thus of you,
But I believ'd it too. Now therefore ſince
I've found you better than my expectation,
Prove ſtill the ſame, and make my friendſhip ſure.
If otherwiſe—But I'll contain myſelf. I'll not
Say any thing ſevere.—But I adviſe you,
Rather experience what a friend I am,
That what an enemy.

Bacc. I'll do my beſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter PHIDIPPUS *and a Nurſe.*

Phid. to the Nurſe.] Nay, you ſhall want for nothing at my houſe;
I'll give you all that's needful in abundance,
But when you've eat and drank your fill yourſelf,
Take care to ſatisfy the infant too.

Lach. I ſee the father of Philumena
Coming this way. He brings the child a nurſe.
—Phidippus, Bacchis ſwears moſt ſolemnly—

Phid. Is this ſhe?

Lach. Ay.

Phid.

Phid. They never mind the Gods,
Nor do I think the Gods mind them.
Bacc. Here are
My waiting-women: take them, and extort
By any kind of torment the truth from them.
—Our preſent buſineſs is, I take it, this:
That I ſhould win the wife of Pamphilus
To return home; which ſo I but effect,
I ſha'n't regret the fame of having done
What others of my calling would avoid. (44)
Lach. Phidippus, we've diſcover'd that in fact
We both ſuſpected our wives wrongfully.
Let's now try her: for if your wife perceives
Her own ſuſpicions alſo are unjuſt,
She'll drop her anger. If my ſon's offended,
Becauſe his wife conceal'd her labour from him,
That's but a trifle; he'll be ſoon appeas'd.
—And truly I ſee nothing in this matter,
That need occaſion a divorce.
Phid. 'Fore heaven,
I wiſh that all may end well.
Lach. Here ſhe is:
Examine her; ſhe'll give you ſatisfaction.
Phid. What needs all this to Me! You know my mind
Already, Laches: do but make them eaſy.
Lach. Bacchis, be ſure you keep your promiſe with me.
Bacc. Shall I go in then for that purpoſe?
Lach. Ay.
Go in; remove their doubts, (45) and ſatisfy them.
Bacc. I will; altho' I'm very ſure my preſence
Will be unwelcome to them; for a wife,
When parted from her huſband, to a miſtreſs
Is a ſure enemy.
Lach. They'll be your friends,
When once they know the reaſon of your coming.

Phid. Ay, ay, they'll be your friends, I promiſe you,
When they once learn your errand; for you'll free
Them from miſtake, yourſelf from all ſuſpicion.
Bacc. I'm cover'd with confuſion. I'm aſham'd
To ſee Philumena.—[*to her women*] You two, in after me.
[*Exeunt* Phid. Bacc. *&c.*

LACHES *alone* (46).

What is there that could pleaſe me more than this,
That Bacchis, without any loſs, ſhould gain
Favour from them, and do me ſervice too?
For if ſhe really has withdrawn herſelf
From Pamphilus, it will increaſe, ſhe knows,
Her reputation, intereſt, and honour:
Since by this generous act ſhe will at once
Oblige my ſon, and make us all her friends. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PARMENO *alone.*

I'Faith my maſter holds my labour cheap,
To ſend me to the Citadel for nothing,
Where I have waited the whole day in vain
For his Myconian, Callidemides.
There was I ſitting, gaping like a fool,
And running up, if any one appear'd,
—"Are you, Sir, a Myconian?"——"No not I."—
—"But your name's Callidemides?"——"Not it."—
"And have not you a gueſt here, of the name
"Of Pamphilus?"—All anſwer'd, No.
In ſhort, I don't believe there's ſuch a man.
At laſt I grew aſham'd, and ſo ſneak'd off.

—But

But is't not Bacchis that I ſee come forth
From our new kinſman? What can ſhe do there?

SCENE II.

Enter BACCHIS.

Bacc. Oh Parmeno, I'm glad I've met with you.
Run quick to Pamphilus. (47)
Par. On what account?
Bacc. Tell him, that I deſire he'd come.
Par. To you?
Bacc. No; to Philumena.
Par. Why? what's the matter?
Bacc. Nothing to you; ſo aſk no queſtions.
Par. Muſt I
Say nothing elſe?
Bacc. Yes; tell him too,
That Myrrhina acknowledges the ring,
Which formerly he gave me, as her daughter's.
Par. I underſtand you. But is that all?
Bacc. All.
He'll come the moment that you tell him that.
What! do you loiter?
Par. No, i'faith, not I.
I have not had it in my pow'r, I've been
So bandied to and fro, ſent here and there,
Trotting, and running up and down all day. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

BACCHIS *alone.* (48)

What joy have I procur'd to Pamphilus
By coming here to day! what bleſſings brought him!
And from how many ſorrows reſcued him!
His ſon, by his and their means nearly loſt,

I've ſav'd; a wife, he meant to put away,
I have reſtor'd; and from the ſtrong ſuſpicions
Of Laches and Phidippus ſet him free.
—Of all theſe things the ring has been the cauſe.
For I remember, near ten months ago,
That he came running home to me one evening,
Breathleſs, alone, and much inflam'd with wine,
Bringing this ring. I was alarm'd at it.
" Prithee, my deareſt Pamphilus, ſaid I, (49)
" Whence comes all this confuſion? whence this ring?
" Tell, me my love."—He put me off at firſt:
Perceiving this, it made me apprehend
Something of ſerious import, and I urg'd him
More earneſtly to tell me.—He confeſs'd,
That, as he came along, he had committed
A rape upon a virgin—whom he knew not—
And as ſhe ſtruggled, forc'd from her that ring:
Which Myrrhina now ſeeing on my finger,
Immediately acknowledg'd, and enquir'd,
How I came by it. I told all this ſtory: (50)
Whence 'twas diſcover'd, that Philumena
Was ſhe who had been raviſh'd, and the child
Conceiv'd from that encounter.—That I've been
The inſtrument of all theſe joys I'm glad,
Tho' other courtezans would not be ſo;
Nor is it for our profit and advantage,
That lovers ſhould be happy in their marriage.
But never will I, for my calling's ſake,
Suffer ingratitude to taint my mind.
I found him, while occaſion gave him leave,
Kind, pleaſant, and good-humour'd: and this marriage
Happen'd unluckily, I muſt confeſs.
Yet I did nothing to eſtrange his love;
And ſince I have receiv'd much kindneſs from him,
'Tis fit I ſhou'd endure this one affliction.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance PAMPHILUS *and* PARMENO.

Pam. Be ſure you prove this to me, Parmeno;
Prithee, be ſure on't. Do not bubble me
With falſe and ſhort-liv'd joy.
Par. 'Tis even ſo.
Pam. For certain?
Par. Ay, for certain.
Pam. I'm in heaven,
If this be ſo.
Par. You'll find it very true.
Pam. Hold, I beſeech you.—I'm afraid, I think
One thing, while you relate another.
Par. Well?
Pam. You ſaid, I think, "that Myrrhina diſcover'd
"The ring on Bacchis' finger, was her own."
Par. She did.
Pam. "The ſame I gave her formerly.
"—And Bacchis bad you run and tell me this."
Is it not ſo?
Par. I tell you, ſir, it is.
Pam. Who is more fortunate, more bleſt than I?
—What ſhall I give you for this news? what? what?
I don't know.
Par. But I know.
Pam. What?
Par. Juſt nothing.
For I ſee nothing of advantage to you,
Or in the meſſage, or myſelf.
Pam. Shall I
Permit you to go unrewarded; you,
Who have reſtor'd me ev'n from death to life?
Ah, Parmeno, d'ye think me ſo ungrateful?

—But

—But yonder's Bacchis ſtanding at the door.
She waits for me, I fancy. I'll go to her.
Bacc. ſeeing him.] Pamphilus, ſave you!
Pam. Bacchis! my dear Bacchis!
My guardian! my protectreſs!
Bacc. All is well:
And I'm o'erjoy'd at it.
Pam. Your actions ſpeak it.
You're ſtill the charming girl I ever found you.
Your preſence, company, and converſation,
Come where you will, bring joy and pleaſure with them.
Bacc. And you, in faith, are ſtill the ſame as ever,
The ſweeteſt, moſt engaging man on earth.
Pam. Ha! ha! ha! that ſpeech from you, dear Bacchis?
Bacc. You lov'd your wife with reaſon, Pamphilus:
Never that I remember, did I ſee her
Before to-day; and ſhe's a charming woman.
Pam. Speak truth.
Bacc. So heaven help me, Pamphilus!
Pam. Say, have you told my father any part
Of this tale?
Bacc. Not a word.
Pam. Nor is there need.
Let all be huſh! I would not have it here,
As in a comedy, (51) where every thing
Is known to every body. Here, thoſe perſons
Whom it concerns, already know it; they,
Who 'twere not meet ſhou'd know it, never ſhall.
Bacc. I promiſe you, it may with eaſe be hid.
Myrrhina told Philippus, that my oath
Convinc'd her, and ſhe held you clear.
Pam. Good! good!
All will be well, and all, I hope, end well.
Par. May I know, ſir, what good I've done to-day?
And what's the meaning of your converſation?

Pam.

Pam. No.

Par. I ſuſpect however.—" I reſtore him
From death to life" —which way?——

Pam. Oh, Parmeno,
You can't conceive the good you've done to-day;
From what diſtreſs you have deliver'd me.

Par. Ah, but I know, and did it with deſign.

Pam. Oh, I'm convinc'd of that. [*ironically.*

Par. Did Parmeno
Ever let ſlip an opportunity
Of doing what he ought, ſir?

Pam. Parmeno,
In after me!

Par. I follow.—By my troth,
I've done more good to-day without deſign,
Than ever with deſign in all my life.—
(52) Clap your hands!

PHORMIO.

ACTED AT THE ROMAN SPORTS, (1)

L. Poſtumius Albinus, and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Muſic, compoſed for Unequal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: taken entirely from the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus: (2) Acted four times, C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Conſuls.

Year of Rome——————592
Before Chriſt——————159

Phaniuna

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

DEMIPHO.

CHREMES.

ANTIPHO.

PHÆDRIA.

CRATINUS.

CRITO.

HEGIO.

PHORMIO.

DORIO.

GETA.

DAVUS, and other Servants.

NAUSISTRATA.

SOPHRONA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THE Old Bard (3) finding it impoſſible
To draw our Poet from the love of verſe,
And bury him in indolence, attempts
By calumny to ſcare him from the ſtage;
Pretending, that in all his former plays
The characters are low, and mean the ſtile; (4)
Becauſe he ne'er deſcrib'd a mad-brain'd youth, (5)
Who in his fits of phrenzy thought he ſaw
A hind, the dogs in full cry after her;
Her too imploring and beſeeching him
To give her aid.—But did he underſtand,
That when the piece was firſt produc'd, it ow'd,
More to the actor, than himſelf, its ſafety,
He would not be thus bold to give offence.
—But if there's any one that ſays, or thinks,
" That had not the Old Bard aſſail'd him firſt,
" Our Poet could not have devis'd a Prologue,
" Having no matter for abuſe;"—let ſuch
Receive for anſwer, " that altho' the prize
" To all advent'rers is held out in common,
" The Veteran Poet meant to drive our Bard
" From ſtudy into want: *He* therefore choſe
" To anſwer, though he would not firſt offend.
" And had his adverſary but have prov'd
" A generous rival, he had had due praiſe;
" Let him then bear theſe cenſures, and reflect,
" Of his own ſlanders 'tis the due return.
" But henceforth I ſhall ceaſe to ſpeak of him,
" Altho' he ceaſes not himſelf to rail."
But now what I'd requeſt of you, attend:

To-day I bring a new play, which the Greeks
Call Epidicazomenos (6); the latins,
From the chief character, name Phormio:
Phormio, whom you will find a parasite,
And the chief engine of the plot.—And now,
If to our Poet you are well inclin'd,
Give ear; be favourable; and be silent!
Let us not meet the same ill fortune now, (7)
That we before encounter'd, when our troop
Was by a tumult driven from their place;
To which the actor's merit, seconded
By your good-will and candour, has restor'd us.

PHOR-

PHORMIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DAVUS *alone.* (8)

GETA, my worthy friend and countryman, (9)
Came to me yeſterday: for ſome time paſt
I've ow'd him ſome ſmall balance of account:
This, he deſir'd, I wou'd make up: I have;
And brought it with me: for his maſter's ſon,
I am inform'd, has lately got a wife:
So I ſuppoſe this ſum is ſcrap'd together
For a bride-gift. Alack, how hard it is,
That he, who is already poor, ſhould ſtill
Throw in his mite, to ſwell the rich man's heap!
(10) What he ſcarce, ounce by ounce, from ſhort allowance,
Sorely defrauding his own appetite, (11)
Has ſpar'd, poor wretch! ſhall ſhe ſweep all at once,
Unheeding with what labour it was got.
Geta, moreover, ſhall be ſtruck for more; (12)
Another gift, when madam's brought to bed;—
Another too, when maſter's birth-day's kept,
And they initiate him (13).——All this mama
Shall carry off, the bantling her excuſe.
But is that Geta?

touch'd

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter GETA.

Get. at entering.] If a red-hair'd man
Enquire for me———
Dav. No more! he's here.
Get. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.
Dav. Here, take this! [*gives a purſe.*] 'tis all told: you'll find it right;
The ſum I ow'd you.
Get. Honeſt, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.
Dav. And well you may, as men and times go now
Things, by my troth, are come to ſuch a paſs,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.—But, pray, why ſo ſad?
Get. I?—You can ſcarce imagine in what dread,
What danger I am in.
Dav. How ſo?
Get. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it ſecret.
Dav. Away, fool!
The man, whoſe faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to truſt with words?—And to what end
Shou'd I deceive you?
Get. Liſt then!
Dav. I'm all ear.
Get. Dy'e know our old man's elder brother, Chremes?
Dav. Know him? ay ſure.
Get. You do?—And his ſon Phædria?
Dav. As well as I know you.
Get. It ſo fell out,
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth

At

At the ſame ſeaſon. He to Lemnos, our's
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
By wheedling letters, almoſt promiſing
Mountains of gold.
Dav. To one that had ſo much
More than enough already?
Get. Prithee, peace!
Money's his paſſion.
Dav. Oh, would I had been
A man of fortune, I!
Get. At their departure,
The two old gentlemen appointed me
A kind of governor to both their ſons.
Dav. A hard taſk, Geta!
Get. Troth, I found it ſo.
My angry Genius for my ſins ordain'd it. (14)
At firſt I took upon me to oppoſe:
In ſhort, while I was truſty to th' old man,
The young one made my ſhoulders anſwer for it.
Dav. So I ſuppoſe: for what a fooliſh taſk
To kick againſt the pricks! (15)
Get. I then reſolv'd
To give them their own way in every thing.
Dav. Ay, then you made your market. (16)
Get. Our young ſpark
Play'd no mad pranks at firſt: but Phædria
Got him immediately a muſick-girl:
Fond of her to diſtraction! ſhe belong'd
To a moſt avaricious ſordid pimp;
Nor had we aught to give;—th' old gentleman
Had taken care of that. Nought elſe remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
To lead her out to ſchool, (17) and hand her home.
We too, for lack of other buſineſs, gave

Our

Our time to Phædria. Oppoſite the ſchool,
Whither ſhe went to take her leſſons, ſtood
(18) A barber's ſhop, wherein moſt commonly
We waited her return. Hither one day
Came a young man in tears (19): we were amaz'd,
And aſk'd the cauſe. Never (ſaid he, and wept)
Did I ſuppoſe the weight of poverty
A load ſo ſad, ſo inſupportable,
As it appear'd but now.—I ſaw but now,
Not far from hence, a miſerable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother (20). Near the corpſe
She ſat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,
Except one poor old woman, was there near
To aid the funeral. I pitied her:
Her beauty too was exquiſite.—In ſhort
He mov'd us all: and Antipho at once
Cried, "Shall we go and viſit her?"—Why, ay,
"I think ſo," ſaid the other, "let us go!"
"Conduct us, if you pleaſe."—We went, arriv'd,
And ſaw her.—Beautiful ſhe was indeed!
More juſtly to be reckon'd ſo, for ſhe
Had no additions to ſet off her beauty.
Her hair dithevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,
In tears, and miſerably clad: that if
The life and ſoul of beauty had not dwelt
Within her very form, all theſe together
Muſt have extinguiſh'd it.—The ſpark, poſſeſs'd
Already with the muſick-girl, juſt cried,
"She's well enough."—But our young gentleman—
Dav. Fell, I ſuppoſe, in love.
Get. In love indeed.
But mark the end! next day, away he goes
To the old woman, ſtraight, beſeeching her
To let him have the girl.—"Not ſhe indeed!
"Nor was it like a gentleman, ſhe ſaid,

"For

" For him to think on't : She's a citizen,
" An honeſt girl, and born of honeſt parents :—
" If he wou'd marry her indeed, by law
" He might do *that ;* on no account, aught elſe."
—Our ſpark, diſtracted, knew not what to do :
At once he long'd to marry her, at once
Dreaded his abſent father.

Dav. Wou'd not he,
Had he return'd, have giv'n conſent ?

Get. To wed
A girl of neither family nor fortune ?
Never.

Dav. What then ?

Get. What then ! There is a paraſite,
One Phormio, a bold enterpriſing fellow,
Who—all the Gods confound him !—

Dav. What did he ?

Get. Gave us the following counſel.—" There's a law
" That orphan Girls ſhou'd wed their next of kin,
" Which law obliges too their next of kin
" To marry them.—I'll ſay, that you're her kinſman,
" And ſue a writ againſt you. I'll pretend
" To be her father's friend, and bring the cauſe
" Before the judges. Who her father was,
" Her mother who, and how ſhe's your relation,
" All this ſham evidence I'll forge ; by which
" The cauſe will turn entirely in my favour.
" You ſhall diſprove no title of the charge ;
" So I ſucceed.—Your father will return ;
" Proſecute me ;—what then ?—The girl's our own."

Dav. A pleaſant piece of impudence !

Get. It pleas'd
Our ſpark at leaſt : he put it into practice ;
Came into court ; and he was caſt ; and married.

Dav. How ſay you ?

Get. Juſt as you have heard.
Dav. Oh Geta,
What will become of you?
Get. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, what'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.
Dav. Why, that's well ſaid,
And like a man.
Get. All my dependance is
Upon myſelf.
Dav. And that's the beſt.
Get. I might
Beg one indeed to intercede for me,
Who may plead thus—" Nay pardon him this once!
" But if he fails again, I've not a word
" To ſay for him."—And well if he don't add,
" When I go hence e'en hang him!"
Dav. What of him,
Gentleman-uſher to the muſick-girl? (21)
How goes he on?
Get. So, ſo!
Dav. He has not much
To give perhaps.
Get. Juſt nothing, but mere hope.
Dav. His father too, is he return'd?
Get. Not yet.
Dav. Nor your old man, when do you look for him?
Get. I don't know certainly: but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.
Dav. Wou'd you aught elſe
With me, good Geta?
Get. Nothing, but farewell! [*Exit* Davus.
Ho, boy! what, nobody at home! [*Enter boy*] Take this
And give it Dorcium. (22) [*Gives the Purſe, and Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

ANTIPHO, PHÆDRIA.

Ant. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my beſt friend!—That I
Shou'd tremble, when I think of his return!
When, had I not been inconſiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
Phæ. What now?
Ant. Is that a queſtion? and from you?
Who know the atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind
To give ſuch counſel! nor to urge me on,
In the extravagance of blind deſire,
To this raſh act, the ſource of my misfortunes!
I ſhou'd not have poſſeſt her: that indeed
Had made me wretched ſome few days.—But then
This conſtant anguiſh had not torn my mind.—
Phæ. I hear you.
Ant. —while each moment I expect
His coming to divorce me.
Phæ. Other men,
For lack of what they love, are miſerable;
Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich
A lover, Antipho! For your condition
Is to be wiſh'd and pray'd for. Now, by heaven,
Might I, ſo long as you have done, enjoy
My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.
How hard my lot, unſatisfied, unbleſt!
How happy your's, in full poſſeſſion!—One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous diſpoſition,
And honeſt fame, without expence, you've got:
The wife, whom you deſir'd!—in all things bleſt,
But want the diſpoſition to believe ſo.

Had you, like me, a ſcoundrel pimp to deal with,
Then you'd perceive—But ſure 'tis in our nature,
Never to be contented.

Ant. Now to me,
Phædria, 'tis you appear the happy man.
Still quite at large, free to conſider ſtill,
To keep, purſue, or quit her: I, alas,
Have ſo entangled and perplext myſelf,
That I can neither keep, nor let her go.
—What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I ſee
Running this way?—'Tis he himſelf—— Ah me
How do I fear what news he brings!

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance GETA *running.*

Get. Confuſion!
A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,
So many evils take you unprepar'd;
Which I know neither how to ſhun, nor how
To extricate myſelf: for this bold ſtroke
Of our's can't long be hid.

Ant. What's this confuſion?

Get. Then I have ſcarce a moment's time to think.
My maſter is arriv'd.

Ant. What miſchief's that?

Get. Who, when he ſhall have heard it, by what art
Shall I appeaſe his anger?—Shall I ſpeak?
'Twill irritate him.—Hold my peace?—enrage him.—
Defend myſelf?—impoſſible! (23)—Oh, wretch!
Now for myſelf in pain, now Antipho
Diſtracts my mind.—But him I pity moſt;
For him I fear; 'tis he retains me here:
For, were it not for him, I'd ſoon provide
For my own ſafety—ay, and be reveng'd

On

On the old greybeard—carry ſomething off,
And ſhew my maſter a light pair of heels.
Ant. What ſcheme to rob and run away is this?
Get. But where ſhall I find Antipho? where ſeek him?
Phæ. He mentions you.
Ant. I know not what, but doubt
That he's the meſſenger of ſome ill news.
Phæ. Have you your wits?
Get. I'll home: he's chiefly there.
Phæ. Let's call him back!
Ant. Holo, you! ſtop!
Get. Heyday!
Authority enough, be who you will.
Ant. Geta!
Get. turning.] The very man I wiſh'd to meet!
Ant. Tell us, what news?—in one word, if you can.
Get. I'll do it.
Ant. Speak!
Get. This moment at the port———
Ant. My father?
Get. Even ſo.
Ant. Undone!
Phæ. Heyday!
Ant. What ſhall I do?
Phæ. What ſay you? [*to* Geta.
Get. That I've ſeen
His father, Sir,—your uncle.
Ant. How ſhall I,
Wretch that I am! oppoſe this ſudden evil!
Shou'd I be ſo unhappy, to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
Get. Since that's the caſe then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.
Ant. Alas!
I'm not myſelf.

Get.

Get. But now you ſhou'd be moſt ſo, Antipho.
For if your father ſhou'd diſcern your fear,
He'll think you conſcious of a fault.
Phæ. That's true.
Ant. I cannot help it, nor ſeem otherwiſe.
Get. How wou'd you manage in worſe difficulties?
Ant. Since I'm not equal to bear this, to thoſe
I ſhou'd be more unequal.
Get. This is nothing.
Pooh, Phædria, let him go! why waſte our time?
I will be gone. [*going.*
Phæ. And I. [*going.*
Ant. Nay, prithee, ſtay!
What if I ſhou'd diſſemble?—Will that do?
[*endeavouring to aſſume another air.*
Get. Ridiculous!
Ant. Nay, look at me! will that
Suffice?
Get. Not it.
Ant. Or this?
Get. Almoſt.
Ant. Or this?
Get. Ay! now you've hit it. Do but ſtick to that;
Anſwer him boldly; give him hit for daſh,
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.
Ant. I underſtand you.
Get. "Forc'd"—"againſt your will"—
"By law"—"by ſentence of the court"—d'ye take me?
—But what old gentleman is that, I ſee
At t'other end o'th' ſtreet?
Ant. 'Tis he himſelf.
I dare not face him. [*going.*
Get. Ah, what ist' you do?
Where d'ye run, Antipho! ſtay, ſtay, I ſay.

Ant.

Ant. I know myſelf and my offence too well:
To you then I commend my life and love. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Manent PHÆDRIA, *and* GETA.

Phæ. Geta, what now?

Get. You ſhall be roundly chid;
I ſoundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
—But what e'en now we counſell'd Antipho,
It now behoves ourſelves to practiſe, Phædria.

Phæ. Talk not of what behoves, but ſay at once
What you wou'd have me do.

Get. Do you remember
The plea, whereon you both agreed to reſt,
At your firſt vent'ring on this enterprize?
" That Phormio's ſuit was juſt, ſure, equitable,
" Not to be controverted."——

Phæ. I remember.

Get. Now then that plea! or, if it's poſſible,
One better or more plauſible.

Phæ. I'll do't.

Get. Do you attack him firſt! I'll lie in ambuſh,
To re-inforce you, if you give ground.

Phæ. Well. [*they retire.*

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. How's this? a wife! what, Antipho! and ne'er
Aſk my conſent?—nor my authority——
Or, grant we paſs authority, not dread
My wrath at leaſt?—To have no ſenſe of ſhame?
—Oh, impudence!—Oh, Geta, rare adviſer!

Get. Geta at laſt.

Dem.

Dem. What they will ſay to me,
Or what excuſe they will deviſe, I wonder.
Get. Oh, we have ſettled that already: think
Of ſomething elſe.
Dem. Will he ſay this to me,
—"Againſt my will I did it"—Forc'd by law"—
—I hear you: I confeſs it.
Get. Very well.
Dem. But conſcious of the fraud, without a word
In anſwer or defence, to yield the cauſe
Tamely to your opponents—did the law
Force you to *that* too?
Phæ. That's home.
Get. Give me leave!
I'll manage it.
Dem. I know not what to do:
This ſtroke has come ſo unawares upon me,
Beyond all expectation, paſt belief.
—I'm ſo enrag'd, I can't compoſe my mind
To think upon it.—Wherefore ev'ry man, (24)
When his affairs go on moſt ſwimmingly,
Ev'n then it moſt behoves to arm himſelf
Againſt the coming ſtorm: loſs, danger, exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet;
His ſon in fault, wife dead, or daughter ſick—
All common accidents, and may have happen'd;
That nothing ſhou'd ſeem new or ſtrange. But if
Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that
Let him account clear again.
Get. Oh, Phædria,
'Tis wonderful, how much a wiſer man
I am than my old maſter. My misfortunes
I have conſider'd well.—At his return
Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,
Or ſet to labour in the fields; of theſe

Nothing

Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out
Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.
—But why delay t'accoſt th' old gentleman,
And ſpeak him fair at firſt? [*Phædria goes forward.*
Dem. Methinks I ſee
My nephew Phædria.
Phæ. My good Uncle, welcome!
Dem. Your ſervant!—But where's Antipho?
Phæ. I'm glad
To ſee you ſafe——
Dem. Well, well!—But anſwer me.
Phæ. He's well: hard by.—But have affairs turn'd out
According to your wiſhes?
Dem. Wou'd they had!
Phæ. Why, what's the matter?
Dem. What's the matter, Phædria?
You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my abſence.
Phæ. What! are you angry with him about that?
Get. Well counterfeited!
Dem. Shou'd I not be angry?
Let me but ſet eyes on him, he ſhall know
That his offences have converted me
From a mild father to a moſt ſevere one.
Phæ. He has done nothing, Uncle, to offend you.
Dem. See, all alike! the whole gang hangs together:
Know one, and you know all.
Phæ. Nay, 'tis not ſo.
Dem. One does a fault, the other's hard at hand
To bear him out: when t'other ſlips, *he's* ready:
Each in their turn!
Get. I'faith th' old gentleman
Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair.
Dem. If 'twere not ſo, you'd not defend him, Phædria.
Phæ. If, uncle, Antipho has done a wrong
Or to his intereſt, or reputation,

I am content he ſuffer as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a ſnare for unexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Thro' envy from the rich, or from compaſſion
Add to the poor?

Get. Unleſs I knew the cauſe,
I ſhou'd imagine this was truth he ſpoke.

Dem. What judge can know the merits on your ſide,
When you put in no plea; as he has done?

Phæ. He has behav'd like an ingenuous youth.
When he came into court, he wanted pow'r
To utter what he had prepar'd, ſo much
He was abaſh'd by fear and modeſty.

Get. Oh brave!—But why, without more loſs of time,
Don't I accoſt th' old man! [*going up.*] My maſter welcome!
I am rejoic'd to ſee you ſafe return'd.

Dem. What! my good maſter Governor! your ſlave!
The prop! the pillar of our family!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My ſon in charge.

Get. I've heard you for ſome time
Accuſe us all quite undeſervedly,
And me, of all, moſt undeſervedly.
For what cou'd I have done in this affair?
A ſlave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.

Dem. I grant it.
Nay more—the boy was baſhful—I allow it.
—You but a ſlave.—But if ſhe had been prov'd
Ever ſo plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
Give her, according to the law, a portion, (25)
And let her ſeek ſome other for a huſband?

Why

Why did he rather bring a beggar home?

Get. 'Twas not the thought, but money that was wanting.

Dem. He might have borrow'd it!

Get. Have borrow'd it!

Eaſily ſaid.

Dem. If not to be had elſe,

On intereſt.

Get. Nay, now indeed you've hit it.

Who wou'd advance him money in your life? (26)

Dem. Well, well, it ſhall not, and it cannot be,

That I ſhou'd ſuffer her to live with him

As wife a ſingle day. There is no cauſe.

—Wou'd I might ſee that fellow, or cou'd tell

Where he reſides!

Get. What, Phormio!

Dem. The girl's Patron. (27)

Get. He ſhall be with you ſtrait.

Dem. Where's Antipho?

Phæ. Abroad.

Dem. Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.

Phæ. I'll go directly. [*Exit.*

Get. aſide.] Ay, to Pamphila. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return: (28)

Thence to the Forum, and convene ſome friends.

Who may be preſent at this interview,

That Phormio may not take me unprepar'd. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHORMIO, GETA.

Phor. (29) AND Antipho, you ſay, has ſlunk away,
Fearing his father's preſence?

Get. Very true.

Phor. Poor Phanium left alone?

Get. 'Tis even ſo.

Phor. And the old gentleman enrag'd!

Get. Indeed.

Phor. The ſum of all then, Phormio, reſts on you:
On you and you alone. You've bak'd this cake;
E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!

Get. I do beſeech you.

Phor. to himſelf.] What if he enquire?—

Get. Our only hope's in you.

Phor. to himſelf.] I have it!—Then,
Suppoſe he offer to return the girl?—

Get. You urg'd us to it.

Phor. to himſelf.] Ay! it ſhall be ſo.

Get. Aſſiſt us!

Phor. Let him come, old gentleman!
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd
With all my counſels.

Get. What d'ye mean to do?

Phor. What wou'd you have me do, unleſs contri
That Phanium may remain, that Antipho
Be free'd from blame, and all the old man's rage
Turn'd upon me? (30)

Get. Brave fellow! friend indeed!
And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,
Leſt all this noble confidence of your's
End in the ſtocks at laſt. (31)

Phor.

Phor. Ah, 'tis not ſo.
I'm an old ſtager too, and know my road.
How many men d'ye think I've baſtinadoed
Almoſt to death? Aliens, and citizens?
The oftner, ſtill the ſafer.—Tell me then,
Didſt ever hear of actions for aſſault
And batt'ry brought againſt me?
Get. How comes that?
Phor. Becauſe the net's not ſtretch'd to catch the hawk,
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for thoſe,
Who do us none at all: In them there's profit,
In thoſe mere labour loſt. Thus other men
May be in danger, who have aught to loſe;
I, the world knows, have nothing.—You will ſay,
(32) They'll ſeize my perſon.—No, they won't maintain
A fellow of my ſtomach.—And they're wiſe,
In my opinion, if for injuries
They'll not return the higheſt benefit.
Get. It is impoſſible for Antipho
To give you thanks ſufficient.
Phor. Rather ſay,
No man ſufficiently can thank his patron.
(33) You at free coſt to come! anointed, bath'd,
Eaſy and gay! while he's eat up with care
And charge, to cater for your entertainment!
He gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat firſt, ſit firſt,
And ſee (34) a doubtful banquet plac'd before you!
Get. Doubtful! what phraſe is that?
Phor. Where you're in doubt,
What you ſhall rather chuſe. Delights like theſe
When you but think how ſweet, how dear, they are;
Him that affords them muſt you not ſuppoſe
A very deity?
Get. The old man's here.
Mind what you do! the firſt attack's the fierceſt:

Suſtain

Sustain but that, the rest will be mere play. [*they retire*

SCENE II.

Enter at a distance DEMIPHO.——HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO, *following.*

Dem. Was ever man so grossly treated, think ye ?
—This way, sirs, I beseech you.
Get. He's enrag'd !
Phor. Hist ! mind your cue : I'll work him.
—[*coming forward, and speaking loud.*] Oh, ye Gods !
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation ?
What, Demipho ! does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinswoman ?
Get. He does.
Phor. And who her father was, he does not know ?
Get. No.
Dem. to the Lawyers.] Here's the very fellow, I believe,
Of whom I have been speaking.—Follow me !
Phor. aloud.] And that he does not know who Stilpho was ?
Get. No.
Phor. Ah ! because, poor thing, she's left in want,
Her father is unknown, and she despis'd.
What will not avarice do ?
Get. If you insinuate
My master's avaritious, woe be to you !
Dem. behind.] Oh impudence ! he dares accuse me first.
Phor. As to the youth, I cannot take offence,
If he had not much knowledge of him ; since,
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work
His livelihood, he nearly altogether
Liv'd in the country : where he held a farm
Under my father. I have often heard
The poor old man complain, that this his kinsman

Ne-

Neglected him.—But what a man! A man
Of moſt exceeding virtue.
Get. Much at one:
Yourſelf and he you praiſe ſo much.
Phor. Away!
Had I not thought him what I've ſpoken of him
I wou'd not for his daughter's ſake have drawn
So many troubles on our family,
Whom this old cuff now treats ſo ſcandalouſly.
Get. What, ſtill abuſe my abſent maſter, raſcal!
Phor. It is no more than he deſerves.
Get. How, villain!
Dem. Geta! [*calling.*
Get. Rogue, robber, pettyfogger! [*to* Phormio, *pretending not to hear* Demipho.]
Dem. Geta!
Phor. Anſwer. [*apart to* Geta.
Get. turning.] Who's that?—Oh!
Dem. Peace!
Get. Behind your back
All day without ceſſation has this knave
Thrown ſcurvy terms upon you, ſuch as none
But men, like him, can merit.
Dem. Well! have done:
[*putting* Geta *by, then addreſſing* Phormio.
Young man! permit me firſt to aſk one queſtion.
And, if you pleaſe, vouchſafe to anſwer me.
—Who was this friend of yours? Explain! and how
Might he pretend that I was his relation?
Phor. So! you fiſh for't, as if you did not know.
[*ſneeringly.*
Dem. Know! I!
Phor. Ay; you.
Dem. Not I: You, that maintain
I ought, inſtruct me how to recollect.

Phor.

Phor. What! not acquainted with your couſin?
Dem. Plague!
Tell me his name.
Phor. His name? ay!
Dem. Well, why don't you?
Phor. Confuſion! I've forgot the name. (35) [*apart.*
Dem. What ſay you?
Phor. Geta, if you remember, prompt me.
[*apart to* Geta.——Pſhaw
I will not tell.—As if you did not know,
You're come to try me. [*loud to* Demipho.
Dem. How! try you?
Get. Stilpho. [*whiſpering* Phormio.
Phor. What is't to me?—Stilpho.
Dem. Whom ſay you?
Phor. Stilpho:
Did you know Stilpho, Sir?
Dem. I neither know him;
Nor ever had I kinſman of that name.
Phor. How! are you not aſham'd?—But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an eſtate
Of ſome ten talents——
Dem. Out upon you!
Phor. Then
You would have been the firſt to trace your line
Quite from your grandſire and great grandſire.
Dem. True.
Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large
How ſhe was my relation: ſo do you!
Say, how is ſhe my kinſwoman?
Get. Well ſaid!
Maſter, you're right.—Take heed! [*apart to* Phormio.
Phor. I have explain'd
All that moſt clearly, where I ought, in court.
If it were falſe, why did not then your ſon

Refute

Refute it?

Dem. Do you tell me of my ſon?
Whoſe folly can't be ſpoke of, as it ought.

Phor. But you, who are ſo wiſe, go, ſeek the judge;
Aſk ſentence in the ſelf-ſame cauſe again:
(36) Becauſe you're lord alone; and have alone
Pow'r to obtain the judgment of the court
Twice in one cauſe.

Dem. Although I have been wrong'd,
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,
And rather than hear you; as if ſhe were
Indeed related to us, as the law
Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: take her hence,
And with her take five minæ.

Phor. Ha! ha! ha!
A pleaſant gentleman!

Dem. Why, what's the matter?
Have I demanded any thing unjuſt?
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?

Phor. Is't even ſo, ſir?—Like a common harlot
When you've abus'd her does the law ordain
That you ſhou'd pay her hire, and whiſtle her off?
Or, leſt a citizen thro' poverty
Bring ſhame upon her honour, does it order
That ſhe be given to her next of kin
To paſs her life with him? which you forbid.

Dem. Ay; to her next of kin: But why to us;
Or wherefore?

Phor. Oh! that matter is all ſettled:
Think on't no more.

Dem. Not think on't! I ſhall think
Of nothing elſe, till there's an end of this.

Phor. Words, words!

Dem. I'll make them good.

Phor. But, after all,

With you I have no buſineſs, Demipho!
Your ſon is caſt, not you: for at your age
The coupling-time is over.
Dem. Be aſſur'd
That all I've ſaid, he ſays: or I'll forbid
Him and this wife of his my houſe.
Get. He's angry. [*apart.*
Phor. No; you'll think better on't.
Dem. Are you reſolv'd,
Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way?
Phor. He fears, tho' he diſſembles. } *apart.*
Get. Well begun! }
Phor. Well; but what can't be cur'd muſt be endur'd:
'Twere well, and like yourſelf, that we were friends.
Dem. I! friend to you? or chuſe to ſee, or hear you!
Phor. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl
To comfort your old age. Your years, conſider!
Dem. Plague on your comfort! take her to yourſelf!
Phor. Ah! don't be angry!
Dem. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and ſoon,
Or I ſhall turn her headlong out o'doors.
So much for Phormio!
Phor. Offer but to touch her,
In any other manner than beſeems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I ſhall bring a ſwinging writ againſt you.
So much for Demipho!—If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear? [*apart to* Geta.
Get. I underſtand. [*apart*] [*Exit* Phormio.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Dem. With how much care, and what ſollicitude,
My ſon affects me, with this wretched match
Having embroil'd himſelf and me! nor comes
Into my ſight, that I might know at leaſt
Or what he ſays, or thinks of this affair.
Go, you; and ſee if he's come home, or no.
Get. I'm gone. [*Exit*
Dem. You ſee, ſirs, how this matter ſtands.
What ſhall I do? Say, Hegio!
Heg. Meaning me?
Cratinus, pleaſe you, ſhou'd ſpeak firſt.
Dem. Say then,
Cratinus!
Cra. Me d'ye queſtion?
Dem. You.
Cra. Then I,
Whatever ſteps are beſt I'd have you take.
Thus it appears to me. Whate'er your ſon
Has in your abſence done, is null and void
In law and equity.—And ſo you'll find.
That's my opinion.
Dem. Say now, Hegio!
Heg. He has, I think, pronouc'd moſt learnedly.
But ſo 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.
'Tis ſhameful to attempt it.
Dem. Say you, Crito!
Cri. The caſe, I think, aſks more deliberation.
'Tis a nice point.
Heg. Wou'd you aught elſe with us?

Dem. You've utter'd oracles. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*] I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before.(37)

Re-enter GETA.

Get. He's not return'd.
Dem. My brother, as I hope, will ſoon arrive:
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the Port, and aſk when they expect him. [*Exit.*
Get. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
All that has paſt.—But here he comes in time (38).

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himſelf.] Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
You're much to blame, to be ſo poor in ſpirit.
What! ſteal away ſo guilty like! and truſt
Your life and ſafety to the care of others!
Would they be touch'd more nearly than Yourſelf?
Come what come might of ev'ry thing beſide,
Could you abandon the dear maid at home?
Could you ſo far deceive her eaſy faith,
And leave her to misfortune and diſtreſs?
Her, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?
Get. coming forwards.] I'faith, ſir, we have thought you much to blame
For your long abſence.———
Ant. You're the very man
That I was looking for.
Get. ———But ne'ertheleſs
We've miſt no opportunity.
Ant. Oh, ſpeak!
How go my fortunes, Geta? has my father
Any ſuſpicion that I was in league

With

With Phormio ?

Get. Not a jot.

Ant. And may I hope ?

Get. I don't know.

Ant. Ah !

Get. Unleſs that Phædria
Did all he could do for you.—

Ant. Nothing new.

Get. —And Phormio, has on all occaſions elſe,
Prov'd himſelf a brave fellow.

Ant. What did he ?

Get. Out-ſwagger'd your hot father.

Ant. Well ſaid, Phormio !

Get. —I did the beſt I could too.

Ant. Honeſt Geta,
I am much bounden to you all.

Get. Thus, ſir,
Stand things at preſent. As yet all is calm.
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.

Ant. For what ?

Get. For his advice, as he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.

Ant. How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta.
Since by his ſentence I muſt live or die !

Get. But here comes Phædria.

Ant. Where ?

Get. (39) From his old ſchool. [*they retire.*

SCENE V.

Enter, from Dorio's, DORIO, PHÆDRIA *following.*

Phæ. Nay, hear me, Dorio !

Dorio. Not I,

Phæ. But a word !

Dorio. Let me alone.

Phæ.

Phæ. Pray hear me!
Dorio. I am tir'd
With hearing the ſame thing a thouſand times.
Phæ. But what I'd ſay, you would be glad to hear.
Dorio. Speak then! I hear.
Phæ. Can't I prevail on you
To ſtay but theſe three days?—Nay, where d'ye go?
Dorio. I ſhou'd have wonder'd had you ſaid aught new.
Ant. behind.] This pimp, I fear, will work himſelf no good. (40)
Get. I fear ſo too.
Phæ. Won't you believe me?
Dorio. Gueſs.
Phæ. Upon my honour.
Dorio. Nonſenſe.
Phæ. 'Tis a kindneſs
Shall be repaid with intereſt.
Dorio. Words, words!
Phæ. You'll be glad on't; you will, believe me.
Dorio. Pſhaw!
Phæ. Try; 'tis not long.
Dorio. You're in the ſame tune ſtill.
Phæ. My kinſman, parent, friend!———
Dorio. Ay, talk away.
Phæ. Can you be ſo inflexible, ſo cruel,
That neither pity, nor entreaties touch you?
Dorio. And can you be ſo inconſiderate,
And ſo unconſcionable, Phædria,
To think that you can talk me to your purpoſe,
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing?
Ant. behind.] Poor Phædria!
Phæ. to himſelf.] Alas he ſpeaks the truth.
Get. to Ant.] How well they each ſupport their characters!

Phæ.

Phæ. to himſelf.] Then that this evil ſhould have come upon me,
When Antipho was in the like diſtreſs!
Ant. going up.] Ha! what now, Phædria?
Phæ. Happy, happy Antipho!——
Ant. I?
Phæ. Who have her you love in your poſſeſſion,
Nor e'er had plagues like theſe, to ſtruggle with!
Ant. In my poſſeſſion? yes, I have, indeed,
As the old ſaying goes, a wolf by th' ears: (41)
For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.
Dorio. 'Tis juſt my caſe with him.
Ant. to Dorio.] Thou thorough bawd!
—— *to Phædria.*] What has he done?
Phæ. Done?—The inhuman wretch
Has ſold my Pamphila.
Get. What! ſold her?
Ant. Sold her?
Phæ. Yes; ſold her.
Dorio. laughing.] Sold her.—What a monſtrous crime!
A wench he paid his ready money for.
Phæ. I can't prevail upon him, to wait for me,
And to ſtave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtain the money from my friends,
According to their promiſe.—If I do not
Pay it you then, don't wait a moment longer.
Dorio. You ſtun me.
Ant. 'Tis a very little time,
For which he aſks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaiſance
Shall be requited doubly.
Dorio. Words; mere words!
Ant. Can you then bear to ſee your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?—Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?

Dorio.

Dorio. Nor I, nor you.
Get. Plague on you!
Dorio to Phæ.] I have, againſt my natural diſpoſition,
Born with you ſeveral months, ſtill promiſing,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a ſpark,
Who'll prove a ready-paymaſter, no ſniveler:
Give place then to your betters!
Ant. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day ſettled
That you ſhould pay the money down.
Phæ. There was.
Dorio. Do I deny it?
Ant. Is the day paſt?
Dorio. No.
But this has come before it.
Ant. Infamous!
Ar'n't you aſham'd of ſuch baſe treachery?
Dorio. Not I, while I can get by't.
Get. Scavenger!
Phæ. Is this juſt dealing, Dorio?
Dorio. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, uſe me.
Ant. Can you deceive him thus?
Dorio. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis he deceives me: he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has diſappointed me,
But I am ſtill the ſame to him as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The Captain promis'd to pay down the money
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come firſt, I'll follow my old rule,
"The firſt to pay, ſhall be firſt ſerv'd." Farewell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

PHÆDRIA, ANTIPHO, GETA.

Phæ. What ſhall I do? Unhappy that I am,
How ſhall I, who am almoſt worſe than nothing,
Raiſe ſuch a ſum ſo ſuddenly?—Alas!
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,
I had a promiſe of it.
Ant. Shall we, Geta,
Suffer my Phædria to be miſerable?
My beſt friend Phædria, who but now, you ſaid,
Aſſiſted me ſo heartily?—No—Rather
Let us, ſince there is need, return his kindneſs!
Get. It is but juſt, I muſt confeſs.
Ant. Come then;
'Tis you alone can ſave him.
Get. By what means?
Ant. Procure the money.
Get. Willingly: but whence?
Ant. My father is arriv'd.
Get. He is: what then?
Ant. A word to the wiſe, Geta!
Get. Say you ſo?
Ant. Ev'n ſo.
Get. By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.
Are you there with me? will it not be triumph,
So I but ſcape a ſcouring for your match,
That you muſt urge me to run riſks for him?
Ant. He ſpeaks the truth I muſt confeſs.
Phæ. How's that?
Am I a ſtranger to you, Geta?
Get. No:
Nor do I hold you ſuch. But is it nothing,
That the old man now rages at us all,

Unleſs we irritate him ſo much further,
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him?
Phæ. Shall then another bear her hence? Ah me
Now then, while I remain, ſpeak to me, Antipho.
Behold me!
Ant. Wherefore? what is it you mean?
Phæ. Wherever ſhe's convey'd, I'll follow her;
Or periſh.
Get. Heaven proſper your deſigns!—
Gently, ſir, gently!
Ant. See, if you can help him.
Get. Help him! but how?
Ant. Nay, think, invent, deviſe;
Leſt he do ſomething we repent of, Geta!
Get. I'm thinking. [*pauſing.*]—Well then I believe, he's ſafe.
But I'm afraid of miſchief.
Ant. Never fear:
We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.
Get. Tell me the ſum you have occaſion for.
Phæ. But thirty minæ.
Get. Thirty! monſtrous, Phædria!
She's very dear.
Phæ. Dog-cheap.
Get. Well, ſay no more.
I'll get them for you.
Phæ. O brave fellow!
Get. Hence!
Phæ. But I ſhall want it now.
Get. You'll have it now.
But Phormio muſt aſſiſt me in this buſineſs.
Ant. He's ready: lay what load you will upon him,
He'll bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.
Get. Let's to him quickly then! (42)
Ant. D'ye want my help?

Get.

Get. We've no occaſion for you. Get you home
To the poor girl, who's almoſt dead with fear;
And ſee you comfort her.—Away! d'ye loiter?
Ant. There's nothing I would do ſo willingly. [*Exit.*
Phæ. But how will you effect this?
Get. I'll explain
That matter as we go along.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. WELL, Chremes; have you brought your daughter with you,
On whoſe account you went to Lemnos?
Chre. No.
Dem. Why not?
Chre. It ſeems the mother, grown impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here ſo long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,
Had journied here, they ſaid, in ſearch of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appriz'd of this,
What kept you there ſo long then?
Chre. A diſeaſe.
Dem. How came it? what diſeaſe?
Chre. Is that a queſtion?
Old age itſelf is a diſeaſe.—However,
The maſter of the ſhip, who brought them over,
Inform'd me of their ſafe arrival hither.
Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my ſon's misfortune
During my abſence?
Chre. Ay; and it confounds me.

For to another ſhould I tender her,
I muſt relate the girl's whole hiſtory,
And whence ariſes my connexion with her.
You I can truſt as ſafely as myſelf:
But if a ſtranger courts alliance with me,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peace perhaps,
But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.
Then I'm afraid my wife ſhould know of this;
Which if ſhe does, I've nothing elſe to do,
But ſhake myſelf (43), and leave my houſe directly:
For I've no friend at home, except myſelf.

Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which touches me.
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promiſe to you good.

SCENE II.

Enter, at another part of the Stage, GETA.

Get. to himſelf.] I never ſaw a more ſhrewd rogue than Phormio.
I came to let him know, we wanted money,
With my advice for getting it; and ſcarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.
He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the gods,
That it was now the time to ſhew himſelf
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.
I bade him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring th' old gentleman.—And there he is!
—But who's the furthermoſt? Ha! Phædria's father.
—Yet what was I afraid of, ſimpleton?
That I have got two dupes inſtead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
—I'll attack him, I firſt propos'd. If he

Anſwers

Anſwers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, uncle!

SCENE III.

Enter behind ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himſelf.] I expect
Geta's arrival preſently.—But ſee!
Yonder's my uncle with my father.—Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
Get. I'll to them.
Oh, good ſir Chremes! [*going up.*
Chre. Save you, ſave you, Geta!
Get. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe arriv'd.
Chre. I thank you.
Get. How go affairs?
Chre. A world of changes here,
As uſual at firſt coming home again.
Get. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
Chre. The whole.
Get. to Demipho.] Did you inform him, ſir?—'Tis monſtrous, Chremes,
To be ſo ſhamefully impos'd upon!
Dem. 'Twas on that point I was juſt talking with him.
Get. And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy.
Dem. How, Geta?
What remedy?
Get. On leaving you, by chance
I met with Phormio.
Chre. Who is Phormio?
Get. The girl's ſolicitor.
Chre. I underſtand.
Get. I thought within myſelf, "ſuppoſe I found him!"
And taking him aſide, "Now prithee, Phormio,
"Why

" Why don't you try to ſettle this affair
" By fair means rather than by foul? ſaid I.
" My maſter is a generous gentleman,
" And hates to go to law. For I aſſure you.
" His other friends advis'd him, to a man,
" To turn this girl directly out o'doors.
Ant. behind.] What does he mean? or where will all this end?
Get. " The law, you think, will give you damages,
" If he attempts to turn her out.—Alas,
" He has good counſel upon that.—I'faith,
" You'll have hot work, if you engage with him;
" He's ſuch an orator!—But ev'n ſuppoſe
" That you ſhould gain your law-ſuit, after all
" The trial is not for his life, but money."
Perceiving him a little wrought upon,
And ſoften'd by this ſtile of talking with him,
" Come now," continued I, " we're all alone.
" Tell me, what money would you take in hand
" To drop your law-ſuit, take away the girl,
" And trouble us no farther!"
Ant. behind.] Is he mad?
Get. —" For I am well convinc'd, that if your terms
" Are not extravagant and wild indeed,
" My maſter's ſuch a worthy gentleman,
" You will not change three words between you."
Dem. Who
Commiſſion'd you to ſay all this?
Chre. Nay, nay,
Nothing could be more happy to effect
The point we labour at.
Ant. behind.] Undone!
Chre. to Get.] Go on.
Get. At firſt he rav'd.
Dem. Why, what did he demand?

Get.

Get. Too much: as much as came into his head.
Chre. Well, but the ſum?
Get. He talk'd of a great talent. (44)
Dem. Plague on the raſcal! what! has he no ſhame?
Get. The very thing I ſaid to him.—" Suppoſe
" He was to portion out an only daughter,
" What could he give her more?—He profits little,
" Having no daughter of his own; ſince one
" Is found, to carry off a fortune from him."
—But to be brief, and not to dwell upon
All his impertinencies, he at laſt
Gave me this final anſwer.—" From the firſt,
" I wiſh'd, ſaid he, as was indeed moſt fit,
" To wed the daughter of my friend myſelf.
" For I was well aware of her misfortune;
" That, being poor, ſhe would be rather given
" In ſlavery, than wedlock, to the rich.
" But I was forc'd, to tell you the plain truth,
" To take a woman with ſome little fortune,
" To pay my debts: and ſtill, if Demipho
" Is willing to advance as large a ſum,
" As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,
" There is no wife I'd rather take than her."
Ant. behind.] Whether through malice, or ſtupidity,
He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.
Dem. to Geta.] What, if he owes his ſoul?
Get. " I have a farm,"
Continued he, " that's mortgag'd for ten minæ."
Dem. Well, let him take her then: I'll pay the money.
Get. " A houſe for ten more."
Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.
Chre. No noiſe! demand thoſe ten of me.
Get. " My wife
" Muſt buy a maid; ſome little furniture
" Is alſo requiſite; and ſome expence

" To

" To keep our wedding: all theſe articles,"
Continues he, we'll reckon at ten minæ."
Dem. No; let him bring a thouſand writs againſt me. (45)
I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain
An opportunity to laugh at me?
Chre. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.
Only do you prevail upon your ſon
To marry her, whom we deſire.
Ant. behind.] Ah me!
Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.
Chre. She's put away on my account: 'tis juſt
That I ſhould pay the money:
Get. " Let me know,"
Continues he, " as ſoon as poſſible,
" Whether they mean to have me marry her;
" That I may part with t'other, and be certain.
" For t'other girl's relations have agreed
" To pay the portion down immediately.
Chre. He ſhall be paid this too immediately.
Let him break off with her, and take this girl!
Dem. Ay, and the plague go with him!
Chre. Luckily
It happens I've ſome money here; the rents
Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that; [*to* Demipho.
And tell my wife, that you had need of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent ANTIPHO, GETA.

Ant. coming forward.] Geta!
Get. Ha, Antipho!
Ant. What have you done!
Get. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
Ant. Well,

Is

Is that ſufficient, think ye?
Get. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
Ant. Knave, d'ye ſhuffle with me? [*kicks him.*
Get. Plague! what d'ye mean?
Ant. What do I mean, ſirrah!
You've driven me to abſolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains!
—Here! would you have your buſineſs duly manag'd,
Commit it to this fellow! (46)—What could be
More tender than to touch upon this ſore,
Or even name my wife? my father's fill'd
With hopes that ſhe may be diſmiſs'd.—And then,
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,
He to be ſure muſt marry her.—And what
Becomes of me then?
Get. He'll not marry her.
Ant. Oh, no: but when they re-demand the money,
On my account he'll rather go to jail! [*ironically.*
Get. Many a tale is ſpoilt in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good, and leave the bad.
—Now hear the other ſide—If he receives
The money, he muſt wed the girl: I grant it.
But then ſome little time muſt be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And ſacrifices.—Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance the money they have promis'd him:
Which Phormio ſhall make uſe of for repayment.
Ant. How ſo? what reaſon can he give?
Get. What reaſon?
A thouſand.—"Since I made this fatal bargain,
"Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.
"There came a ſtrange black dog into my houſe!
"A ſnake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd!

" The Soothſayer forbad it! The Diviner
" Charg'd me to enter on no new affair
" Before the winter."—All ſufficient reaſons.
Thus it ſhall be.
Ant. Pray heav'n, it may!
Get. It ſhall.
Depend on me:—But here's your father.—Go;
Tell Phædria that the money's ſafe. [*Exit* Antipho.

SCENE V.

Re-enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. Nay, peace!
I'll warrant he ſhall play no tricks upon us:
I'll not part raſhly with it, I aſſure you;
But pay it before witneſſes, reciting
To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.
Get. How cautious,
Where there is no occaſion! [*aſide.*
Chre. You had need.
But haſte, diſpatch it while the fit's upon him:
For if the other party ſhould be preſſing,
Perhaps he'll break with us:
Get. You've hit it, Sir.
Dem. Carry me to him then.
Get. I wait your pleaſure.
Chre. to Dem.] When this is done, ſtep over to my wife,
That ſhe may ſee the girl before ſhe goes;
And tell her, to prevent her being angry,
" That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,
" Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match;
" That we have not been wanting in our duty,
" But giv'n as large a portion as he aſk'd."
Dem. Pſhaw! what's all this to you?

Chre.

Chre. A great deal, brother.
Dem. Is't not ſufficient to have done your duty,
Unleſs the world approves it ?
Chre. I would chuſe
To have the whole thing done by her conſent :
Leſt ſhe pretend ſhe was turn'd out o'doors.
Dem. Well, I can ſay all this to her myſelf.
Chre. A woman deals much better with a woman.
Dem. I'll aſk your wife to do it then.
[*Exeunt* Demipho *and* Geta.
Chre. I'm thinking, (47)
Where I ſhall find theſe women now.

SCENE VI.

Enter SOPHRONA *at a diſtance.*

Soph. to herſelf.] Alas !
What ſhall I do, unhappy as I am ?
Where find a friend ? to whom diſcloſe this ſtory ?
Of whom beſeech aſſiſtance ?—For I fear
My miſtreſs will ſuſtain ſome injury
From following my counſel : the youth's father,
I hear, is ſo offended at this marriage.
Chre. Who's this old woman, coming from my brother's,
That ſeems ſo terrified ?
Soph. to herſelf.] 'Twas poverty
Compell'd me to this action : tho' I knew
This match would hardly hold together long,
Yet I adviſ'd her to it, that meanwhile
She might not want ſubſiſtence.
Chre. Surely, ſurely,
Either my mind deceives me, or eyes fail me,
Or that's my daughter's nurſe. (48)
Soph. Nor can we find———
Chre. What ſhall I do ?

Soph. —Her father out.
Chre. Were't beſt
I ſhould go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather ſomething more from her diſcourſe?
Soph. Could he be found, my fears were at an end.
Chre. 'Tis ſhe. I'll ſpeak with her.
Soph. overhearing.] Whoſe voice is that?
Chre. Sophrona!
Soph. Ha! my name too?
Chre. Look this way.
Soph. turning.] Good heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!
Chre. No.
Soph. Deny your own name?
Chre. in a low voice.] This way, Sophrona!——
—A little further from that door!—this way!—
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
Soph. What ar'n't you then the man you ſaid you was?
[*aloud.*
Chre. Hiſt! hiſt!
Soph. What makes you fear thoſe doors ſo much?
Chre. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that falſe name,
Leſt ſhe ſhould indiſcreetly blab it out,
And ſo my wife might come to hear of this.
Soph. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor ſouls,
Could never find you out here.
Chre. Well, but tell me,
What buſineſs have you with that family? [*pointing.*
—Where is your miſtreſs and her daughter?
Soph. Ah!
Chre. What now? are they alive?
Soph. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.
Chre. Alas!
Soph. And I a poor, unknown, diſtreſs'd old woman,
Endeavouring

Endeavouring to manage for the beſt,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,
Son to the maſter of this houſe.
Chre. To Antipho?
Soph. The very ſame.
Chre. What! has he two wives then?
Soph. No, mercy on us! he has none but her.
Chre. What is the other then, who, they pretend,
Is a relation to him?
Soph. This is ſhe.
Chre. How ſay you?
Soph. It was all a mere contrivance:
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.
Chre. O ye powers of heav'n,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,
I've found my daughter, even to my wiſh,
Match'd to the very perſon I deſir'd.
What we have both been labouring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accompliſh'd.
Soph. But now conſider what is to be done!
The bridegroom's father is return'd; and he,
They ſay, is much offended at this marriage.
Chre. Be of good comfort: there's no danger there.
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,
Let nobody diſcover ſhe's my daughter.
Soph. None ſhall diſcover it from me.
Chre. Come then!
Follow me in, and you ſhall hear the reſt. [*Exeunt*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO GETA.

Dem. 'TIS our own fault, that we encourage rogues,
By over-ſtraining the due character
Of honeſty and generoſity.
(49) "Shoot not beyond the mark," the proverb goes.
Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,
But we muſt alſo throw him money too,
To live, till he deviſes ſome new miſchief?
Get. Very right!
Dem. Knavery's now its own reward.
Get. Very true!
Dem. How like fools have we behav'd!
Get. So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,
'Tis well enough.
Dem. Is that a doubt at preſent?
Get. A man, you know, may change his mind.
Dem. How! change?
Get. That I can't tell: but, if perhaps, I ſay.
Dem. I'll now perform my promiſe to my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her know
Nauſiſtrata will come and ſpeak with her. [*Exit* Demipho.

SCENE II.

GETA *alone.*

The money's got for Phædria: all is huſh'd:
And Phanium is not to depart as yet.
What more then? where will all this end at laſt?
—Alas, you're ſticking in the ſame mire ſtill:
You've only chang'd hands, Geta (50). The diſaſter,

That

That hung but now directly over you,
Delay perhaps will bring more heavy on you.
(51) You're quite beſet, unleſs you look about.
—Now then I'll home; to leſſon Phanium,
That ſhe mayn't ſtand in fear of Phormio,
Nor dread this conf'rence with Nauſiſtrata. (52) *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA.

Dem. Come then, Nauſiſtrata, afford us now
A little of your uſual art, and try
To put this woman in good humour with us:
That what is done, ſhe may do willingly.
Nau. I will.
Dem. And now aſſiſt us with your counſel,
As with your caſh a little while ago. (53)
Nau. With all my heart: and I am only ſorry
That 'tis my huſband's fault I can't do more.
Dem. How ſo?
Nau. Becauſe he takes ſuch little care
Of the eſtate my father nurs'd ſo well:
For from theſe very farms he never fail'd
To draw two talents by the year. But ah!
What difference between man and man!
Dem. Two talents?
Nau. Ay—in worſe times than theſe—and yet two talents?
Dem. Huy!
Nau. What, are you ſurpriz'd?
Dem. Prodigiouſly.
Nau. Would I had been a man! I'd ſhew——
Dem. No doubt.
Nau.—By what means——
Dem. Nay, but ſpare yourſelf a little

For

For the encounter with the girl: leſt ſhe,
Flippant and young, may weary you too much.
Nau. —Well, I'll obey your orders: but I ſee
My huſband coming forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHREMES *haſtily.*

Chre. Ha!
Has Phormio had the money yet?
Dem. I paid him
Immediately.
Chre. I'm ſorry for't.—[*ſeeing* Nauſiſtrata.]—My wife!
I'd almoſt ſaid too much. [*aſide.*
Dem. Why ſorry, Chremes?
Chre. Nothing.—No matter.
Dem. Well, but hark ye, Chremes!
Have you been talking with the girl, and told her
Wherefore we bring your wife?
Chre. I've ſettled it.
Dem. Well, and what ſays ſhe?
Chre. 'Tis impoſſible
To ſend her hence:
Dem. And why impoſſible?
Chre. Becauſe they are both ſo fond of one another.
Dem. What's that to us?
Chre. A great deal. And beſides,
I have diſcover'd ſhe's related to us.
Dem. Have you your wits?
Chre. 'Tis ſo. I'm very ſerious.
—Nay, recollect a little!
Dem. Are you mad?
Nau. Good now, beware of wronging a relation!
Dem. She's no relation to us.
Chre. Don't deny it.

Her

Her father had aſſum'd another name,
And that deceiv'd you.
Dem. What! not know her father?
Chre. Perfectly.
Dem. Why did ſhe miſname him then?
Chre. Won't you be rul'd, nor underſtand me then?
Dem. What can I underſtand from nothing?
Chre. Still? [*impatiently.*
Nau. I can't imagine what this means.
Dem. Nor I.
Chre. Wou'd you know all?—Why then, ſo help me heaven,
She has no nearer kindred in the world,
Than you and I.
Dem. Oh, all ye powers of heaven!
—Let us go to her then immediately:
I wou'd fain know, or not know, all at once. [*going.*
Chre. Ah! [*ſtopping him.*
Dem. What's the matter?
Chre. Can't you truſt me then?
Dem. Muſt I believe it? take it upon truſt?
—Well, be it ſo!—But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?
Chre. Nothing.
Dem. Drop her?
Chre. Ay.
Dem. And keep this?
Chre. Ay.
Dem. Why then, Nauſiſtrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.
Nau. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all ſides,
That you ſhould keep her here, than ſend her hence.
For ſhe appear'd to me, when firſt I ſaw her,
Much of a gentlewoman. [*Exit* Nauſiſtrata. (54)

SCENE V.

Manent DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. What means this?

Chre. looking after Nauſiſtrata.] Is the door ſhut?

Dem. It is.

Chre. O Jupiter!

The Gods take care of us. I've found my daughter
Married to your ſon.

Dem. Ha! how could it be?

Chre. It is not ſafe to tell you here.

Dem. Step in then.

Chre. But hark ye, Demipho!—I would not have
Even our very ſons inform'd of this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,
That Phædria's have ſucceeded to his mind.
How wiſe, to foſter ſuch deſires alone,
As, altho' croſs'd, are eaſily ſupplied!
Money, once found, ſets Phædria at his eaſe;
But my diſtreſs admits no remedy.
For, if the ſecret's kept, I live in fear;
And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to ſhame.
Nor would I now return, but in the hope
Of ſtill poſſeſſing her.—But where is Geta?
That I may learn of him, the fitteſt time
To meet my father.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter at a diſtance PHORMIO.

Phor. to himſelf.] I've receiv'd the money;
Paid the procurer; carried off the wench;
Who's free, and now in Phædria's poſſeſſion.
One thing alone remains to be diſpatch'd;
To get a reſpite from th' old gentlemen
To tipple ſome few days, which I muſt ſpend
In mirth and jollity.
Ant. But yonder's Phormio.— [*goes up*
What now?
Phor. Of what?
Ant. What's Phædria about?
How does he mean to take his fill of love?
Phor. By acting your part in his turn.
Ant. What part?
Phor. Flying his father's preſence.—And he begs
That you'd act his, and make excuſes for him:
For he intends a drinking-bout with me.
I ſhall pretend to the old gentlemen
That I am going to the fair at Sunium,
To buy the ſervant maid, that Geta mention'd:
Left, finding I am abſent, they ſuſpect
That I am ſquandering the ſum they paid me.
—But your door opens.
Ant. Who comes here?
Phor. 'Tis Geta.

SCENE VIII.

Enter haſtily, at another part of the ſtage, GETA.

Get. O fortune, O beſt fortune (55), what high bleſ-
ſings,
What ſudden, great, and unexpected joys
Haſt thou ſhow'r'd down on Antipho to-day!—
Ant. What can this be, he's ſo rejoic'd about?
Get.—And from what fears deliver'd us, his friends?
—But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why
Do I not throw my cloak upon my ſhoulder,
And haſte to find him out, that he may know
All that has happen'd?
Ant. to Phormio.] Do you comprehend
What he is talking of?
Phor. Do you?
Ant. Not I.
Phor. I'm juſt as wiſe as you.
Get. I'll hurry hence
To the procurer's.—I ſhall find them there. [*going.*
Ant. Ho, Geta!
Get. Look ye there!—Is't new or ſtrange,
To be recall'd when one's in haſte? [*going.*
Ant. Here, Geta!
Get. Again? bawl on! I'll ne'er ſtop. [*going on.*
Ant. Stay, I ſay!
Get. Go, and be drubb'd!
Ant. You ſhall, I promiſe you,
Unleſs you ſtop, you raſcal!
Get. ſtopping.] Hold, hold, Geta!
Some intimate acquaintance this, be ſure,
Being ſo free with you.—But is it he,
That I am looking for, or not?—Tis he.
Phor. Go up immediately. [*they go up to* Geta.

Ant.

Ant. to Geta.] What means all this ?

Get. O happy man ! the happieſt man on earth !
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,
You are the God's chief fav'rite, Antipho.

Ant. Would I were ! but your reaſon.

Get. Is't enough,
To plunge you over head and ears in joy ?

Ant. You torture me.

Phor. No promiſes ! but tell us.
What is your news ?

Get. Oh, Phormio ! are you here ?

Phor. I am : but why d'ye trifle ?

Get. Mind me then ! [*to* Phormio.
No ſooner had we paid you at the Forum,
But we return'd directly home again.
—Arriv'd, my maſter ſends me to your wife. [*to* Antipho.

Ant. For what ?

Get. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was juſt entering the women's lodging, (56)
When up runs little Mida ; catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and aſk why he detains me.
He told me, " Nobody muſt ſee his miſtreſs :
" For Sophrona, ſays he, has juſt now brought
" Demipho's brother, Chremes, here ; and he
" Is talking with the women now within."
—When I heard this, I ſtole immediately
On tip-toe tow'rds the door ; came cloſe ; ſtood huſh ;
Drew in my breath ; applied my ear ; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole diſcourſe.

Ant. Excellent, Geta !

Get. Here I overheard
The pleaſanteſt adventure ! On my life,
I ſcarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.

Ant. What ?

Get.

Get. What d'ye think? [*laughing.*

Ant. I can't tell.

Get. Oh! it was [*laughing.*

Moſt wonderful!—moſt exquiſite!—your uncle
Is found to be the father of your wife.

Ant. How! what?

Get. He had a fly intrigue, it ſeems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos. [*laughing.*

Phor. Nonſenſe! as if ſhe did not know her father!

Get. Nay, there's ſome reaſon for it Phormio,
You may be ſure.—But was it poſſible
For me, who ſtood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumſtance that paſt within?

Ant. I have heard ſomething of this ſtory too. (57)

Get. Then, ſir, to ſettle your belief the more,
At laſt out comes your uncle; and ſoon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both ſaid, they gave their full conſent,
That you ſhould keep your Phanium—In a word,
I'm ſent to find you out, and bring you to them.

Ant. Away with me then inſtantly! D'ye linger? (58)

Get. Not I. Away!

Ant. My Phormio, fare you well!

Phor. Fare you well, Antipho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

PHORMIO *alone.*

Well done, 'fore heaven!
(59) I'm overjoyd to ſee ſo much good fortune
Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:
I've now an admirable opportunity
To bubble the old gentlemen, and eaſe
Phædria of all his cares about the money;
So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.

For

For this ſame money, tho' it will be given,
Will yet come from them much againſt the grain;
But I have found a way to force them to't.
—Now then I muſt aſſume a grander air,
And put another face upon this buſineſs.
—I'll hence a while into the next bye-alley,
And pop upon them, as they're coming forth.
—As for the trip I talk'd of to the fair,
I ſha'n't pretend to take that journey now. [*Exit.*

ACT V. (60) SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES—*and ſoon after, on t'other ſide,* PHORMIO.

Dem. WELL may we thank the gracious Gods, good brother,
That all things have ſucceeded to our wiſh.
—But now let's find out Phormio with all ſpeed,
Before he throws away our thirty minæ.
Phor. pretending not to ſee him.]
I'll go and ſee if Demipho's at home,
That I may———
Dem. meeting him.]—We were coming to you, Phormio.
Phor. On the old ſcore I warrant.
Dem. Ay.
Phor. I thought ſo.
—Why ſhould you go to me?—ridiculous!
Was you afraid I'd break my contract with you?
No, no! how great ſoe'er my poverty,
I've always ſhewn myſelf a man of honour.
Chre. Has not ſhe, as I ſaid, a liberal air? (61) } *apart.*
Dem. She has. }

Phor.

Phor. —And therefore I was coming, Demipho,
To let you know, I'm ready to receive
My wife whene'er you pleaſe. For I poſtpon'd
All other buſineſs, as indeed I ought,
Soon as I found ye were ſo bent on this.
Dem. Ay, but my brother has diſſuaded me
From going any further in this buſineſs.
" For how will people talk of it ?" ſays he :
" At firſt you might have done it handſomely ;
" But then you'd not conſent to it ; and now,
" After co-habitation with your ſon,
" To think of a divorce, is infamous."
—In ſhort, he urg'd almoſt the very things,
That you ſo lately charg'd me with yourſelf.
Phor. You trifle with me, Gentlemen.
Dem. How ſo ?
Phor. How ſo ? Becauſe I cannot marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was firſt in treaty.
For with what face can I return to her,
Whom I have held in ſuch contempt ?
Chre. Tell him,
Antipho does not care to part with her. [*prompting* Dem.
Dem. And my ſon too don't care to part with her :
—Step to the Forum then, and give an order (62)
For the repayment of our money, Phormio.
Phor. What ! when I've paid it to my creditors ?
Dem. What's to be done then ?
Phor. Give me but the wife,
To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.
But if you'd rather ſhe ſhou'd ſtay with you,
The portion ſtays with me, good Demipho.
For 'tis not juſt, I ſhould be bubbled by you ;
When, to retrieve your honour, I've refuſ'd
Another woman with an equal fortune.
Dem. A plague upon your idle vapouring,

You

You vagabond !—D'ye fancy we don't know you ?
You, and your fine proceedings ?
Phor. You provoke me.
Dem. Why, would you marry her, if profer'd ?
Phor. Try me.
Dem. What ! that my ſon may keep her privately
At your houſe ?—That was your intention.
Phor. Ha !
What ſay you, ſir ?
Dem. Give me my money, ſirrah !
Phor. Give me my wife, I ſay.
Dem. To juſtice with him !
Phor. To juſtice ? Now, by heaven, Gentlemen,
If you continue to be troubleſome———
Dem. What will you do ?
Phor. What will I do ? Perhaps,
You think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion ; but be ſure of this,
I've ſome with portions too. (63)
Chre. What's that to us ?
Phor. Nothing.—I know a lady here, whoſe huſband—
Chre. Ha ! [*careleſsly.*
Dem. What's the matter !
Phor.—Had another wife
At Lemnos.
Chre. aſide.] I'm a dead man.
Phor. —By which other
He had a daughter ; whom he now brings up
In private.
Chre. aſide.] Dead and buried.
Phor. This I'll tell her. [*going towards the houſe.*
Chre. Don't, I beſeech you !
Phor. Oh ! are you the man ?
Dem. Death ! how inſulting !
Chre. to Phormio.] We diſcharge you.

Phor. Nonſenſe!
Chre. What wou'd you more? The money you have got,
We will forgive you.
Phor. Well; I hear you now.
—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
—I won't; I will: I will; I won't again:—
Give, take; ſay, unſay; do, and then undo.
Chre. to Demipho.] Which way cou'd he have learnt this?
Dem. I don't know:
But I am ſure I never mention'd it.
Chre. Good now! amazing!
Phor. I have ruffled them. [*aſide.*
Dem. What! ſhall he carry off ſo large a ſum, (64)
And laugh at us ſo openly?—By heaven,
I'd rather die,—Be of good courage, brother!
Pluck up the ſpirit of a man! You ſee
This ſlip of yours is got abroad; nor can you
Keep it a ſecret from your wife. Now therefore
'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we ſhould fairly tell it her ourſelves,
Than ſhe ſhould hear the ſtory from another.
And then we ſhall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this raſcal.
Phor. Ha!—If I don't take care I'm ruin'd ſtill.
They're growing deſperate, and (65) making tow'rds me,
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.
Chre. to Demipho.] I fear, ſhe'll ne'er forgive me.
Dem. Courage, Chremes!
I'll reconcile her to't; eſpecially
The mother being dead and gone.
Phor. Is this
Your dealing, gentlemen? You come upon me
Extremely

Extremely cunningly.—But, Demipho,
You have but ill conſulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.—And you, ſir, [*to* Chremes.
When you have play'd the whore-maſter abroad;
Having no reverence for your lady here,
A woman of condition; wronging her
After the groſſeſt manner; come you now
To waſh away your crimes with mean ſubmiſſion?
No.—I will kindle ſuch a flame in her,
As, tho' you melt in tears, you ſha'n't extinguiſh.
Dem. A plague upon him! was there ever man
So very impudent?—A knave! he ought
To be tranſported at the public charge
Into ſome deſert.
Chre. I am ſo confounded,
I know not what to do with him.
Dem. I know.
Bring him before a judge!
Phor. Before a judge?
A lady-judge; in here, ſirs, if you pleaſe.
Dem. (66) Run you, and hold him, while I call her ſervants.
Chre. I cannot by myſelf: come up, and help me.
Phor. I have an action of aſſault againſt you. [*to* Demip.
Chre. Bring it!
Phor. Another againſt you too, Chremes!
Dem. Drag him away! [*both lay hold of him.*
Phor. ſtruggling.] Is that your way with me!
Then I muſt raiſe my voice.—Nauſiſtrata!
Come hither.
Chre. Stop his mouth!
Dem. ſtruggling.] A ſturdy rogue!
How ſtrong he is!
Phor. ſtruggling.] Nauſiſtrata, I ſay.
Nauſiſtrata!

Chre. ſtruggling.] Peace, ſirrah!

Phor. Peace, indeed!

Dem. Unleſs he follows, ſtrike him in the ſtomach!

Phor. Ay, or put out an eye!—But here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

SCENE II.

To them NAUSISTRA A.

Nau. Who calls for me?

Chre. Confuſion!

Nau. to Chre.] Pray, my dear,
What's this diſturbance?

Phor. Dumb, old Truepenny!

Nau. Who is this man?—Why don't you anſwer me?
[*to* Chremes.

Phor. He anſwer you! he's hardly in his ſenſes.

Chre. Never believe him!

Phor. Do but go, and touch him;
He's in a ſhivering fit, I'll lay my life.

Chre. Nay——

Nau. But what means he then?

Phor. I'll tell you, madam;
Do but attend!

Chre. Will you believe him then?

Nau. What is there to believe, when he ſays nothing?

Phor. Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.

Nau. to Chre.] I'm ſure, you're not ſo much afraid for nothing.

Chre. What! I afraid? [*endeavouring to take heart.*

Phor. Oh, not at all?—And ſince
You're in no fright, and what I ſay means nothing,
I'll tell it yourſelf.

Dem. At your deſire, you raſcal?

Phor. Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, Sir! (67)

Nau.

Nau. What! Won't you tell me, huſband!
Chre. But———
Nau. But what?
Chre. There's no occaſion for it.
Phor. Not for you:
But for the Lady there is much occaſion.
In Lemnos———
Chre. Ha! what ſay you?
Dem. to Phor.] Hold your peace!
Phor. Without your knowledge———
Chre. Oh dear!
Phor. He has had
Another wife.
Nau. My huſband? Heav'n forbid!
Phor. 'Tis even ſo.
Nau. Ah me! I am undone.
Phor. —And had a daughter by her there; while you
Was left to ſleep in ignorance alone.
Nau. Oh heavens!—Baſeneſs!—Treachery!
Phor. 'Tis fact.
Nau. Was ever any thing more infamous?
When they're with us, their wives forſooth, they're old.
—Demipho, I appeal to you: for him
I cannot bear to ſpeak to.—And were theſe
His frequent journies, and long ſtay at Lemnos?
Was this the cheapneſs that reduc'd our rents?
Dem. That he has been to blame, Nauſiſtrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.
Phor. You're talking to the dead.
Dem. It was not done
Out of averſion, or contempt to you.
In liquor, almoſt fifteen years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour.
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.

Wherefore

Wherefore I beg you'd ſhew your wonted goodneſs,
And bear it patiently.
Nau. How! bear it patiently?
Alas, I wiſh his vices might end here.
But have I the leaſt hope? can I ſuppoſe
That years will cure theſe rank offences in him?
Ev'n at that time he was already old,
If age could make him modeſt.—Are my years,
And beauty, think ye, like to pleaſe him more
At preſent, Demipho, than formerly?
—In ſhort, what ground, what reaſon to expect
That he ſhould not commit the ſame hereafter?
Phor. aloud.] Whoever would attend the funeral (68)
Of Chremes, now's the time!—See! that's my way.
Come on then! provoke Phormio now, who dares!
Like Chremes, he ſhall fall a victim to me. (69)
—Let him get into favour, when he will!
I've had revenge ſufficient. She has ſomething
To ring into his ears his whole life long.
Nau. Have I deſerv'd this?—Need I, Demipho,
Number up each particular; and ſay
How good a wife I've been?
Dem. I know it all.
Nau. Am I then juſtly treated?
Dem. Not at all.
But ſince reproaches can't undo what's done,
Forgive him! he begs pardon; owns his fault;
And promiſes to mend.—What wou'd you more?
Phor. But hold; before ſhe ratifies his pardon,
I muſt ſecure myſelf and Phædria. [*aſide.*
—Nauſiſtrata, a word!—Before you give
Your anſwer raſhly, hear me!
Nau. What's your pleaſure?
Phor. I trick'd your huſband there of thirty minæ,
Which I have giv'n your ſon; and he has paid them

To

To a procurer for a miſtreſs.
Chre. How!
What ſay you?
Nau. Is it ſuch a heinous crime,
For your young ſon, d'ye think, to have *one* miſtreſs,
While *you* have *two* wives?—Are you not aſham'd?
Have you the face to chide him? anſwer me!
Dem. He ſhall do ev'ry thing you pleaſe.
Nau. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promiſe any thing,
Nor give an anſwer, till I ſee my ſon.
Phor. Wiſely reſolv'd, Nauſiſtrata.
Nau. Is that
Sufficient ſatisfaction for you?
Phor. Quite.
I reſt contented, well-pleas'd, paſt my hopes.
Nau. What is your name, pray?
Phor. My name? Phormio:
A faithful friend to all your family,
Eſpecially to Phædria.
Nau. Truſt me, Phormio,
I'll do you all the ſervice in my power.
Phor. I'm much oblig'd to you.
Nau. You're worthy on't.
Phor. Will you then even now, Nauſiſtrata,
Grant me one favour, that will pleaſure me,
And grieve your huſband's ſight?
Nau. With all my ſoul.
Phor. Aſk me to ſupper!
Nau. I invite you.
Dem. In then!
Nau. We will. But where is Phædria, our judge?
Phor. He ſhall be with you.—[*To the audience,*
(70) Farewell; Clap your hands!

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

LIFE OF TERENCE.

(1) *By Suetonius.*] THIS life of our Author is not very satisfactory; but, as all that has been said of him by other writers is chiefly taken from it, I thought it better to follow the example of Madam Dacier, in giving a translation of this account, with a few supplementary Notes, than to pretend to attempt an alteration, where I could make no material addition.

This life of Terence is by some attributed to Donatus.

(2) *A Roman Senator.*] This Senator gave our author the name of Terence, according to the prevailing custom among the Romans, whenever they conferred freedom on their slaves. His real name we are entirely unacquainted with; and it is somewhat extraordinary, that a poet of such distinguished merit should want a friend to hand it down to us; and that, by a singular fatality, he who could stamp immortality on the name of his master, should be unable to continue his own. DACIER.

(3) *Lucius Fenestella.*] He was one of the most accurate historians and antiquaries the Romans ever had: he flourished towards the end of Augustus's reign, or in the beginning of that of Tiberius; he wrote many things, especially Annals; but time has deprived us of them all. DACIER.

(4) *The second Punick War.*] This ended in the year of Rome 552; 196 years before the birth of Christ; and the third began in the year of Rome 603; an interval of fifty-one years, which both saw the birth and death of Terence. It is evident he died in the year of Rome 594, while Cn. Corn. Dolabella, and M. Fulvius were consuls, at the age of thirty-five; nine years before the third Punick war. He was born consequently in the year of Rome 560, eight years after the second Punick war. DACIER.

(5) *Numidians, &c.*] The Carthaginians (between the second and third Punick war) were in continual broils with the Numidians or Getulians, and consequently Terence might be taken prisoner in some one of these skirmishes by the Numidian troops. DACIER.

(6) *Roman commander.*] This is a very undecisive way of reasoning: for though it is very certain that the Romans, before the entire demolition of Carthage, had very little intercourse with Africa, they might, without any great difficulty, have purchased a slave. It is well known, that ambassadors

were ſent from Rome to Carthage, at two or three different times, in order to ſettle ſome differences ſubſiſting between them and the Numidians. Where then is the improbability of a Numidian's ſelling a ſlave, he had taken from the Carthaginians, to one of the Romans? Nothing more probable. DACIER.

(7) *To whom the beauty of his perſon*, &c.] Madam Dacier, (from a female delicacy, I ſuppoſe) has entirely altered this circumſtance; and there is, in her tranſlation of this life from Suetonius, ſcarce the ſhadow of this imputation on our author, either in the text, or the verſes introduced on purpoſe to ſupport it.

(8) *Older than either of them.*] Terence was nine years older than Scipio, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius, the perſon here meant, who was not born till the year of Rome 569. We are not quite ſo poſitive as to the age of Lælius. DACIER.

(9) *Furius Publius.*] A man of great rank and quality; not Aulus Furius Antia, or the Marcus Furius Bibaculus mentioned by Horace. DACIER.

(10) *Read it to Cæcilius.*] Cæcilius died two years before the repreſentation of the Andrian. It is therefore a very plauſible, as well as ingenious correction of Voſſius, to read Acilius, the name of one of the Ædiles, the year of the exhibition of that play.

(11) *Six plays equally admired.*] It would not be eaſy to decide which of the ſix is the beſt; ſince each of them has its peculiar beauty. The Andrian and Brothers ſeem to excell in beauty of character: the Eunuch and Phormio, in the vivacity of intrigue: and the Self-Tormentor and Step-Mother have, in my mind, the advantage in ſentiment, a lively painting of the paſſions, and in the purity and delicacy of ſtile. DACIER.

(12) *Volcatius.*] Volcatius Sedigitus, a very ancient poet, though we do not preciſely know the time in which he lived. In his judgment of the comick poets, he gives the firſt place to Cæcilius, the ſecond to Plautus, the third to Nævius, the fourth to Licinius, the fifth to Atilius; and ranks Terence but the ſixth. But Volcatius has done more diſcredit to himſelf by this judgement, than honour to Cæcilius, and the other writers whom he has preferred to Terence. Each of them might have ſome excellencies that our author did not poſſeſs; but, on the whole, the Romans had no comick poet equal to Terence. DACIER.

(13) 8000 *ſeſterces.*] About L. 60 of our money.

(14) *Recorded in the title.*] Not as the title now ſtands, which ſhews that the titles now come down to us, are imperfect. TANAQUIL FABER.

(15) *Aſſiſted our Author.*] There might be ſome foundation for ſuch report. Both Scipio and Lælius might have aſſiſted him in poliſhing his ſtile, and even have ſupplied him with many a line: being an African, he might not have ſo thorough a knowledge of the elegancies and beauties of the Latin language. This reaſoning, however, is to me by no means concluſive. Phædrus was a Thracian ſlave, yet no one wrote more correctly, or with greater purity; nor was he ever taxed with having received any aſſiſtance in his compoſitions: why then ſuſpect Terence, when Suetonius, in the very beginning of his life, confeſſes he had been very carefully educated, and made free, in his very early youth, by Terentius Lucanus? DACIER.

(16) *Witneſs the Prologue to the Brothers.*] But in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor, he is not ſo complaiſant; but flatly declares the report malicious, and intreats his audience not to give the leaſt credit to idle and malicious tales. DACIER.

(17) *Opinion gained ground.*] Valgius, a cotemporary poet to Horace, expreſely ſays,

He

Hæ quæ vocantur fabulæ, cujus sunt?
Non hæc, qui jura populis recenſens dabat,
Honore ſummo affectus, fecit fabulas?

And whoſe then are theſe pieces?—Did not he,
Who, full of honours, gave the people laws,
Compoſe theſe Comedies? DACIER.

(18) *Q. Memmius.*] Moſt probably the grandfather to that Memmius to whom the Poem of Lucretius is inſcribed. DACIER.

(19) *A certain firſt day of March.*] The firſt day of March was a holiday kept by the Roman ladies, who on that occaſion claimed the privilege of being entire miſtreſſes of their houſes, and directed every thing for that day. DACIER.

(20) *Repeated theſe verſes, &c.*] This may be. In the plays of Moliere perhaps might be found ſome lines written by his friends; yet nobody would pretend to ſay that thoſe pieces were not written by Moliere. DACIER.

(21) *Santra.*] An author of the time of Julius Cæſar. He wrote a treatiſe on the antiquity of words, and the lives of illuſtrious men: but his works are all loſt. DACIER.

(22) *Would not have applied to Scipio.*] This reaſoning of Santra proves nothing: for, when Terence commenced author, Scipio was at the age of twenty-one; and beſides having been extremely well educated, was poſſeſſed of an extraordinary genius. DACIER.

Paſtorals and little poems may perhaps now and then be written at ſixteen or eighteen, but it muſt be allowed, that the age of twenty-one is a very early period for the production of ſuch dramatic pieces as thoſe of Terence. Beſides, when the Andrian was firſt exhibited, our author was but twenty-ſeven, and Madam Dacier herſelf tells us that he was nine years older than Scipio, who therefore could be no more than eighteen years of age, a time of life when men rather begin to be the ſubjects, than the cultivators of the comic Muſe.

(23) *C. Sulpicius Gallus.*] The ſame Sulpicius Gallus, who was conſul at the time of the firſt exhibition of the Andrian. DACIER.

(24) *M. Pompilius Lenas.*] Conſul in the year of Rome 581, when Terence was the age of twenty-one. DACIER.

(25) *Q. Fabius Labeo.*] A man of very diſtinguiſhed merit, who paſſed the offices of Quæſtor, Prætor, Triumvir, Conſul, and High Prieſt; and commanded the Roman troops with reputation. Hiſtory fixes his conſulſhip in the year of Rome 570: his Colleague was M. Claud. Marcellus. Terence at that time was but ten years old. DACIER.

(26) *Q. Conſetius.*] This author I am quite a ſtranger to. DACIER.

(27) *One hundred and eight plays.*] Menander wrote but one hundred and nine plays himſelf, ſome ſay but one hundred and eight, and others but one hundred and five, of which Terence had already exhibited four. This ſtory, therefore, muſt be a mere fable. DACIER.

(28) *The conſulſhip of Dolabella, &c.*] In the year of Rome 594, the year after the exhibition of the Brothers. DACIER.

(29) *Afranius.*] A dramatick poet of great reputation, whoſe teſtimony is the more honourable, as he was a cotemporary of our author, though much younger. DACIER.

(30) *Compitalia.*] Feaſts in croſs ſtreets and ways, celebrated the ſecond day of January, in honour of their rural gods, hence called *Lares*, or *Compitalitii*. AINSWORTHIUS.

(31) *Licinius.*] Licinius Imbrex, who flouriſhed in the year of Rome 554. DACIER.

(32) *Leimon.*] A Greek word [λειμων] signifying a meadow. This work of Cicero contained moſt probably, nothing but the praiſes of eminent men. Theſe beautiful verſes are imitated by Auſonius, and Cæſar begins his criticiſm on Terence in the very ſame terms. For it is certain, that Cæſar only undertook that taſk, in order to irritate and contradict Cicero. DACIER.

[Voſſius conſiders this as an *Erratum*, and tells us that this work of Tully was not called *Leimon*, but *Libo*, and was addreſſed to Terentius Libo, a poet of that time, and a native of Fragellæ.]

* * Before we conclude theſe Notes, it will be proper to take notice of a paſſage in Oroſius, which has miſled many concerning our poet. This hiſtorian, though none of the moſt correct, yet not without merit, writes thus: *Scipio jam cognomento Africanus, triumphans urbem ingreſſus eſt, quem Terentius, qui poſtea Comicus, ex nobilibus Carthaginienſium captivis, pileatus, quod indultæ ſibi libertatis inſigne fuit, triumphantem poſt currum ſecutus eſt.*"— "Scipio Africanus entered Rome in triumph, and was attended by Terence, "one of the chief of the Carthaginian captives, who afterwards became "the celebrated comic poet, wearing a cap on his head, as a mark of his "freedom having been conferred on him." This is undoubtedly fabulous, take it which way you will. For if Oroſius means Scipio the Elder, his triumph was in the year of Rome 552, eight years before Terence was born. If he ſpeaks of the Younger Scipio, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius, his triumphal entry was in the year of Rome 637, thirteen years after the death of Terence. What hurried Oroſius into the miſtake, is a paſſage in Livy, which he did not attentively examine. This great hiſtorian, in his 30th book, and 45th chapter, ſays, *Secutus Scipionem triumphantem eſt, pileo capiti impoſito, Q. Terentius Culleo; omnique deinde vita, ut dignum erat, libertatis auctorem coluit.*—"Q. Terentius Culleo followed the triumphal car of Scipio "on the day of his public entrance into Rome, with a cap on his head, and "honoured him, during the remainder of his life, as the author of his free-"dom." It could not therefore be our Terence, of whom Livy is ſpeaking. It was a Roman ſenator, who having been taken priſoner by the Carthaginians, and ſet free by Scipio, determined to grace his deliverer's triumph, which he attended, wearing the cap of liberty on his head, by way of compliment, as if he had indeed really received his manumiſſion from the hands of Scipio. DACIER.

(33) *Unum hoc maceror, &c.*] Valeat Sedigitus, nos Afranio aſſentiri non pigeat, ac Terentium omnibus præſtitiſſe Comicis credamus; neque *vim illam comicam*, quam ei unam defuiſſe dolet Cæſar (ſi modo ſunt illa Cæſaris carmina) deſideremus. Nihil illi defuit: omnia quæ Comico Poetæ præſtanda ſunt, præſtitit. FRANCISCUS ASULANUS.

NOTES

ON

THE ANDRIAN.

(1) *The Andrian.*] THERE is much controverſy among the critics, whether the Andrian was the firſt play which Terence produced, or only the firſt of thoſe which have come down to our times. Donatus poſitively aſſerts it to be our author's firſt production, and adds, that the favourable reception it met with, encouraged him to go on in writing for the ſtage. He tells us alſo, that this piece was entitled "The Andrian of Terence," and not "Terence's Andrian," according to the cuſtom of the Romans, who placed the name of the play firſt, if it was written by an author, yet unknown in the theatrical world, but placed the author's name firſt in the title, if it was one already celebrated. Madam Dacier is of a contrary opinion, and thinks, that the introductory lines of the Prologue make it evident, that Terence had written before. Theſe inquiries are little more than mere matter of curioſity. For my part, I am rather inclined to the opinion of Donatus. The objections of Lavinius, which Terence, in his Prologue, endeavours to refute, are entirely confined to this play; and that it was poſſible for Lavinius to have ſeen the manuſcript, before the repreſentation, is evident, from the Prologue to the Eunuch, where Terence directly charges that circumſtance to his adverſary.—The concluding lines of the Prologue ſpeak the language of an author, new in the Drama, much ſtronger than thoſe in the beginning denote his having written before. It may be remembered alſo, that Terence was no more than 27 years of age, at the time of the firſt repreſentation of this comedy.

Both the Engliſh and French theatres have borrowed the fable of this play. Sir Richard Steele has raiſed on that foundation, his comedy of the Conſcious Lovers; and Baron has adopted even the title. It is propoſed to throw out ſome obſervations on each of theſe pieces, and to compare them with Terence's comedy, in the courſe of theſe Notes.

(2) The Megaleſian Games were thoſe inſtituted in honour of the ſuperior gods.

(3) The Ædiles were magiſtrates of Rome, whoſe office it was to take care of the city, its public buildings, &c. to regulate the market, and to preſide at ſolemn games, public entertainments, &c.

(4) No

(4) No part of the hiſtory of the ancient Drama is more obſcure than that which relates to the muſic. A ſhort extract from Donatus will ſerve to give ſome explanation of the phraſes uſed in the above title. "They "were acted to flutes equal or unequal, right or left-handed. The right-"handed, or Lydian, by their grave tone, denounced the ſerious ſtile of "the comedy. The left-handed, or Tyrian, by their light ſharp ſound, de-"noted the vivacity of the piece. But, when the play was ſaid to be act-"ed to both right and left-handed, it denoted it to be ſerio-comic."

(5) *It is wholly Grecian.*] That is, that ſpecies of comedy, which was called *Palliata*; in which the habits, manners, and arguments, were all Grecian.

(6) *Of an older Bard.*] This old arch-adverſary of Terence, was according to Donatus, Lucius Lavinius; but according to Madam Dacier, Luſcius Lanuvinus.

(7) *Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian.*] From this account, it is plain, that Terence did not in this play, weave two different ſtories of Menander together, in that vicious manner which is generally imputed to him: but, that the argument of theſe two plays being nearly the ſame, Terence having pitched upon the Andrian, for the groundwork of his fable, enriched it with ſuch parts of the Perinthian, as naturally fell in with that plan. We are told by Donatus, that the firſt ſcene of our author's Andrian, is almoſt a literal tranſlation of the firſt ſcene of the Perinthian of Menander, in which the Old Man diſcourſed with his wife, juſt as Simo does with Soſia. In the Andrian of Menander, the Old Man opened with a ſoliloquy.

The Perinthian, as well as the Andrian, took its name from the place the woman came from, viz. Perinthus, a town of Thrace.

(8) *Nævius, Plautus, Ennius.*] Theſe poets are not mentioned here in exact chronological order, Ennius being older than Plautus. The firſt author, who brought a regular play on the Roman ſtage, is ſaid to have been Livius Andronicus, about the year of Rome 510, and one year before the birth of Ennius. Five years after the repreſentation of the firſt play of Andronicus, or as ſome ſay, nine, Nævius wrote for the ſtage. Then followed Ennius, Plautus, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, Porcius Licinius, Terence, and his cotemporary and adverſary, Lucius Lavinius, Accius, Afranius, &c. Of all theſe, many of whom were very eminent writers, we have ſcarce any remains, except of Plautus and Terence: and what is ſtill more to be lamented, the meſtimable Greek authors, whoſe writings were the rich ſource, whence they drew their fable, characters, &c. are alſo irrecoverably loſt.

(9) *Extant ſervants.*] The want of marginal directions, however trifling they may at firſt ſight appear, has occaſioned, as it neceſſarily muſt, much confuſion and obſcurity in ſeveral paſſages of the ancient dramatic writers: and is a defect in the manuſcripts, and old editions of theſe authors in the learned languages, which has in vain been attempted to be ſupplied by long notes of laborious commentators, and delineations of the figures of the characters employed in each ſcene. This ſimple method of illuſtrating the dialogue, and rendering it clear and intelligible to the moſt ordinary reader, I purpoſe to purſue throughout this tranſlation: And I cannot better enforce the utility of this practice, than by a few extracts from a very ingenious Treatiſe on Dramatic Poetry, written in French by Monſ. Diderot, and annexed to his play, called the Father of a Family.

"The *Poetics* is a part of the drama, to which the author ought to pay the moſt ſerious attention: for, if it is not always preſent to him, he can neither begin, nor conduct, nor end a ſcene according to truth and nature; and the action ſhould frequently be written down inſtead of dialogue.

"The

" The *Pantomime* ſhould be written down, whenever it creates a picture; whenever it gives energy, or clearneſs, or connection to the dialogue; whenever it paints character; whenever it conſiſts in a delicate play, which the reader cannot himſelf ſupply; whenever it ſtands in the place of an anſwer; and almoſt always at the beginning of a ſcene.

" Whether a poet has *written down* the pantomime or not, it is eaſy to diſcover at firſt ſight, whether he has *compoſed* after it. The conduct of the piece will not be the ſame; the ſcenes will have another turn; the dialogue will reliſh of it."

Moliere, as this ingenious critic obſerves, has always written down the *pantomime*, (as he phraſes it) and Terence ſeems plainly to have had it always in his view, and to have paid a conſtant attention to it in his compoſitions, though he has not ſet it down in words.

(10) *Be ta'en due care of.*] *Nempe ut* curentur *recte hæc.* Madam Dacier will have it that Simo here makes uſe of a *kitchen-term* in the word *curentur.* I believe it rather means *to take care* of any thing generally; at the concluſion of this very ſcene, Soſia uſes the word again, ſpeaking of things very foreign to cookery. *Sat eſt,* CURABO.

(11) *Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*] There is a beautiful paſſage in the Duke of Milan, of Maſſinger, very ſimilar to the above. The ſituations of the perſons are ſomewhat alike, Sforza being on the point of opening his mind to Franciſco. The Engliſh poet has, with great addreſs, transferred the ſentiment from the inferior to the ſuperior character, which certainly adds to its delicacy.

Sforza. I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement; and repent no grace,
I have conferr'd upon you: And, believe me,
Tho' now I ſhould repeat my favours to you,
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you,
I find you worthy of them, in your love
And ſervice to me.

(12) *You ſhall hear all, &c.*] " Terence ſtands alone in every thing, but eſpecially in his narrations. It is a pure and tranſparent ſtream which flows always evenly, and takes neither ſwiftneſs nor noiſe, but that which it derives from its courſe, and the ground it runs over. No wit, no diſplay of ſentiment, not a ſentence that wears an epigrammatical air, none of thoſe definitions always out of place, except in Nicole or Rochefoucauld. When he generalizes a maxim, it is in ſo ſimple and popular a manner, you would believe it to be a common proverb which he has quoted: Nothing but what belongs to the ſubject. I have read this poet over and over with attention; there are in him no ſuperfluous ſcenes, nor any thing ſuperfluous in the ſcenes." DIDEROT.

This being the firſt narration in our author, and exceedingly beautiful, I could not help tranſcribing the foregoing paſſage from the French treatiſe above-mentioned. The narrations in the Greek tragedies have been long and juſtly admired; and from this and many other parts of Terence, taken from Greek authors, we may fairly conclude, that their comedies were equally excellent in that particular.

(13) *Now to manhood grown.*] *Poſtquam exceſſit ex* Ephebis. The Ephebia was the firſt ſtage of youth, and youth the laſt ſtage of boyhood. DONATUS.

(14) *Or to the ſtudy of philoſophy.*] It was at that age that the Greeks applied themſelves to the ſtudy of philoſophy, and choſe out ſome particular ſect,

fect, to which they attached themſelves. Plato's Dialogues give us ſufficient light into that cuſtom. DACIER.

(15) *Too much of one thing's good for nothing.*] *Ne quid nimis.* A ſentiment not unbecoming a ſervant, becauſe it is common, and is therefore not put into the mouth of the maſter. DONATUS.

Though the commentators are full of admiration of this golden ſaying, "Do nothing to exceſs," yet it is plain, that Terence introduces it here, as a *characteriſtic* ſentiment. Soſia is a dealer in old ſayings. The very next time he opens his mouth, he utters another. I thought it neceſſary, therefore, for the ſake of the preſervation of character, to tranſlate this ancient proverb by one of our own, though the modern maxim is not expreſt with equal elegance.

(16) *'Tis now about three years ago.*] The mention of this diſtance of time is certainly artful, as it affords time for all the events, previous to the opening of the piece, to have happened with the ſtricteſt probability. The comment of Donatus on this paſſage is curious.

The author hath artfully ſaid three years, when he might have given a longer or a ſhorter period. Since it is probable that the woman might have lived modeſtly one year; ſet up the trade, the next; and died the third.—In the firſt year, therefore, Pamphilus knew nothing of the family of Chryſis; in the ſecond, he became acquainted with Glycerium; and in the third, Glycerium marries Pamphilus, and finds her parents. DONATUS.

(17) *Modeſt and thriftily, &c.*] It is abſolutely neceſſary, that the reputation of Glycerium ſhould be ſuppoſed to be ſpotleſs and unblemiſhed: and, as ſhe could never be *made an honeſt woman*, if it were not clear, that ſhe was ſo before marriage, Chryſis, with whom ſhe lived, is partly to be defended, partly to be praiſed; whom, although it is neceſſary to confeſs to be a courtezan, yet her behaviour is rendered as excuſable as ſuch a circumſtance will admit. DONATUS.

(18) *He's ſmit! he has it.*] *Captus eſt, habet.* Terms taken from the gladiators. DACIER.

(19) *But all the world, &c.*] There is a beautiful ſentiment uttered by Manoa, in the Samſon Agoniſtes of Milton, which ſeems to be partly borrowed from this paſſage in our author.

I gain'd a ſon,
And ſuch a ſon, as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my ſtead!

(20) *Since merely, &c.*] 'Tis ſtrange, the critics have never diſcovered a ſimilar ſentiment of this in Shakeſpeare. When Valentine, in the Twelfth Night, reports the inconquerable grief of Olivia, for the loſs of a brother, the Duke obſerves upon it,

Oh, ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her?

Common ſenſe directs us, for the moſt part, to regard *reſemblances* in great writers, not as the pilferings, or frugal acquiſitions of needy *art*, but as the honeſt fruits of Genius, the free and liberal bounties of unenvying *Nature*.
HURD's *Diſcourſe on Poetical Imitation.*

(21) *I myſelf, &c.*] A complaiſant father, to go to the funeral of a courtezan, merely to oblige his ſon. COOKE.

(22) *You're in the right.*] Nothing can mark the flat ſimplicity of Soſia's character ſtronger than the inſipidity of this ſpeech.

(23) *Was*

(23) *Was married to this* ſtranger-woman.] The Greeks and Romans made uſe of this expreſſion to ſignify a *courtezan*; and I believe they borrowed that term from the people of the eaſt; as we find it uſed in that ſenſe in the books of the Old Teſtament. DACIER.

Donatus ſeems to think the word uſed here merely as a contemptuous expreſſion.

(24) *Bad mind, bad heart.*] *Mala mens, malus animus.* *Animus*, the heart, conceives the bad actions, and *Mens*, the mind, deviſes the means of carrying them into execution. DACIER.

(25) *Exit* Soſia.] Here we take our laſt leave of Soſia, who is, in the language of the commentators, a *protatick perſonage*, that is, as Donatus explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning (the *protaſis*) of the piece, for the ſake of unfolding the argument, and is never ſeen again in any part of the play. The narration being ended, ſays Donatus, the character of Soſia is no longer neceſſary. He therefore departs, and leaves Simo alone, to carry on the action. With all due deference to the ancients, I cannot help thinking this method, if too conſtantly practiſed, as I think it is in our author, rather inartificial. Narration, however beautiful, is certainly the deadeſt part of theatrical compoſitions; it is, indeed, ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſcarce dramatic, and ſtrikes the leaſt in the repreſentation: and the too frequent introduction of a character, to whom a principal perſon in the fable is to relate, in confidence, the circumſtances previous to the opening of the play, is ſurely too direct a manner of conveying that information to the audience. Every thing of this nature ſhould come obliquely, fall in a manner by accident, or be drawn, as it were, perforce, from the parties concerned, in the courſe of the action: a practice, which, if reckoned highly beautiful in epic, may be almoſt ſet down as abſolutely neceſſary in dramatic poetry. It is, however, more adviſeable, even to ſeem tedious, than to hazard being obſcure. Terence certainly opens his plays with great addreſs, and aſſigns a probable reaſon for one of the parties being ſo communicative to the other; and yet it is too plain, that this narration is made, merely for the ſake of the audience, ſince there never was a duller hearer than Maſter Soſia, and it never appears, in the ſequel of the play, that Simo's inſtructions to him are of the leaſt uſe to frighten Davus, or work upon Pamphilus. Yet even this *protatic perſonage* is one of the inſtances of Terence's art, ſince it was often uſual in the Roman comedy, as may be ſeen, even in Plautus, to make the relation of the argument the expreſs office of the prologue.

Sir Richard Steele has opened the Conſcious Lovers in direct imitation of the Andrian, but has unfolded the argument with much leſs art, as will perhaps appear in the courſe of the notes on this act. In this place, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that the delineation of the characters in the Engliſh author is infinitely inferior to that of thoſe in the Roman. Simo is the moſt finiſhed character in the play. Sir John Bevil, I fear, is but an inſignificant perſonage. Humphry, while he has all the plainneſs and dulneſs of Soſia, poſſeſſes neither his fidelity nor ſecrecy; for he goes between the father and the ſon, and in ſome meaſure betrays both.

(26) *Davus.*] Sir Richard Steele has modernized the characters of Davus and Myſis with great elegance and humour, in his ſprightly footman and chambermaid, Tom and Phillis.

(27) *In priſon.*] *Te in* piſtrinum, *Dave, dedam.* The priſon mentioned here, and in many other paſſages of our author, was a kind of houſe of correction for ſlaves, to which they were ſent to grind corn, as diſorderly perſons are made to beat hemp in our Bridewell.

(28) *Tretb Dawns, &c.*] This, says Donatus, is a short and comic deliberation, calculated to excite the attention of the audience to the impending events; artfully relating part of the argument, but in order to prepare the events without anticipating them, representing the circumstances of the story as fabulous; and in order to enliven it, passing from dry narration to mimicry.

How much more artful is the conduct of Terence in this place than that of Sir Richard Steele in the Conscious Lovers, who besides the long narration with which the play opens, has obliged the patient Humphrey to hear a second story, with which he has burthened the conclusion of his first act, from young Bevil.

(29) *The dotage, &c.*] *Inceptio est* amentium, haud *amantium.* A play upon words, impossible to be exactly preserved in the translation.

(30) *To educate.*] *Decreverunt* tollere. The word *tollere* strictly signifies to *take up*, and alludes to the custom of those times. As soon as a child was born, it was laid on the ground; and if the father was willing to educate it, he ordered it to be taken up: but if he said nothing, it was a token signifying that he would have it exposed. DACIER.

(31) *The Forum.*] The Forum is very frequently spoken of in the Comic authors; and from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected, that it was a public place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the courts of justice, a public walk, and an Exchange.

(32) *Pamphilus.*] The two most beautiful characters in this play, in my opinion, are the father and son. It has already been observed how much Sir Richard Steele falls short of Terence in delineating the first; and I must own, though Bevil is plainly the most laboured character in the Conscious Lovers, I think it inferior to Pamphilus. The particular differences in their character I propose to point out in the course of these Notes: at present, I shall only observe in general, that, of the two, Bevil is the more cool and refined, Pamphilus the more natural and pathetic.

(33) *Changes his mind, &c.*] *Id mutavit, quia me* immutatum *videt.* The verb *immutare* in other Latin authors, and even in other parts of Terence himself, signifies *to change*; as in the Phormio, Antipho says, *Non possum* immutarier. "I cannot *be changed*." But here the sense absolutely requires that *immutatum* should be rendered NOT *changed*. Madam Dacier endeavours to reconcile this, according to a conjecture of her father's, by shewing that *immutatum* stands for *immutabilis*; as *immotus* for *immobilis*, *invictus* for *invincibilis*, &c. But these examples do not remove the difficulty; since those participles always bear a negative sense, which *immutatus* does not: and thence arises all the difficulty. Terence certainly uses the verb *immutare* both negatively and positively, as is plain from this passage, and the above passage in the Phormio: and I dare say, with strict propriety. In our own language, we have instances of the same word bearing two senses, directly opposite to each other. The word *Let*, for instance, is used in the contradictory meanings of *permission* and *prohibition*. The modern acceptation of the word is indeed almost entirely confined to the first sense; though we say even at this day, *without* LET *or molestation.* Shakespeare, in Hamlet, says,

I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me;

that is, *stops*, *prevents*, *hinders* me, which is directly opposite to the modern use of the word.

(34) *They breed some monster.*] *Aliquid monstri alunt.* Dacier and some others imagine these words to signify some plot that is hatching. Donatus and the commentators on him, interpret them as referring to the woman, which is the sense I have followed; and I think the next sentence confirms this interpretation.

(35) *For while the mind, &c.*] *Dum in dubio eſt animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.* Dacier thinks that theſe words allude to ſcales, which ſenſe I have adopted in the tranſlation; but I rather think with Donatus that they refer to any great weight, which while it is yet unfixt, and hangs in ſuſpenſe, is driven by the ſlighteſt touch here or there. In the beautiful ſtory of Myrrha in Ovid's Metamorphoſes, there is a paſſage, which the Commentators with great juſtice ſuppoſe to be an imitation of this ſentence.

——————— Utque ſecuri,
Saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga noviſſima reſtat,
Quo cadat, *in dubio eſt*, omnique a parte timetur;
Sic *animus* vario labefactus vulnere nutat
Huc levis atque *illuc*, *momentaque* ſumit utroque.

(36) *Oppreſt with wretchedneſs.*] *Laborat e dolore.* Though the word *laborat* has tempted Donatus and the reſt of the Commentators to ſuppoſe that this ſentence ſignified Glycerium's being in labour, I cannot help concurring with Cooke, that it means ſimply, that ſhe is weighed down with grief. The words immediately ſubſequent corroborate this interpretation: and at the concluſion of the ſcene, when Myſis tells him, ſhe is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away as he would naturally have done here, had he underſtood by theſe words, that her miſtreſs was in labour.

(37) *By your better angel.*] *Per Genium tuum.* Moſt editors give *Ingenium:* but as Bentley obſerves, this [*per* Genium] was the moſt uſual way of adjuring; and there is a paſſage in Horace, plainly imitated from this in our author, where the meaſure infallibly determines the reading.

Quod te per *Genium*, *dextramq;* Deoſq; Penates,
Obſecro, et obteſtor.
Hor. L. 1. Ep. 7. COOKE.

(38) How much more affecting is this ſpeech, than Bevil's dry detail to Humphry of his meeting with Indiana! a detail the more needleſs and inartificial, as it might with much more propriety and *pathos* have been entirely reſerved for Indiana herſelf in the ſcene with her father.

There is a paſſage in Otway's Orphan, which is, I think, a palpable imitation of this ſpeech of Pamphilus: I have ſubjoined it to this note, that the reader may compare the two ſpeeches together.

Chamont. When our dear parents died, they died together,
One fate ſurpriz'd them, and one grave receiv'd them:
My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my love: My mother, as ſhe lay
Languiſhing by him, call'd me to her ſide.
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
Then preſt me cloſe, and as ſhe obſerv'd my tears,
Kiſt them away: Said ſhe, Chamont, my ſon,
By this, and all the love I ever ſhew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth,
Let not her wants betray her to diſhonour.
Perhaps kind heav'n may raiſe ſome friend—then ſigh'd,
Kiſt me again; ſo bleſt us, and expir'd.

(39) *Going for a midwife.*] Methinks Myſis has loitered a little too much, conſidering her errand; but perhaps Terence knew, that ſome women would

goſſip on the way, though on an affair of life and death. COOKE.

This two-edged reflection, glancing at once on Terence and the ladies, is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of Myſis, on ſeeing the emotion of Pamphilus, is very natural; and her artful endeavours to intereſt his paſſions in favour of her miſtreſs, are rather marks of her attention, than neglect.

(40) The firſt act of Baron's Andrian is little elſe than a mere verſion of this firſt act of Terence. Its extreme elegance and great ſuperiority to the Proſe Tranſlation of Dacier, is a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior excellence and propriety of a poetical Tranſlation of the works of this author.

(41) *Charinus, Byrrhia.*] Theſe two characters were not in the works of Menander, but were added to the Fable by Terence, leſt Philumena's being left without a huſband, on the marriage of Pamphilus to Glycerium, ſhould appear too *tragical* a circumſtance. DONATUS.

Madam Dacier, after tranſcribing this remark, adds, that it appears to her to be an obſervation of great importance to the Theatre, and well worthy our attention.

Important as this Dramatic *Arcanum* may be, it were to be wiſhed that Terence had never found it out, or at leaſt that he had not availed himſelf of it in the conſtruction of the Andrian. It is plain that the duplicity of the Intrigue did not proceed from the imitation of Menander, ſince theſe characters, on which the double plot is founded, were not drawn from the Greek Poet. Charinus and Byrrhia are indeed but poor counterparts, or faint ſhadows of Pamphilus and Davus; and inſtead of adding life and vigour to the Fable, rather damp its ſpirit, and ſtop the activity of its progreſs. As to the *tragical* circumſtance of Philumena's having no huſband, it ſeems ſomething like the diſtreſs of Prince Prettyman, who thinks it a matter of indifference, whether he ſhall appear to be the ſon of a King or a Fiſherman, and is only uneaſy leſt he ſhould be the ſon of nobody at all. I am much more inclined to the opinion of an ingenious French Critic, whom I have already cited more than once, than to that of Donatus or Madam Dacier. His comment on this under-plot is as follows:

" It is almoſt impoſſible to conduct two intrigues at a time, without " weakening the intereſt of both. With what addreſs has Terence inter- " woven the amours of Pamphilus and Charinus in the Andrian! But has " he done it without inconvenience? At the beginning of the ſecond Act, " do we not ſeem to be entering upon a new piece? and does the fifth con- " clude in a very intereſting manner?" DIDEROT.

It is but juſtice to Sir Richard Steele to confeſs, that he has conducted the under-plot in the Conſcious Lovers in a much more artful and intereſting manner than Terence in the play before us. The part which Myrtle ſuſtains (though not wholly unexceptionable, eſpecially in the laſt act) is more eſſential to the Fable, than Charinus in the Andrian. His character alſo is more ſeparated and diſtinguiſhed from Bevil than Charinus from Pamphilus, and ſerves to produce one of the beſt ſcenes in the play.

(42) *With your Bride.*] Sponſam *hic tuam amat.* We have no word exactly anſwering the ſenſe of *Sponſam* in this place. The familiar French expreſſion of *La Future* comes pretty near it. It is, however, I hope, an allowable liberty in familiar converſation to ſpeak of the Lady by the name of *the Bride* on her wedding-day, though before the performance of the ceremony.

(43) *Enquire; he had'nt ſeen you.*] *Rogo, negat vidiſſe.* Wonderful brevity, and worthy imitation. DONATUS.

Whoever remembers this ſpeech, as well as many other little narrations, in the original, will readily concur with the Critick; but whether the imi-

tation

tation recommended is very practicable, or capable of equal elegance in our language, the reader may partly determine from the preſent and other tranſlations.

(44) *Before the door all buſy.*] Terence has not put this remark into the mouth of Davus without foundation. The houſe of the Bride was always full, and before the ſtreet-door were muſicians, and thoſe who waited to accompany the Bride. DACIER.

(45) *No matron.*] Married women, neighbours, and relations; whoſe buſineſs it was to attend the Lady, whoſe name *(Pronuba)* as well as office was much the ſame as that of the modern *Bride-maid*.

(46) *A Pennyworth.*] *Obolo.* The *Obolus*, ſays Donatus, was a coin of the loweſt value. Cooke tells us that the preciſe worth of it was one penny, farthing, one ſixth.

(47) *Say, that you'll marry.*] The reciprocal diſſimulation between the Father and Son, in the Fable of this Comedy, is much better managed by our Author than by Sir Richard Steele. The efforts made by each party, in order to accompliſh the favourite point, which they ſeverally have in view, very naturally keeps all the characters in motion, and produces many affecting, and pleaſant ſituations. There is too much uniformity in the adventures, as well as character of Bevil, for the vivacity of the Drama. His ſuppoſed conſent to marry is followed by no conſequences, and his *honeſt diſſimulation*, as he himſelf calls it, is leſs reconcileable to the philoſophical turn of his character, than to the natural ſenſibility of Pamphilus; beſides that the diſſimulation of the latter is palliated by his being almoſt involuntarily driven into it by the artful inſtigations of Davus.

(48) *Follow'd the old man hither.*] HUNC *venientem ſequor.* This verſe, tho' in every edition, as Bentley judiciouſly obſerves, is certainly ſpurious: for as Pamphilus has not diſappeared ſince Byrrhia left the ſtage, he could not ſay *nunc* HUNC *venientem ſequor.* If we ſuppoſe the line genuine, we muſt at the ſame time ſuppoſe Terence guilty of a monſtrous abſurdity. COOKE.

Other Commentators have alſo ſtumbled at this paſſage; but if in the words *follow'd* HIM *hither*, we ſuppoſe HIM [HUNC] to refer to Simo, the whole difficulty is removed: and that the Pronoun does really ſignify Simo, is evident from the very circumſtance of Pamphilus never having left the ſtage ſince the diſappearance of Byrrhia. Simo alſo is repreſented as coming on the ſtage homewards, ſo that Byrrhia might eaſily have followed him along the ſtreet: and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus, from the agreeable ſurprize which he expreſſes on ſeeing him there ſo opportunely for his purpoſe.

(49) *I will go bear theſe tidings.*] Donatus obſerves on this Scene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the Dialogue is ſuſtained by four perſons, who have little or no intercourſe with each other: ſo that the Scene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace excluding a fourth perſon, but is alſo otherwiſe vicious in its conſtruction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though indeed the form of the antient Theatre was more adapted to the repreſentation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of ſpeeches *aſide* is alſo the chief error in his Dialogue, ſuch ſpeeches, though very common in Dramatick writers antient and modern, being always more or leſs unnatural.—Myrtle's ſuſpicions, grounded on the intelligence drawn from Bevil's ſervant, are more artfully imagined by the Engliſh Poet, than thoſe of Charinus created by employing his ſervant as a ſpy on the actions of Pamphilus.

(50) *So, I perceive, you did.—This nettles him.* [aſide.] *Præter ſpem evenit: ſentio;*

factio: hoc male habet virum. All the commentators and tranſlators have underſtood this whole line as ſpoken *aſide*: but as the firſt part of it is an apt anſwer to what Simo had ſaid, and in the ſame ſtile with the reſt of the converſation, that Davus commonly holds with him, I rather think it was intended in reply; to which Davus ſubjoins the concluſion, as his fly remark *aſide*.—Whether this was certainly the Poet's meaning, it is difficult to determine; but I think that this manner of ſpeaking the line would have the beſt effect on the Stage.

(51) *A ſmall ſum of ſcarce ten Drachms!*] The Attick *Drachma* was equal to ſevenpence, three farthings, of Engliſh money. COOKE.

(52) The ſecond Act of the Andrian of Baron is, like the firſt, very nearly an exact tranſlation of Terence.

(53) *Glycerium within.*] *Juno Lucina, ſave me! help I pray thee!*] Juno Lucina was the Goddeſs ſuppoſed to preſide over child-birth.

"In their Comedies, the Romans generally borrowed their plots from "the Greek Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girl ſtolen or wander-"ed from her Parents, brought back unknown to the city, there got with "child by ſome lewd young fellow; who, by the help of his ſervant cheats "his father: and when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina, ſer opem!* one "or other frees a little Box or Cabinet, which was carried away with her, "and ſo diſcovers her to her friends; if ſome God do not prevent it, by "coming down in a Machine, and taking the thanks of it to himſelf.

"By the Plot you may gueſs much of the characters of the Perſons. An "old father, who would willingly, before he dies, ſee his ſon well married; "a debauched ſon, kind in his nature to his miſtreſs, but miſerably in want "of money; a ſervant or ſlave, who has ſo much wit as to ſtrike in with "him, and help to dupe his father; a Braggadochio Captain; a Paraſite; "and a Lady of Pleaſure.

"As for the poor honeſt maid, on whom the ſtory is built, and who "ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play, ſhe is commonly a "Mute in it: She has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way, which was "for maids to be ſeen, and not to be heard; and it is enough you know ſhe "is willing to be married when the fifth Act requires it." DRYDEN'S *Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.*

It muſt be remembered that Dryden's Eſſay is written in the form of a Dialogue, and therefore the above extract is not to be ſuppoſed to be abſolutely the very opinion of the writer, but receives a good deal of its high colouring from the character of the Speaker. It is true, indeed, that this *crying out* of a woman in labour behind the ſcenes, which Donatus gravely remarks is the only way in which the ſeverity of the *Comœdiæ Palliatæ* would allow *a young Gentlewoman* to be introduced, is perhaps the moſt exceptionable circumſtance of all the antient Drama: and if the modern Theatre has any tranſcendent advantage over the antient, it is in the frequent and ſucceſsful introduction of female perſonages.

The antients were ſo little ſenſible of the impropriety or indecorum of ſuch an incident, that it is (as Dryden has obſerved) introduced into many of their plays, wherein the Lady *cries out* in the ſame, or very ſimilar, words with Glycerium. I do not, however, remember any play where the Lady in the Straw produces ſo many pleaſant circumſtances, as in the play before us; nor is there, I think, any one of thoſe circumſtances, except the *crying out*, which might not be repreſented on our Stage. This act and the next, which are entirely built on the delivery of Glycerium, are the moſt humorous of the five; and yet theſe very acts ſeem to have been the moſt obnoxious to the delicacy of the modern imitators of our Author. Sir Richard Steele, indeed,

deed, departed in many other circumstances from the Fable of Terence, so that it is no wonder he took the advantage of bringing our Glycerium on the Stage in the person of Indiana: but Baron who has wrought his whole piece on the Ground of Terence, thought it necessary to new-mould these two Acts, and has introduced Glycerium merely to fill up the chasm created by the omission of the other incidents. Baron, I doubt not, judged right in thinking it unsafe to hazard them on the French Stage: but it must be obvious to every reader that the deadest and most insipid parts of Baron's play are those scenes in which he deviates from Terence.

(54) *Your incidents, &c.*] *Non sat commode divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Dave, hæc.* A metaphor taken from the Theatre. DACIER.

(55) *And withal a child.*] This was a piece of roguery very common in Greece, where they often deceived the old men by suppositious children. DACIER.

(56) *Enter* CHREMES.] Chremes is a humane, natural, unaffected old gentleman. Sealand in the Conscious Lovers, the English Chremes, is a sensible respectable merchant. Both the characters are properly sustained: but Chremes being induced first to renew his consent to the match, and afterwards wrought upon by occurrences arising in the fable to withdraw it again, renders his character more essential to the Drama, than Sealand's.

(57) *And what do you deserve for this?*] *Quid meritus?* This question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of the culprit's answer, they mitigated or aggravated his punishment. DACIER.

The Commentators cite a passage exactly parallel from the Frogs of Aristophanes.

(58) *Alas, I have not leisure, &c.*] Characters too faintly drawn are the opposite of Caricature. Pamphilus in the Andrian is, in my mind, a faint character. Davus has precipitated him into a marriage that he abhors. His mistress has but just been brought to-bed. He has a hundred reasons to be out of humour Yet he takes all in good part. DIDEROT.

I cannot think there is much justice in the above observation. Pamphilus appears to me to have all the feelings of an amiable and ingenuous mind. There is an observation of Donatus on Simo's observing to Davus, at the end of the second Act, that his son appeared to him to be rather melancholy, which is in my opinion infinitely more just, and applicable to the character of Pamphilus than the remark of our ingenious French Critick. It has been reserved for this place on purpose to oppose them to each other. The passage and note on it are as follow.

Yet in mind he seem'd a little sad.] The propriety of behaviour necessary to the different characters of the Son and the Lover, is wonderfully preserved in this instance. A deceit, sustained with great assurance, would not have been agreeable to the character of an ingenuous youth: and it would have been improbable in the character of the Lover to have entirely smothered his concern. He suppresses it therefore in some measure, because the thing was to be concealed; but could not assume a thorough joyfulness, because his disposition and his passion inspired him with melancholy. DONATUS.

It may be added also, as a further answer to Diderot, that the words with which Pamphilus concludes this act, alluding to his present situation, assign a very natural reason for his subduing the transports of his anger towards Davus.

(59) *From the altar then, &c.*] Donatus and Scaliger the father have written that the Altar mentioned here, was the altar usually placed on the stage. When a tragedy was acted, the altar was dedicated to Bacchus; when a Comedy

Comedy, to Apollo. But in my opinion the Stage-Altar has no connection with this paſſage: This adventure is not to be conſidered as an incident in a Comedy, but as a thing which paſſes in the ſtreet. Probability therefore muſt be preſerved; which it cannot be, if one of the Stage-Altars is employed in this place. At Athens every houſe had an altar at the ſtreet door: [which ſtreet-altars are alſo often mentioned in Plautus.] Theſe altars were covered with freſh herbs every day, and it is one of thoſe altars, to which Terence here alludes. DACIER.

It was a cuſtom among the Romans to have an altar ſacred to Veſta in the entrance of their houſes, whence it was called The *Veſtibule*. EUGRAPHIUS.

(60) *I change my firſt-intended purpoſe.*] His firſt intention doubtleſs was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door. DACIER.

(61) *From our houſe.*] A NOBIS. Moſt of the books read *a* VOBIS, but I am perſuaded the other is the right reading. The fact is, the child really came from Glycerium's, and Davus's laughing at the impudence of Myſis in owning it, and the immediate obſervation of Chremes, that ſhe was the Andrian's maid, is more agreeable to this ſenſe. Beſides, the mention of the other family is reſerved for the anſwers drawn from Myſis by Davus's aſking her *whoſe child it was*.

(62) *Some free-women.*] *Free-women:* For in Greece as well as in Italy, ſlaves were not admitted to give evidence. DACIER.

(63) *And that by law, &c.*] Among the laws of Athens was that equitable one, which compelled the man to marry her whom he had debauched, if ſhe was a free woman. COOKE.

(64) *Is there is no diff'rence, &c.*] It is an obſervation of Voltaire's in the preface to his Comedy of L' Enfant Prodigue, that although there are various kinds of pleaſantry that excite mirth, yet univerſal burſts of laughter are ſeldom produced, unleſs by a ſcene of miſtake or *æquivoque*. A thouſand inſtances might be given to prove the truth of this judicious obſervation. There is ſcarce any writer of Comedy, who has not drawn from this ſource of humour. A ſcene founded on a miſunderſtanding between the parties, where the characters are all at croſs purpoſes with each other, never fails to ſet the audience in a roar: nor indeed can there be a happier incident in a Comedy, if produced naturally, and managed judiciouſly.

The ſcenes in this act, occaſioned by the artifice of Davus concerning the child, do not fall directly under the obſervation of Voltaire, but are however, ſo much of the ſame colour, that if repreſented on the ſtage, they would, I doubt not, have the like effect, and be the beſt means of confuting theſe infidel Critics, who maintain that Terence has no humour. I do not remember a ſcene in any comedy, where there is ſuch a natural complication of pleaſant circumſtances. Davus's ſudden change of his intentions on ſeeing Chremes, without having time to explain himſelf to Myſis; her confuſion and comical diſtreſs, together with the genuine ſimplicity of her anſwers; and the concluſion drawn by Chremes from the ſuppoſed quarrel; are all finely imagined, and directly calculated for the purpoſes of exciting the higheſt mirth in the ſpectators. The words of Davus to Myſis in this ſpeech "*Is there then, &c.* have the air of an oblique praiſe of this ſcene from the Poet himſelf, ſhewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is ſuſtained.

Sir Richard Steele had deviated ſo much from Terence in the original conſtruction of his fable, that he had no opportunity of working this ſcene into it. Baron, who, I ſuppoſe, was afraid to hazard it on the French Theatre, fills up the chaſm by bringing Glycerium on the ſtage. She, amuſed by Davus with a forged tale of the falſehood of Pamphilus, throws herſelf

herſelf at the feet of Chremes, and prevails on him once more to break off the intended match with Philumena. In conſequence of this alteration, the moſt lively part of the comedy in Terence, becomes the graveſt in Baron: the artifice of Davus is carried on with the moſt ſtarch formality; and the whole incident, as conducted in the French imitation, loſes all that air of eaſe and pleaſantry, which it wears in the original.

(65) *Bind the ſlave hand and foot.*] QUADRUPEDEM *conſtringito.* It was uſual among the Athenians to tie criminals, hands and feet together, like a calf. ECHARD.

(66) *Againſt the law.*] There was a law among the Athenians, that no citizen ſhould marry a ſtranger; which law alſo excluded ſuch as were not born of two citizens, from all offices of truſt and honour. See *Plutarch's Life of Pericles.* COOKE.

(67) Simo. *How my father*, &c.] Donatus is full of admiration of this ſpeech, and tells us that it was not taken from Menander, but original in Terence.

(68) *Exit* Pamphilus.] The above ſcene, admirable as it is, had not, it ſeems, ſufficient temptations for Sir Richard Steele to induce him to include it in his plan of the Conſcious Lovers. Bevil and his father are never brought to an open rupture, like Simo and Pamphilus, but rather induſtriouſly kept from coming to any explanation, which is one reaſon of the inſipidity and want of ſpirit in their characters. It muſt be obvious to every reader, how naturally this ſcene brings on the cataſtrophe: how injudiciouſly then has the Engliſh Poet deprived his audience of the pleaſure that muſt have ariſen from it in the repreſentation, and contented himſelf with making Sir J. Bevil declare, at entering with his ſon, after the diſcovery is over, "Your good ſiſter, Sir, has with the ſtory of your daughter's fortune, filled "us with ſurprize and joy! Now all exceptions are removed; my ſon has "now avowed his love, and turned all former jealouſies and doubts to ap-"probation, and, I am told, your goodneſs has conſented to reward him." How many dramatic incidents, what fine pictures of the manners, has Terence drawn from the circumſtances huddled together in theſe few lines of Sir Richard Steele!

(69) *But that I fear*, &c.] *Ni metuam patrem, habeo pro illa re illum quod moneam probe.* Madam Dacier, and ſeveral Engliſh tranſlations, make Pamphilus ſay that he could give Crito a hint or two. What hints he could propoſe to ſuggeſt to Crito I cannot conceive. The Italian tranſlation, printed with the Vatican Terence, ſeems to underſtand the words in the ſame manner that I have tranſlated them, in which ſenſe the pronoun *illum* referring to Simo inſtead of Crito, they ſeem to be the moſt natural words of Pamphilus on occaſion of his father's anger, and the ſpeech immediately preceding.

(70) *Of Rhamnus.*] Rhamnus, Piræus, &c. are to be underſtood as maritime towns of Attica. DONATUS.

(71) P. *Sir!* Si. *Be it ſo.*] P. *Nempe.* Si. *Id ſcilicet.* Donatus, and ſome others after him, underſtand theſe words of Simo and Pamphilus, as requiring a fortune of Chremes with his daughter: and one of them ſays, that Simo, in order to explain his meaning in the repreſentation, ſhould produce a bag of money. This ſurely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true Commentator. Madam Dacier, who entertains a juſt veneration for Donatus, doubts the authenticity of the obſervation aſcribed to him. The ſenſe I have followed is, I think, the moſt obvious and natural interpretation of the words of Pamphilus and Simo, which refer to the preceding, not the ſubſequent ſpeech, of Chremes.

(72) *My daughter's portion is ten talents.*] All our own tranſlators of this poet have betrayed great ignorance in their eſtimations of antient ſums: and Madam Dacier, and the common Latin interpreters ſeem not to have given themſelves much trouble on this head: but this part of antient learning ought not to be paſt over ſlightly, ſince the wealth and plenty of a great and famous ſtate are to be diſcovered from it. The name of the Talent ought to be preſerved in a tranſlation, as ſhould the *Mina*, *Half-Mina*, *Drachma*, and *Obolus*, for the ſame reaſon for which Terence preſerved them in his Latin tranſlations of Greek plays, *viz.* becauſe the ſcene is in Athens, and theſe are Attick pieces of money. The common Attick talent, which is the talent mentioned thro' Terence, contained ſixty Minæ, as Gronovius, in a note to the Ciſtellaria of Plautus, and other accurate enquirers have agreed. Ten talents therefore were equal to 1937l. 10s. of our money, which we may reaſonably ſuppoſe a tolerably good fortune, conſidering the price of proviſions then in that part of Greece; which we may partly judge of from the paſſage, where the *Obolus* is mentioned in the ſecond act of this play. COOKE.

(73) *Exeunt* Chremes *and* Crito.] Crito is, as Donatus calls him, *perſona in cataſtrophen machinata*, a character formed to bring about the cataſtrophe. To ſupply his place in the fable, Sir Richard Steele has converted Phania, the brother of Chremes mentioned in the foregoing ſcene, into a ſiſter, and ſubſtituted Iſabella for Crito. But here, I think, and in almoſt every circumſtance of the diſcovery, the art of the Engliſh Poet is much inferior to that of his original. Iſabella does not maintain her importance in the Drama ſo well as Crito. Indiana indeed ſerves to add a degree of *Pathos* to the ſcene: but the relation of the incidents of her life, and throwing off her little ornaments in a kind of tragedy-rant, till Iſabella appears to unravel the myſtery, is ſurely much leſs natural than the minute detail of circumſtances, ſo finely produced by our Author. It is, ſays Donatus, the greateſt praiſe, when the ſpectator may imagine thoſe things to happen by chance, which are produced by the utmoſt induſtry of the Poet.

(74) P. *Bound! how, ſir!* Si. *How ſir? neck and heels.*] *Non* RECTE *vinctus eſt.—baud ita juſſi.* The conceit in the original is a pun upon the word *recte*, impoſſible to be preſerved exactly in the tranſlation. Donatus obſerves very well on this paſſage, that the jocularity of the old gentleman on this occaſion, is a characteriſtic mark of his thorough reconciliation.

(75) *Enter* Charinus.] He who undertakes to conduct two intrigues, at a time, impoſes on himſelf the neceſſity of unravelling them both at the ſame inſtant. If the principal concludes firſt, that which remains can ſupport itſelf no longer: if, on the contrary the epiſode abandons the main part of the fable, there ariſes another inconvenience: ſome of the characters either diſappear without reaſon, or ſhew themſelves again to no end or purpoſe; ſo that the piece becomes maimed or unintereſting. DIDEROT.

The firſt of the inconveniencies above mentioned is that which occurs in the concluſion of this play. The diſcovery once made, and Glycerium given to Pamphilus, all that remains becomes cold. From the extreme brevity of this laſt ſcene, one would imagine that the Poet himſelf found this part of the fable languiſh under his hands. Some of the commentators, fond of that tedioufneſs, which Terence was ſo ſtudious to avoid, have added ſeventeen ſpurious lines of dialogue between Charinus and Chremes. But Donatus, tho' he approved of this underplot, which Terence added to the fable of Menander, yet commends his judgment in avoiding prolixity, by ſettling only one marriage on the ſtage, and diſpatching the other behind the ſcenes. But ſurely the whole epiſode of Charinus is unneceſſary, and the fable would be

be more clear, more compact, and more complete without it. See the first note to the second act.

The fifth act of Baron is an almost literal, though very elegant version of this of our Author.

It is very remarkable, that though Terence is generally considered to be a grave author, as a writer of Comedy, the Andrian has much more humour and pleasantry than either the English or French imitation of it.

(76) *Therefore I think*, &c.] This whole sentence is transferred by our Poet to this play from the Eunuch of Menander: and to this practice alludes the objection mentioned in the Prologue,

That Fables should not be contaminated. DONATUS.

(77) *My Soul hath her content so absolute.*] The passage in Shakespeare's Othello, from which I have borrowed this line, is a kind of contrast to this in our Author. Each of them are speeches of the highest joy and rapture, and each of them founded on the instability of human happiness; but in my mind the English Poet has the advantage.

——————— If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.

(78) *Clap your hands.*] *Plaudite.* All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. *Donec* CANTOR *vos* PLAUDITE *dicat*, says Horace. Who the *Cantor* was is matter of dispute. Monf. Dacier thinks it was the whole Chorus; others suppose it to have been a single Actor; some the Prompter, and some the Composer.

Before the word *Plaudite* in all the old copies is an Ω, which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is probable according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that this Ω, being the last letter of the Greek alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber to signify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books: or it might, as Cook supposes, stand for Ωδος, *Cantor*, denoting that the following word *Plaudite*, was spoken by him.

CALLIOPIUS RECENSUI.] After *Plaudite*, in all the old copies of Terence, stand these two words: which signify, "I Calliopius have revised "and corrected this piece." And this proceeds from the custom of the old criticks, who carefully revised all manuscripts: and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the same by placing their names at the end of it. DACIER.

NOTES

ON

THE EUNUCH.

(1) *The Eunuch.*] THIS seems to have been the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. Suetonious and Donatus, both inform us that it was acted with the greatest applause, and that the Poet received a larger price for it from the Ædiles, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 sesterces, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.

(2) *Acted twice.*] *Acta* II. Donatus informs us it was acted a third time. It is certain therefore that there is something wanting in this title, and that we should read *acta* II. DIE, *acted twice* IN ONE DAY, of which fact we are made acquainted by Suetonius. DACIER.

(3) Baif, a Poet, who lived under Charles IX. made a translation of the Eunuch into French verse, which, if I am not deceived, was never publicly represented, as there was not at that time a company of Comedians regularly established at Paris. I have not heard that before, or since his time, we have any other poetical translations of Terence; and my Andrian is, I believe, the first of his Comedies that has appeared on our Stage. BARON.

Baron is partly mistaken. There is extant in the works of the celebrated Fontaine, a Comedy entitled L'Eunuque, being, like Baron's Andrian, founded on Terence, with such alterations, as the modern Poet thought advisable in his age and country. Some of the principal variations will be observed in the course of these notes.

(4) *Yet if there's one, &c.*] Meaning Lavinius, the Poet censured in the Prologue to the Andrian. DONATUS.

(5) *The Phantom of Menander.*] The Phantom [Φασμα] was the title of a Comedy of Menander; in which a young man looking through a hole in the wall which divides his father's house from a neighbours, beholds a virgin of extraordinary beauty, and is affected with an aweful reverence, as at the sight of a Divinity; from which the Play is called the Phantom. The mother, (who had this child by a secret amour before her marriage with the young man's father, and educated her privately in the house of the next door neighbour) is represented to have made the hole in the wall, and to have decked the passage with garlands, and green branches, that it might look

look like a conſecrated place; whither ſhe daily went to her devotions, and uſed to call forth her daughter to converſe with her there. The youth, coming by degrees to the knowledge of her being but a mortal, his paſſion for her becomes ſo violent, as to admit of no cure but marriage; which at laſt is accompliſhed to the great ſatisfaction of the mother and daughter, the joy of the lover, and the conſent of his father.—This argument of the Phaſma, Bentley gives us; but to whom we are obliged for it he ſays he does not know, whether to Donatus or ſome older ſcholiaſt. COOKE.

(6) *In the Theſaurus.*] In the Theſaurus, or Treaſure, of Lavinius, a young fellow having ſquandered his eſtate, ſends a ſervant ten years after his father's death, according to the will of the deceaſed, to carry proviſions to his father's monument; but he had before ſold the ground, in which the monument ſtood, to a covetous old man; to whom the ſervant applied to help him to open the monument; in which they diſcovered a hoard of gold and a letter. The old fellow ſeizes the treaſure, and keeps it, under pretence of having depoſited it there, for ſafety, during times of war: the young fellow goes to law with him; and the old man is repreſented as opening the cauſe thus, "Athenians, why ſhould I relate the war with the Rhodians? &c." which Terence ridicules, becauſe the young man who was the plaintiff, ſhould firſt ſhew his own title to it. Thus far Bentley from the ſame ſcholiaſt. This note is a clear explanation of the paſſage to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madam Dacier in her opinion, that this ſtory of the Treaſure was only an incident foiſted by Lavinius into the Phantom of Menander, and not a diſtinct play; but was I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the text itſelf would not permit me to concur in their opinion, as the words *atque in Theſauro ſcripſit*, ſeem plainly to be a tranſition to another play. COOKE.

Menander, and his cotemporary Philemon, each of them wrote a Comedy under this title. We have in the above note the ſtory of Menander's; and we know that of Philemon's from the Trinummus of Plautus, which was a tranſlation of it.

(7) *Leave to examine it.*] *Perfecit, ſibi ut* inſpiciundi *eſſet copia.* The word *inſpiciundi* certainly carries a ſtronger ſenſe than merely to be preſent at the repreſentation. The meaning of the whole paſſage I take to be this. That having obtained leave to peruſe the M. S. he furniſhed himſelf with objections againſt the piece, which he threw out when it came to be repreſented before the Magiſtrates.

(8) *When it was rehearſed before the Magiſtrates.*] This is a remarkable paſſage, for it informs us that when the Magiſtrates had bought a piece, they had it repreſented at their own houſe, before it was played in public. DACIER.

(9) *The Colax, &c.*] Colax is a Greek word [Κολαξ] ſignifying a flatterer, which was the reaſon the Greeks gave that name to their Paraſites. DACIER.

(10) *But that he knew, &c.*] If Plautus wrote a play under the title of Colax, I ſhould think it very unlikely for Terence not to have ſeen it, conſidering how ſoon he flouriſhed after Plautus, his being engaged in the ſame ſtudies, and his having ſuch acceſs to the libraries of the great. Among the fragments of Plautus is one verſe ſaid to be a line of the Colax: yet I am inclined to believe Plautus never tranſlated Menander's Colax. The character of the Vain-Glorious Soldier here mentioned I am apt to think the ſame with that which is the Hero of Plautus's Comedy now extant, and called *Miles Glorioſus*; from which Terence could not take his Thraſo. Pyrgopolinices and Thraſo are both full of themſelves, both boaſt of their valour, and their intimacy with princes, and both fancy themſelves beloved

by

by all the women, who ſee them; and they are both played off by their Paraſites; but they differ in their manners and their ſpeech. Plautus's Pyrgopolinices is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds, like our heroes commonly called Derby Captains. Terence's Thraſo never ſays too little, nor too much, but is an eaſy ridiculous character, continually ſupplying the audience with mirth, without the wild extravagant bluſter of Pyrgopolinices. Plautus and Terence both took their Soldiers and Paraſites from Menander, but gave them different dreſſes. COOKE.

Though there is much good criticiſm in the above note, it is certain that Plautus did not take his Miles Gloriosus from the Colax of Menander, as he himſelf informs us it was tranſlated from a Greek Play called Αλαζων, the Boaſter, and the Paraſite is but a trifling character in that play, never appearing after the firſt ſcene.

(11) *And what then*, &c.] Phædria enters, as having deliberated a long time within himſelf, and at laſt breaking out into theſe words. DONATUS.

Horace and Perſius have both imitated this beautiful paſſage in their ſatires.

(12) *I her?—that him?—that me?—that would not*—] An abrupt manner of ſpeaking familiar to perſons in anger, for the ſentences are to be underſtood thus. I *go to* her?—that *receiv'd* him?—that *excluded* me?—that would not *let me in*: for indignation loves to deal in the Ellipſis and Apoſiopeſis. DONATUS.

As the Pronouns in our language admit a variation of caſe, I ſaw no reaſon why I ſhould not literally copy the beautiful *egone illam?* &c. of Terence.

(13) *But ſhe comes, our ruin comes: For ſhe*, &c.] There is an extreme elegance in this paſſage in the original. There is much the ſame ſentiment in the Cymbeline of Shakeſpeare: and I believe, upon a fair compariſon between them, the learned reader will agree with me, that the paſſage in the Engliſh Poet is not only equal, but even ſuperior in beauty to that in Terence.

> Sed ecca ipſe egreditur, noſtri fundi calamitas;
> Nam quod nos capere oportet, hæc intercipit. TER.

> ——————— comes in my father;
> And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
> Shakes all our buds from blowing.
>
> CYMBELINE, Act I.

(14) *My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.*] An indirect and tender manner of acknowledging her mother to be a courtezan, by ſaying ſhe was a native of one place, and lived in another. For this reaſon courtezans were called *ſtrangers*; and on this circumſtance depends the archneſs and malice of Parmeno's anſwer. DONATUS.

(15) *Twenty Minæ.*] Equal to 64l. 11s. 8d. of our money. COOKE.

(16) *Be with yon ſoldier*, &c.] Phædria's requeſt to his miſtreſs, upon leaving her for two days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

ADDISON'S *Spectator*. N°. 170.

Imogen in the ſpeech above cited from Shakeſpeare, expreſſes her intention to have ſaid much the ſame kind of things on parting with Poſthumus. As both the paſſages are extremely beautiful, it may not be diſagreeable to the reader to compare them together.

I did

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The ſhees of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine int'reſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons; for then
I am in heaven with him, &c.

(17) *Manet* Thais.] The Poet very judiciouſly reſerves part of the argument to be told here, which Thais did not relate to Phædria, becauſe Parmeno was preſent: whom the Poet keeps in ignorance, that he may with probability dare to aſſiſt Chærea in his attempt on the virgin. DONATUS.

(18) *And judges of my heart from thoſe of others.*] Here Terence ſhews it to be his peculiar excellence to introduce common characters in a new manner, without departing from cuſtom or nature: Since he draws a good courtezan, and yet engages and delights the ſpectator. DONATUS.

Under the name of Thais, Menander is ſuppoſed to have drawn the character of his own miſtreſs, Glycere; and, it ſeems, he introduced a courtezan of the ſame name into ſeveral of his comedies. One comedy was entitled Thais, from which St. Paul took the ſentence in his Epiſtle to the Corinthians. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Plutarch has alſo preſerved four lines of the prologue to that comedy, in which the Poet, in a kind of mock heroic manner invokes the muſe, to teach him to draw the character of his heroine.

Εμοι μεν ουν αειδε τοιαυτην, θεα,
Θρασειαν ωραιαν δε και πιθανην αμα,
Αδικουσαν, αποκλειουσαν, αιτιωσαν πυκνα,
Μηδενος ὁρωσαν, προποιουμενην δ' αει.

PLUT. *de Audiend. Poet.*

Such therefore ſing, O Goddeſs! Bold, but fair,
And bleſt with all the arts of fond perſuaſion;
Injurious, quarrellous, for ever craving,
Caring for none, but feigning love to all.

The word αποκλειουσαν alludes particularly to the ſhutting out her lovers, the very injury offered to Phædria in this play.

Fontaine, probably for the ſame reaſons that induced Baron to vary from his original, repreſents Thais as a young widow, inſtead of a courtezan.

(19) *Carry the ſlaves*, &c.] This Scene contains a deal of lover's impertinence and idle talk, repeating what has been ſaid before; and that too much over and over again, and in a tireſome manner. DONATUS.

If the Critic meant this note for a cenſure, it is in fact rather a commendation.

(20) *Hui! three whole days!*] *Hui* UNIVORSUM *triduum!—Crites.* To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which I had before paſſed over without conſideration, as common things, is enough to aſſure me that I ought to think the fame of Terence; and that in the purity of his ſtile, (which Tully ſo much valued, that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it.

Eugenius.

Eugenius. I ſhould have been led to a conſideration of the wit of the ancients, had not Crites given me ſufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; becauſe the languages being dead, and many of the cuſtoms, and little accidents, on which it depended, loſt to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant, that here and there we may miſs the application of a proverb or a cuſtom, yet a thing well ſaid will be wit in all languages; and though it may loſe ſomething in the tranſlation, yet to him who reads it in the original, it is ſtill the ſame. He has an idea of its excellence, though it cannot paſs from his mind into any other expreſſion or words than thoſe in which he finds it. When Phædria in the Eunuch had a command from his miſtreſs to be abſent two days, and encouraging himſelf to go through with it, ſaid, *Tandem ego, non illa caream, ſi opus ſit? vel totum triduum?* Parmeno, to mock the ſoftneſs of his maſter, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! univorſum triduum!* the elegancy of which *univorſum* though *it cannot be rendered in our language*, yet leaves an impreſſion on our ſouls. But this happens ſeldom in him, in Plautus oftner; who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors, and coining words; out of which many times his wit is nothing.

DRYDEN's *Eſſay of Dramatic Poeſie.*

(21) *Heav'ns what a ſtrange*, &c.] Part of Benedict's ſoliloquy in the ſecond act of Much ado about Nothing, is much in the ſame vein with this of Parmeno; only that it is heightened by the circumſtance of its being immediately previous to his falling in love himſelf.

(22) *How beautiful*, &c.] The Poet makes Parmeno take notice of her extraordinary beauty, in order to make the violence of Chærea's paſſion for her the more probable. DONATUS.

(23) *Enter Gnatho.*] Theſe characters, the Paraſite and the Soldier, as the Poet himſelf confeſſes, are not in the Eunuch of Menander, but taken from the Colax. DONATUS.

Two actions, equally laboured and driven on by the writer, would deſtroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: Not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Johnſon has obſerved in his Diſcoveries, but they muſt be all ſubſervient to the great one, which our language happily expreſſes in the name of under-plots: Such as in Terence's Eunuch is the difference and reconcilement of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief buſineſs of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's ſiſter, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action, ſays Corneille, that is one complete action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repoſe; but this cannot be brought to paſs, but by many other imperfect actions which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful ſuſpence of what will be.

DRYDEN's *Eſſay of Dramatic Poeſie.*

Inſtead of the quarrels of Thais and Phædria, which were moſt probably in the Eunuch of Menander, it would have been better to have inſtanced the characters taken from the Colax; which Terence has very artfully connected with the reſt of the fable, by repreſenting the girl, loved by Chærea, as given to Thais by Thraſo, which produces the abſence of Phædria, leaves room for the comical impoſture of Chærea, and, although adſcititious, becomes the main ſpring of the whole action.

(24) *Good Heavens*, &c.] This is the only ſcene in Terence, which I remember, that can be charged with being ſuperfluous. Thraſo has made a preſent to Thais of a young girl. Gnatho is to carry her. Going along with her, he amuſes himſelf with giving the ſpectator a moſt agreeable eulogium on his profeſſion. But was that the time for it? Let Gnatho pay

due attention on the ſtage to the young woman whom he is charged with, and let him ſay what he will to himſelf, I conſent to it. DIDEROT.

(25) *But mine's a new profeſſion, &c.*] Though the vain man and the flatterer were characters in great meaſure dependant on each other, and therefore commonly ſhewn together, yet it is moſt probable, that in the Colax of Menander, from whence Gnatho and Thraſo were taken by our author, the Paraſite was the chief character, as in the Ἀλαζών, or the Boaſter, the Greek Comedy from which Plautus took his Miles Glorioſus, the Braggadochio Captain was moſt probably the principal. But this I think is not all: for in the preſent inſtance the Poet ſeems to have intended to introduce a new ſort of Paraſite, never ſeen upon the ſtage before; the maſter of a more delicate manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers, and ſupporting his conſequence with his patron at the ſame time that he lives upon him, and laughs at him. *Comedendo & deridendo.* Gnatho's acquaintance deſcribes the old ſchool of Paraſites, which gives him occaſion to ſhew in his turn, the ſuperior excellence of the new ſect, of which he is himſelf the founder. The firſt of theſe, as Madam Dacier obſerves juſtly, was the exact definition of a Paraſite, who is deſcribed on almoſt every occaſion by Plautus, as a fellow beaten, kicked, and cuffed at pleaſure.

Et hic quidem, hercle, niſi qui colophos perpeti
Potis Paraſitus, frangique aulas in caput,
Vel ire extra portam trigeminam ad ſaccum licet.

CAPTEIVEI, Act I.

And here the Paraſite, unleſs he can
Bear blows, and have pots broken on his ſconce,
Without the city-gate may beg his bread.

Gnatho, on the contrary, by his artful adulation, contrives to be careſſed inſtead of ill-treated. Had the Colax of Plautus at leaſt remained to us, we ſhould perhaps have ſeen the ſpecific difference between him and other Paraſites more at large. In the Eunuch Gnatho is but epiſodical; but if this manner of conſidering his character be not too refined, it accounts for the long ſpeech, ſo obnoxious to Diderot, with which he introduces himſelf to the audience; throws a new light on all he ſays and does; and is a ſtrong proof of the excellence of Menander in drawing characters. However this may be, it is certain that Gnatho is one of the moſt agreeable Paraſites in any play, antient or modern, except the incomparable Falſtaff.

(26) *What are you upon?—My Legs.*] *Quid agitur? — Statur.* A mere play upon words, which is alſo in the Pſeudolus of Plautus. There is much the ſame kind of conceit with the preſent in the Merry Wives of Windſor.

Falſtaff. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am About.
Piſtol. Two yards and more.

(27) *Deſert Piræus.*] Piræus, as well as Sunium, was a maritime town of Attica, with a port, where the Athenian youth were placed on guard, to watch againſt the incurſions of pirates, or other enemies. DONATUS.

(28) *Away with common beauties! Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.* It is impoſſible to tranſlate this paſſage without loſing much of its elegance, which conſiſts in the three words ending in *arum*, which are admirably adapted to expreſs diſguſt, and make us even feel that ſenſation. DACIER.

(29) *They call her Nurſe.*] *Pugilem eſſe aiunt.* Literally, *they call her Boxer.* The learned I hope, will pardon, and the Ladies approve my ſoftening this paſſage.

(30) *As an Advocate.*] The word, Advocate, *Advocatus*, did not bear the ſame ſenſe then as it does with us at preſent. The Advocates, *Advocati*, were friends that accompanied thoſe who had cauſes, either to do them honour, or to appear as witneſſes, or to render them ſome other ſervice. DACIER.

(31) *All's over.*] *Jam conclamatum eſt.* A metaphor taken from the Funeral Ceremonies of the antients.

(32) *What is his gift.*] Obſerve with what addreſs Terence proceeds to the main part of his argument: the Eunuch being caſually mentioned ſuggeſts, as it were of courſe, the ſtratagem of impoſing Chærea upon the family of Thais for him. DONATUS.

(33) *Is ſhe ſo handſome as ſhe's ſaid to be?*] Another inſtance of the art of Terence, in preſerving the probability of Chærea's being received for the Eunuch. He was ſuch a ſtranger to the family, that he himſelf did not even know the perſon of Thais. It is added further, that ſhe has not lived long in the neighbourhood, and the young fellow has been chiefly at Piræus. DONATUS.

(34) *And Parmeno muſt pay for all.*] *Iſtæc in me cudetur faba.* Literally, *the Bean will be threſhed on me.* A proverb taken from the countrymen's threſhing Beans; or from the cooks dreſſing them, who when they had not moiſtened them enough, but left them hard and tough, were ſure to have them thrown at their heads. DONATUS.

The commentators give us ſeveral other interpretations of this proverb.

(35) *Is it then wrong.*] Here Terence obliquely defends the ſubject of the piece. DONATUS.

(36) *Scene Second.*] Several perſons of the play are concerned in this ſcene, and yet by the art and excellence of the poet, there ariſes no confuſion of dialogue; each ſpeech being admirably adapted to the character to which it is appropriated. DONATUS.

(37) *A Chip of the old Block.*] *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* [There has been much diſpute about the meaning of theſe words. The old familiar expreſſion, which I have made uſe of, is, I think, agreeable to the obvious and natural meaning of them. That Dryden underſtood them in this ſenſe is evident from the following paſſage.

" In the New Comedy of the Græcians, the Poets ſought indeed to expreſs the *νέος*, as in their Tragedies the *παλὸς* of mankind. But this contained only the general characters of men and manners; that is, one old man or father, one lover, one courtezan, ſo like another, as if the firſt of them had begot the reſt of every ſort. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.*

Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.

(38) *Treat and parley with her.*] *Convenire & colloqui.* Military terms; uſed by Parmeno to ſneer at Thraſo. DONATUS.

(39) *Worth about three Minæ.*] A Mina was equal to 3l. 4s. 7d. COOKE.

(40) *I'll warrant him accompliſh'd.*] From the following paſſage in Twelfth Night, concerning the diſguiſe of Viola, one might be almoſt tempted to imagine that Shakeſpeare had the Eunuch of Terence in his eye.

> Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
> For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
> The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
> Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him:
> It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
> And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
> That will allow me very worth his ſervice.

(41) *Get your bread out of the fire.*] *E flamma petere cibum.* A proverb to expreſs the loweſt degree of meanneſs and infamy: taken from a cuſtom among

mong the antients of throwing victuals into the fire, at the time of burning their dead; to eat which was looked on as an act of the greateſt indignity. COOKE.

(42) *Take care now, Pythias, &c.*] An artful preparation for the enſuing difference between her and Thraſo. DONATUS.

(43) *Made a ſacrifice.*] The antients uſed to offer a ſacrifice, before they entered on any affair of importance. COOKE.

(44) *Rings were given.*] It was uſual to depoſit their rings, as pledges of obſerving their appointment.

(45) *O Jupiter! 'tis now the very time.*] *Prob Jupiter! Nunc eſt profecto, cum interfici perpeti me poſſum, Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita ægritudine aliqua.* The paſſage from Othello, cited in a note on the laſt act of the Andrian, contains exactly the ſame ſentiment, and almoſt in the ſame words with this of Terence.

(46) *But in an inner Chamber, &c.*] In Greece the women always occupied the interior apartments, where nobody was permitted to come to them, but relations, and the ſlaves that waited upon them. DACIER.

(47) *Viewing a picture, where the Tale, &c.*] A very proper piece of furniture for the houſe of a courtezan, giving an example of looſe and mercenary love; calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the ſame time hinting to the young lover that he muſt make his way to the boſom of his miſtreſs, like Jupiter to Danae, in a ſhower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots! DONATUS.

(48) *Who ſhakes the higheſt heavens with his thunder.*] *Qui templa cæli ſumma ſonitu concutit.* A parody on a paſſage in Ennius. DONATUS.

(49) *An opportunity ſo ſhort.*] Short indeed, conſidering the number of incidents, which, according to Chærea's relation, are crowded into it. All the time, allowed for this adventure, is the ſhort ſpace between the departure of Thais with Thraſo and the entrance of Chærea; ſo that all this variety of buſineſs of ſleeping, bathing, raviſhing, &c. is diſpatched during the two ſoliloquies of Antipho and Chremes, and the ſhort ſcene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is, that a very ſtrict and religious adherence to the Unities often drives the Poet into as great abſurdities as the profeſt violation of them.

(50) *My father too perhaps is come to town.*] Preparation for the arrival of the father. DONATUS.

(51) Inſtead of this ſcene, Fontaine in his Eunuch has ſubſtituted one between Chærea and Pamphila, whom he brings on the ſtage, as Baron does Glycerium in the Andrian. Chærea profeſſes honourable love, leaves her in the houſe of Thais, and applies to his father, by whoſe conſent he at laſt obtains her in marriage. Fontaine was moſt probably right in his conjecture, that the plot of the Eunuch, exactly as it lies in Terence, was not conformable to the ſeverity of the French, or, perhaps the Engliſh ſtage. It would certainly therefore have been adviſeable, in order to adapt it for repreſentation before a modern audience, to change ſome circumſtances, and the introduction of Pamphila might perhaps have been hazarded not without ſucceſs: But by departing ſo eſſentially, as Fontaine has done from Menander and Terence, the very foundations of the fable are undermined, and it loſes moſt part of that vivacity and intereſt ſo remarkable in the play before us.

(52) *Enter* Dorias.] 'Tis true the ancients have kept the continuity of ſcenes ſomewhat better than the moderns. Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two ſucceed them, and do the ſame throughout the act, which the Engliſh call by the name of ſingle ſcenes; but the reaſon is, becauſe they have ſeldom above two or three

ſcenes properly ſo called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new ſcene, not only every time the ſtage is empty, but every perſon who enters, though to others, makes it ſo: becauſe he introduces a new buſineſs. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the perſons few, one of their acts was written in a leſs compaſs than one of our well-wrought ſcenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no farther than Terence, you find, in the Eunuch, Antipho entering ſingle in the midſt of the third act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: In the ſame play you have likewiſe Dorias beginning the fourth act alone; and after ſhe has made a relation of what was done at the Soldier's entertainment, (which by the way was very inartificial, becauſe ſhe was preſumed to ſpeak directly to the audience; and to acquaint them with what was neceſſary to be known, but yet ſhould have been ſo contrived by the Poet, as to have been told by perſons of the Drama to one another, and ſo by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) ſhe quits the ſtage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewiſe: He alſo gives you an account of himſelf, and of his returning from the country in monologue, to which unnatural way of narration Terence is ſubject in all his plays. In his Adelphi, or Brothers, Syrus and Demea enter, after the ſcene is broken by the departure of Soſtrata, Geta, and Canthara; and indeed you can ſcarce look into any of his comedies, where you will not preſently diſcover the ſame interruption.

DRYDEN'S *Eſſay of Dramatic Poeſie.*

(53) *Slipping off her jewels.*] Becauſe courtezans were not allowed to wear gold or jewels in the ſtreet. DACIER.

(54) *Enter* Phædria.] Here the Poet artfully finds a reaſon to bring Phædria back again; as he at firſt with equal art ſent him out of the way, to give probability to thoſe incidents, neceſſary to happen in his abſence. DONATUS.

(55) *Love, in its laſt degree, &c.*] *Extrema linea amare, haud nihil eſt.* Suppoſed to be a metaphor taken from the lines drawn in the chariot-races.

(56) *Weazel-fac'd, old fellow.*] Menander's words, as preſerved by Donatus, are theſe, *γαλης εστι γαλεωτης γερων*, which he charges Terence with having miſunderſtood. *Γαλη*, he ſays is a Weazle, and *γαλεωτης* a Lizard. But Terence is very likely to have made Pythias expreſs her diſlike of the Eunuch, by comparing him to a Weazle, whoſe ſkin has much of the tawny in it. As to the paſſage from Menander, there is nothing of the colour of the animal expreſſed in it. A Lizard being a thin animal, Menander probably intended a ſimilitude in the lankneſs. *Γαλεωτης γερων* may therefore be conſtrued a thin half-ſtarv'd fellow. COOKE.

(57) *I'll deviſe ſome means to-day, &c.*] The revenge of Pythias on Parmeno is very artfully made productive of the cataſtrophe. DONATUS.

(58) *Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.*] *Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.* A proverb, ſignifying that love is cold without good eating and drinking.

(59) *Sanga, as well becomes, &c.*] Beaumont and Fletcher ſeem to have had their thoughts on this ſcene in their draught of the mob-regiment in Philaſter. The old Captain diſembodies his militia much in the ſame manner with Gnatho.—"Fall off again my ſweet youths; come, and every man trace to his houſe again, and hang his pewter up."

(60) *At Antipho's, &c.*] Chærea aſſigns very natural reaſons for not having changed his dreſs: and here it is worth while to obſerve the art of Terence, ſince the ſequel of the fable made it abſolutely neceſſary that Chærea ſhould appear again before Thais in the habit which he wore while in the houſe. DACIER.

(61) *Enter*

(61) *Enter* Laches.] Here the Poet introduces Laches, as he did Parmeno juſt before, in a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; that the ſudden turn of their ſtate of mind might be more entertaining to the ſpectators. DONATUS.

(62) *What ſport you've made within.*] There is a great error, in regard to the unity of time, in Terence's Eunuch, when Laches, the old man, enters by miſtake into the houſe of Thais, where betwixt his exit and the entrance of Pythias, who comes to give ample relation of the diſorders he has raiſed within, Parmeno, who was left upon the ſtage, has not above five lines to ſpeak. *C'ſt bien employer un temps ſi court.*

DRYDEN'S *Eſſay of Dramatic Poeſie.*

Beſides the abſurdity here taken notice of by Dryden, in regard to time, there is alſo another inconvenience in the preſent inſtance, ariſing from too ſtrict an adherence to the unity of place. What a figure would this narration of Pythias have made, if thrown into action! The circumſtances are in themſelves as truly comic as thoſe of any ſcene in this excellent play; and it would be well worth while to follow Laches into the houſe, to be preſent at the ridiculous diſtreſs and confuſion which his preſence muſt occaſion.

There is however, much more to be commended, and even imitated, than cenſured in the conſtruction of this laſt act. All that paſſes between Pythias Parmeno, and Laches, is truly admirable.

(63) *Enter Thraſo and Gnatho.*] With the entrance of Laches into the houſe of Thais, and in conſequence of it, his conſent to the marriage of Chærea with Pamphila, the fable of the Eunuch is certainly concluded: and all that follows, like the laſt ſcene of the Andrian, is but the lame completion of an epiſode, limping after the main action. In the four firſt acts the adventures of Thraſo are ſo artfully interwoven with the other buſineſs of the play, that they are fairly blended and incorporated with the fable of the Eunuch: but here we perceive that though our author has got rid of one of Menander's pieces, the other, the Colax, ſtill hangs heavy on his hands. Was an author to form his play on twenty different pieces, if he could melt them all down into one action, there would be no impropriety: but if he borrows only from two, whenever the epiſode ceaſes to act as one of the neceſſary ſprings of the main action, it becomes redundant, and the unity of the action (perhaps the only unity, which ought never to be violated) is deſtroyed. Thraſo, ſays Donatus, is brought back again, in order to be admitted to ſome ſhare in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the play: but ſurely it is an eſſential part of the poetical juſtice of comedy to expoſe coxcombs to ridicule, and to puniſh them, though without any ſhocking ſeverity, for their follies.

(64) *Your head broke with her ſlipper.*] There was no doubt at Athens ſome comedy of the loves of Hercules and Omphale; in which the hero was repreſented with a diſtaff by the ſide of his miſtreſs, who broke his head with her ſlipper. To which Gnatho alludes in this place. DACIER.

(65) *Roll'd this ſtone.*] Pleaſant alluſion to the fable of Siſyphus. DONATUS.

(66) *Shall pledge me in the Captain, &c.*] Facetiouſly ſaid in the character of the Paraſite, who diſcourſes in convivial terms. DONATUS.

(67) *'Tis his due.*] I cannot think that this play, excellent as it is in almoſt all other reſpects, concludes conſiſtently with the manners of Gentlemen: there is a meanneſs in Phædria and Chærea conſenting to take Thraſo into their ſociety with a view of fleecing him, which the Poet ſhould have avoided. COOKE.

The conſent of Laches to the continuance of his ſon's connection with Thais is alſo ſo repugnant to modern manners, that Fontaine found himſelf obliged to change that circumſtance in his imitation of this comedy.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

(1) *Sustain'd of old by young performers.*] IT appears from this passage that the Prologue was usually spoken by young men. DACIER.

(2) *That I'll first explain; then say what brings me here.*] Terence has been accused by some criticks of being worse than his word here; for, say they, he does not first explain why he has chosen an old performer. But this accusation is unjust, for it is the first thing which he does: what he says before is merely to make the piece known, which business he dispatches in two words, and that too in a parenthesis. DACIER.

This passage is also vindicated by Scaliger in his poeticks, chap. 3. book 6.

(3) *Wrought from a single to a double plot.*] *Duplex quæ ex argumento facta est simplici.* This passage has greatly perplexed the Commentators. Julius Scaliger was of opinion that Terence called this Comedy *Duplex*, double, because it was acted at two different times: the *two first Acts* at the close of the evening, and the remaining *three* on the following morning; and that it therefore served as two distinct pieces. But this conjecture is not admissable: Terence only meant to say that he had doubled the characters; instead of *one old man*, *one young gallant*, *one mistress*, as in Menander, he had *two old men*, &c. he therefore adds very properly, *novam esse ostendi*, *That our Comedy is* NEW,—which certainly could not have been implied, had the characters been the same in the Greek poet. DACIER.

(4) *That our Comedy is* new, &c.] Terence pretends, that having doubled the subject of the Self-tormentor, his piece is new. I allow it; but whether it is better on that account, is quite another question. DIDEROT.

It is impossible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the Self-Tormentor preserved among the fragments of Menander. We are so deeply interested by what we see of that character in Terence, that one cannot but be curious to enquire in what manner the Greek poet sustained it through five acts. The Roman Author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek Play, has so altered the fable, that Menedemus is soon thrown into the back-ground, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal character, to vary the

the alluſion a little, the Menedemus of Terence ſeems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full length, as large as the life, by Menander.

(5) *Moſt of you know already.*] This is a remarkable proof how careful the Romans were in the ſtudy of the Greek Poets S.

(6) *To Muſick.*] The Ancients called that Muſic, which we now term the *Belles Lettres*. Ariſtophanes more than once calls the art of dramatic writing, Muſic. DACIER.

(7) *Who lately introduc'd a breathleſs ſlave, &c.*] It muſt have been a very wretched piece, if this was the moſt beautiful paſſage in it. Yet ſuch an incident is often neceſſary, as may be ſeen in the Amphitryon of Plautus, where Mercury runs in crying,

Concedite atque abſcedite, omnes de via decedite.

Terence therefore only blames thoſe authors, who, like Luſcius, made it the capital circumſtance in their plays. DACIER.

Had Madam Dacier quoted the whole paſſage in the Amphitryon, I think, it would have been evident that Plautus alſo meant to ridicule the like practice.

Concedite atque abſcedite, omnes de via decedite,
Nec quiſquam tam audax fuat homo, qui obviam inſiſtat mihi!
Nam mihi quidem, hercle, qui minus liceat Deo minitarier
Populo, ni decedat mihi, quam ſervulo in Comœdiis?
Plaut. Amph. *Act* 2. *Sc.* 4.

Give place, make room, and clear the way before me,
Nor any be ſo bold to ſtop my ſpeed!
For ſhall not I, who am a Deity,
Menace the croud, unleſs they yield to me,
As well as ſlaves in Comedy?

(8) *Act an eaſy part.*] *Statariam agere.* The word *Statariam* has not been thoroughly underſtood; in order more fully to explain it, we muſt have recourſe to its original meaning. The Greek Poets divided their choruſes into two different ſorts of verſe, the σασιμα μελη, *ſtatarios verſus*, ſo called, becauſe the actor who repeated them never moved from his place; and into the παρῳδικα μελη, *motorios verſus*, becauſe the performer ſkipped and danced about while he was repeating his part. This has been perfectly well explained by the Scholiaſts upon Æſchylus and Ariſtophanes. The Romans made the ſame diſtinctions, and called thoſe pieces *Stataria* which were grave and compoſed, and required little or no action. The *Motoriæ* on the contrarly were lively and full of buſineſs and action.—This Play is of the former kind.—Some Commentators imagine Terence means one character only by *Statariam*, as if *perſonam* were to be underſtood; though the ancients did call the actors *ſtatarios et motorios*, according to the different parts they were engaged in, I am convinced that it is not in this place at all applicable to them, but to the whole comedy: how elſe are we to explain the 45th verſe.

Sin levis eſt, ad alium mox defertur gregem.

To apply it to any one of the other actors of the company, would be overſtraining the ſenſe of the text. DACIER.

Being entirely of a different opinion from Madam Dacier, concerning the ſenſe

ſenſe of the words *Statariam agere*, I have tranſlated them as referring merely to the character, which the Prologue-Speaker was to play, (which I apprehend, to have been Menedemus) and not to the whole comedy: and the lines immediately ſubſequent, I think, confirm this interpretation, as they contain a deſcription of the laborious characters he uſually repreſented, *Clamore ſummo, cum labore maximo*; and which he urges as a plea for his being allowed to act an eaſier part at preſent.

——————date poteſtatem, mihi
Statariam agere, ut liceat per ſilentium.

As to the difficulty ſtarted by Madam Dacier of reconciling *Sin lenis*, &c. to the reſt of the context, it is a difficulty, which I muſt own I cannot entirely comprehend.

(9) *The ſtile is pure.*] Terence with great propriety commends this play for the purity of its ſtile; he knew it to be very deficient in point of action, and therefore determined to repair that defect by the vivacity and purity of the language; and he has perfectly ſucceeded. DACIER.

Here I have again quoted Madam Dacier merely to expreſs my diſſent from her opinion. The play is, in my mind, far from being deſtitute of action: the plot being as artfully conſtructed, and containing as many unexpected turns and variety of incidents, as any of our Author's pieces, as may perhaps appear in the courſe of theſe notes.

(10) *The Self-Tormentor.*] There is, perhaps, no play of Terence wherein the Author has pointed out the place and time of action with more exactneſs than in the preſent: and yet the ſettling thoſe two points has occaſioned a moſt furious controverſy between two learned Frenchmen, Hedelin and Menage. Madam Dacier, in her remarks, has endeavoured to moderate between them, ſometimes inclining to one ſide, and ſometimes to the other. I, perhaps, in my turn, ſhall occaſionally differ from all three, not doubting but I ſhall become equally liable to the reprehenſions of future criticks. I ſhall however endeavour to found my remarks on an accurate examination of the piece itſelf, and to draw my arguments from within rather than from without. The principal cauſe of the different errors of Hedelin and Menage, ſeems to me to have been an idle parade of learning, foreign to the purpoſe; together with an obſtinate adherence to their ſeveral ſyſtems, which having once adopted, they were reſolved to ſquare all their arguments to the ſupport of their opinions, rather than to direct them towards the inveſtigation of truth. The matters in diſpute between them, though drawn out to a great length of controverſy, lie in a very narrow compaſs. But there being in both an apparent jealouſy of their characters as ſcholars, both were induced to multiply quotations and illuſtrations from other authors, inſtead of turning their attention ſufficiently to the text, and making the poet a comment on himſelf; which every writer, eſpecially thoſe who attempt the Drama, ought to be. Each were in ſome inſtances wrong; and even when they were in the right, having condeſcended to maintain their opinion with falſe arguments, each in their turn afforded the opponent an opportunity of cavilling with ſome appearance of juſtice. Many examples of this will, I think, appear in the courſe of theſe notes, from which it may be concluded, that there is no point whatever, that lies ſo plain and level to the underſtanding, but it may be rendered obſcure and intricate by learned and ingenious diſputants, who chuſe it as a ſubject for the exerciſe of their talents and a diſplay of their erudition.

(11) *Dig, plough, or fetch and carry.*] *Fodere, aut arare aut aliquid ferre.* This paſſage is of much greater conſequence than is generally imagined, towards

wards the underſtanding the true intent and management of this play; for it is material to know what Menedemus is about when Chremes firſt accoſts him; whether he is at work in the field or is returning home loaded with his tools. Two very learned men engaged in a very elaborate diſputation upon this ſubject. If Menedemus is ſtill at work when Chremes firſt meets him, Terence would certainly have been guilty of a very groſs impropriety in the conduct of his comedy; for, as the ſcene never changes, Menedemus muſt neceſſarily be ever preſent. Terence could never be ſo abſurd as not to guard againſt falling into ſo groſs an error. He not only takes care to acquaint us with the ſituation of Menedemus, but alſo with the hour of the day, at which the piece commences; which is plainly marked out by theſe words, *aut aliquid ferre*, which decides the whole point in queſtion. Menedemus having been at work all day, and being unable to ſee any longer, takes his tools on his back, and is making the beſt of his way home; Chremes at that very inſtant meets him near his own door, where the ſcene lies: the beginning of this play therefore is evidently towards the cloſe of the day, when Menedemus had quitted his work. DACIER.

There is certainly a great want of accuracy in this way of reaſoning, with which Madam Dacier eſpouſes Hedelin's argument; for why, as Menage juſtly ſays, ſhould the words *aut aliquid ferre* refer to the manner in which Menedemus was then actually employed, more than the other words, *fodere, aut arrare?* or if they were ſo interpreted, ſtill they muſt be applied to his carrying burdens in the courſe of his laborious occupations, while at work in the fields. One word of marginal direction, ſetting down the *Pantomime* of the ſcene, according to Diderot's plan would have ſolved all our doubts on this head. On the whole, Menage, I think, fails in his proofs that Menedemus is actually at work, though he labours that point exceedingly: and Hedelin is manifeſtly wrong in maintaining that the ſcene lies within the city of Athens. One of the principal objections urged by Hedelin (and referred to by Madam Dacier in the above note) to the Poet's having intended to exhibit Menedemus actually at work, when Chremes accoſts him, is that the ſcene evidently lies between both their houſes. Were the ſcene laid in town, as Hedelin contends, indeed it could not be: but if in the country adjacent, as Dacier agrees with Menage, why might not Menedemus, be at work on a piece of ground lying between the two houſes? it is natural enough that the ſight of Menedemus thus employed, might urge Chremes to preſume, under the privilege of good neighbourhood, to ſpeak to him.——There is a brevity and ſullenneſs alſo in the anſwers of Menedemus, that ſeems in character for a man employed, and unwilling to be interrupted, though he relents by degrees, and reluctantly ſuffers Chremes to force his tools from him.—His being at work too forms a kind of theatrical picture on the opening of the piece.—Theſe, I think, are the ſtrongeſt arguments, deduced from the ſcene itſelf, which can be urged in behalf of the notion of Menedemus's being exhibited as at work on his farm; and ſome of them, I think appear weighty and plauſible: but a further examination, with an attention to the conduct of the reſt of the piece, determined me to the contrary opinion.—At the end of the ſcene, it is evident that Menedemus quits the ſtage, and enters his own houſe. It cannot be ſaid, that he is prevailed on to deſiſt from his labour by the arguments of Chremes; ſince he will not even accept the invitation to ſupper leſt it ſhould afford him a reſpite from his miſery. It is plain therefore, I think, that Terence meant to open the firſt act with the cloſe of the day, together with the labours of Menedemus; as he begins the third act with the break of day and the coming forth of Menedemus, to return to his toils and ſelf-puniſhment.

The length of this, and ſome other controverſial notes on this comedy, will, I hope, be excuſed, when it is conſidered that this diſpute has filled whole volumes. I thought it incumbent on me to clear up theſe points to the beſt of my abilities; ſince none can be ſo juſtly repoved for having omitted to explain an author's meaning, as thoſe who have attempted to tranſlate him.

(12) *I am a man, &c.*] *Homo ſum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.* It is ſaid that at the delivery of this ſentiment, the whole theatre, *though full of fooliſh and ignorant people*, reſounded with applauſe. ST. AUGUSTINE.

It is ſaid this ſentence was received with an univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater argument of *the general good underſtanding of a people*, than a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill in the actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any *but people of the greateſt humanity, nay, people elegant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it.* It is poſſible he might have laid his hands on his breaſt, and with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his caſe his own: yet I'll engage a player in Covent-Garden might hit ſuch an attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded.

STEELE'S SPECTATOR, N°. 502.

We are not to take this, as hath conſtantly been done, for a ſentiment of *pure humanity* and the natural ebullition of *benevolence.* We may obſerve in it a deſigned ſtroke of ſatirical reſentment. The Self-Tormentor, as we ſaw, had ridiculed Chremes' *curioſity* by a ſevere reproof. Chremes, to be even with him, reflects upon the inhumanity of his temper. "You, ſays he "[or rather he *implies*] ſeem ſuch a foe to humanity, that you ſpare it not "*in yourſelf;* I, on the other hand, am affected when I ſee it ſuffer *in ano-*"*ther.*"

HURD'S *Diſſertation on the Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot diſmiſs this long note without expreſſing my concurrence with the laſt cited critic in his explanation of this paſſage: but I cannot agree with Sir Richard Steele that ſentiments of humanity are ſuffered to paſs unnoticed on our Theatres, any more than I can conclude with the pious Saint Auguſtine, that the Roman Theatre was filled with fooliſh and ignorant people. A modern audience ſeems to be on the catch for ſentiment; and perhaps often injudiciouſly: for nothing can be more oppoſite to the genius of the Drama, whether in Tragedy or Comedy, than a forced detail of ſentiments, unleſs, like this before us, they grow out of the circumſtances of the play, and fall naturally from the character that delivers them. The original contains a play of words between *homo* and *humani*, and a retort of the word *alienum*, which makes it rather difficult to be given with its full force in a tranſlation. My verſion, I am conſcious, does not comprehend *every word;* but I hope it will be found to include the *whole meaning* of the ſentiment. It is eaſy to open it ſtill further by a more diffuſed expreſſion; but I thought that conciſeneſs made it more round, and full, and forcible. If there are any readers of a different opinion, let them ſubſtitute the two following lines; though I muſt own I prefer that in the text.

I am a man; and all calamities,
That touch humanity, come home to me.

(13) *I need.*] Comedy relates to the whole ſpecies, Tragedy to individuals. What I mean is this, the hero of a Tragedy is ſuch or ſuch a man; Regulus,

Regulus, or Brutus, or Cato, and no other perſon. The principal character of a comedy, ſhould on the contrary repreſent a great number of men. If by chance the Poet ſhould give him ſo peculiar a phyſiognomy, that there were in ſociety but one individual who reſembled him, comedy would relapſe into its childhood, and degenerate into ſatire.

Terence ſeems to me to have fallen once into this error. His Self-Tormentor is a father afflicted at the extremities to which he has driven his ſon by an exceſs of ſeverity; for which he puniſhes himſelf by rags, hard fare avoiding company, putting away his ſervants, and condemning himſelf to labour the earth with his own hands. One may venture to pronounce ſuch a father to be out of nature. A great city would ſcarce in an age furniſh one example of ſo whimſical a diſtreſs.

Horace, whoſe taſte was of a ſingular delicacy, appears to me to have perceived this fault, and to have glanced at it in the following paſſage.

Hic? vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terenti
Fabula quem miſerum nato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf,
Hath yet ſo little friendſhip for himſelf,
That ev'n the Self-Tormentor in the play
Cruel, who drove his much-lov'd ſon away,
Amidſt the willing tortures of deſpair,
Could not, with wretchedneſs like his, compare.

FRANCIS.

Nothing is more in the manner of this Poet, than to have given two ſenſes to *pejus*, one of which is aimed at Terence, and the other falls on Fufidius, the immediate object of his ſatire. DIDEROT.

Perhaps the reader will imagine the latter part of the above note, relative to Horace, is rather a refinement of the ingenious critic, than the real intention of the ſatiriſt.

(14) *If there's a cauſe, &c.*] *Si quid laboris eſt nollem.* This paſſage has not been rightly underſtood. After Menedemus tells Chremes that he is reſolved to torment himſelf, Chremes unable to account for ſo extraordinary and whimſical a humour in his neighbour, ſays, *ſi quid laboris eſt, nollem*, and means to be underſtood to proceed with *te deterrere*. Something very ſhocking, even bordering upon deſperation, muſt have happened, to give Menedemus cauſe to behave in this manner, and this obliges Chremes to be ſo preſſing with his neighbour to quit this toilſome and fatiguing work, and the rather as it would in a great meaſure contribute towards his forgetting the cauſe of all his troubles—a piece of complaiſance and politeneſs, which I have always been charmed with. DACIER.

(15) *To ſpread the couches.*] It will not be improper to ſay ſomething here of the ancient manner of eating among the Greeks and Romans: they ſat, or rather lay, in an accumbent poſture: the beds or couches, on which they lay, were round the table, which was raiſed but a little from the ground. COOKE.

(16) *So many ſlaves to dreſs me?*] The better ſort of people had eating-dreſſes, which are here alluded to. Theſe dreſſes were light garments to put on as ſoon as they had bathed. They commonly bathed before eating; and the chief meal was in the evening. COOKE.

(17) *Cloaths, moveables,—Slaves, male and female.*] *Nec vas, nec veſtimentum—ancillas, &c.* Among the fragments of Menander's Heautontimorumenos, is a line much to this purpoſe.

Λυτρον θεραπαινας αργυρωμα.

The bath, maid-ſervants, ſilver-utenſils.

There are alſo two other lines, which ſeem to be deſcriptive of the miſeries of being driven into exile.

Οικοι μενειν, και μεμειν ελευθερον,
Η μηκετ' ειναι, του καλως ευδαιμονα.

Let him remain at home, and free remain,
Or ceaſe to be, who wou'd be truly bleſt!

May we not conjecture from theſe paſſages, that this firſt ſcene is a pretty cloſe tranſlation from Menander; eſpecially as it contains no part of the fable, but what is merely relative to the Self-Tormentor, which, we know, occupied the whole play in the Greek Poet?

(18) *Then ſet my houſe to ſale.*] *Inſcripſi illico ædes?*—It appears by this, that the Greeks and Romans uſed to fix bills on their doors, as we do now. *Ædes vendendæ ædes locandæ, a houſe to be ſold, a houſe to be let.* PATRICK.

(19) *Fifteen talents.*] A talent, according to Cooke, was equal to 193l. 15s. Engliſh money.

(20) *While I'm in miſ'ry too.*] There is much reſemblance between this character of Menedemus, and that of Laertes in the Odyſſey. Laertes, unhappy and afflicted at the abſence of his ſon, is under the ſame trouble and anxiety.

Thy Sire in ſolitude foments his care:
The Court is joyleſs, for thou art not there, &c.
Pope's Odyſſey, Book XI. V. 226.

Laertes lives the miſerable Sire,
Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.
Torn from his offſpring in the eve of life, &c.
Book XV. V. 375.

But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt———
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad Sire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet buſied with his ſlaves, to ceaſe his woe,
He dreſt the vine, and bad the garden blow, &c.
Book XVI. V. 145.

(21) *The Dionyſia.* The Athenians celebrated ſeveral feaſts in honour of Bacchus, but there were two principal ones; one kept in the Spring, the other in the Autumn ſeaſon. The Abbe d'Aubignac [Hedelin] has been very minute in his account of theſe feaſts, and yet after all has unhappily pitched upon the wrong one; for he thinks the feaſt Terence is now ſpeaking

ing of, was that held in the Spring ſeaſon, called by the ancients *Antheſteria*, where he alſo places that called the *Pythoigia*, becauſe they then broached the wine caſks; and he grounds his opinion upon line the 50th, of the firſt ſcene in the third act.

Relevi omnia dolia, omnes ſerias.

I have pierc'd ev'ry veſſel, ev'ry caſk.

But this manner of reaſoning is by no means concluſive; for, could they not have done juſt the ſelf-ſame thing at any other time of the year? And in fact they did ſo upon all their grand feſtivals, in order to entertain their gueſts with the beſt wine their cellar afforded?—Beſides, we may here obſerve, that the broaching all the veſſels was not in compliance with cuſtom, but that Chremes was forced into it by the importunities of Bacchis; neither does he mention it to Menedemus, but with an intent to let him ſee to what a monſtrous expence he is going to expoſe himſelf: This miſtake is of greater conſequence than it may at firſt appear to be; for it is productive of many more, and led the Abbé to place the ſcene of this comedy erroneouſly. The feaſt in queſtion was that celebrated in the Autumn ſeaſon, and was called *Dionyſia in agris*, the Dionyſia in the fields. Neither is the ſcene in Athens, as Mr d'Aubignac ſuppoſed, but in a ſmall village, where Chremes and Menedemus had each of them a houſe. The only difficulty remaining, is to account why Chremes ſays *Dionyſia* hic *ſunt*, *the Dionyſia are held here to-day*. The reaſon is obvious. This feaſt continued for many days but not in the ſame boroughs or villages, at one and the ſame time; to-day it was here, to-morrow there, &c. that they might aſſemble the more company together. DACIER.

Menage obſerves that it is not clear on what authority Madam Dacier pronounces ſo abſolutely, concerning the fluctuating manner of celebrating this feaſt, to-day here, to-morrow there, &c. and though he differs with Hedelin about the place in which the ſcene lies, yet he defends the Abbe's opinion concerning the *Pythoigia* in oppposition to Madam Dacier. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.*

(22) *He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy into the city to her.*] *Sevolum ad eam in urbem miſit.* This plainly marks the ſcene to be in the country; though M. d'Aubignac treats this argument with ridicule. But it is in vain for him to aſſert that there is not one comedy of Plautus, or Terence, where one may not meet with this expreſſion taken in his own ſenſe of it. He will perſuade none to think ſo, except thoſe who have not read them. For my part I do not recollect one inſtance of it, and I will venture to ſay it is impoſſible to find one. DACIER.

(23) *Conſider, 'tis a long way off.*] *Non cogitas hinc longule eſſe?* This paſſage, as well as the circumſtances of the next ſcene, are a further confirmation of the ſcene's lying in the country.

(24) *Buſily plying of the web we found her.*] *Texentem telam ſtudioſe ipſam offendimus.* This line of our author agrees almoſt literally with the following Greek one preſerved by Le Clerc among the fragments of Menander.

Εξ ιςαριȣ εκρεματο φιλοπονως πανυ.

(25) *One ſervant-girl, a tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.*] *Præterea una ancillula erat: ea texebat nna, pannis obſita, neglecta, immunda illuvie.* This paſſage is equally cloſe to the ſenſe of the following, taken from the ſame book.

——*nas*

——————και θεραπαινις ην μια,
Δυην συνηφαινεν ρυπαρως διακειμενη.

Le Clerc took these Greek lines from Victorious; and Victorious copied them from a book of Politian, who had written them in the margin, not (as it should seem) of his own composition, but from a fragment, which he had some where met with, of Menander.

Supposing the lines in question to be genuine, may we not fairly conclude that all this fine narration is a very close imitation of Menander, as well as that other beautiful one, which opens the first act?

(16) *Were fond for love of you.*] Terence's comedy of the Self-Tormentor is written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. *When I came to the house, &c.*—He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

STEELE'S *Spectator*, No. 502.

(17) *But come; now Syrus, &c.*] Here we enter upon the other part of the fable which the Poet has most artfully complicated with the main subject, by making Syrus bring Clitipho's mistress along with Antiphila. This part of the story, we know, was not in Menander.

(18) *That you may sleep in peace on either* SIDE.] *In* AUREM *utramvis, otiose ut dormias.* Literally *on either* EAR. A Latin proverb, used by Plautus as well as our author, and borrowed from the Greek. We have an instance of it among the fragments of the Πλοκιον, or Necklace, of Menander. The subject of that comedy, if we may judge from the small, though precious remains of it, was much the same as that of the George Dandin of Moliere, the marriage of a poor man to a rich heiress. An extract or two, may perhaps not be disagreeable to the reader, and serve to relieve the dryness of the controversial notes to this comedy. The very first line contains the proverb.

Επ, αμφοτερα νυ χ' ἡ 'πικληρος ἑαται &c.

Now may our heiresses sleep on either ear,
Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
And satisfied the longings of her soul.
Her, whom she hated most, she has cast forth,
That all the world may henceforth look upon
The visage of Creobyla, and thence
May know my wife for mistress, by the print
Of stern authority upon her brow.
She is indeed, as the old saying goes,
(*a*) An ass among the apes.—This can't be kept
In silence, even tho' I wish'd it so.
Curse on the night, the source of all my ills!
Ah me, that I should wed Creobyla!
—Ten talents, and a wife of half a yard!
And then who is there can endure her pride?
By Jove, by Pallas, 'tis intolerable.
A maid most diligent, and quick as thought,
She has cast forth, to introduce another.

(*a*) A proverb to signify those, who are proud among those, who laugh at them.

There

There is another paſſage extant, containing part of a dialogue between the huſband and an old neighbour, on the ſame ſubject; but, for the ſake of variety, I ſhall ſubjoin an extract from the ſame comedy of a different colour.

Ωτρι κακοδαιμων, οστις αν πενης γαμει, &c.

Thrice wretched he, that's poor and takes a wife,
And doth engender children!—Oh fool, fool!
Who undefended, bare of neceſſaries,
Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
Can't wrap his miſeries in affluence;
But in a naked, wretched, poverty
Freezes, like winter; miſery his portion
Too amply dealt, and every good denied.

What Menander has in the above paſſage conſidered metaphorically, our own Shakeſpeare has very finely realized:

Poor naked wretches, whereſo'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?

KING LEAR.

(29) *She, an artful baggage, &c.*] *Hæc arte tractabat virum, ut illius animum cupidum inopia accenderet.* There is the ſame ſentiment, and much of the ſame turn of expreſſion in Shakeſpeare's All's Well that Ends Well.

She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy.

This ſentiment is alſo finely touched upon by Ben Jonſon in his Every Man in his Humour. The occaſion on which it is employed by Shakeſpeare, is almoſt parallel to that in Terence, but in Ben Jonſon's play it is applied to the education of youth.

I am reſolv'd I will not ſtop his journey,
Nor practiſe any violent means to ſtay
Th' unbridled courſe of youth in him; for that
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the gen'rous grey-hound,
Who ne'er ſo little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

Every Man in his Humour, Act I.

I do not ſay that the above fine lines were ſtruck out from this paſſage in Terence; but it is plain that the remainder of Knowell's ſpeech, as the late ingenious editor of Jonſon has juſtly obſerved, was borrowed from another part

part of our author's works, which shall be pointed out in the notes on the next comedy.

(30) *I know not others, &c.*] The character of Antiphila is here finely drawn, and represents innocence in perfection. There is nothing of constraint or emulation in her virtue, nor is she influenced by any consideration of the miseries likely to attend looseness or debauchery, but purely by a natural bias to virtue. DACIER.

(31) *Clinia. O Syrus, 'tis too much.*] Madam Dacier, contrary to the authority of all editions and MSS. adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this speech to Clitipho, whom she supposes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might over-hear the conversation, and from whence he peeps out to make this speech to Syrus. This she calls an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be obliged to her father for so ingenious a remark: but it is to be feared that critical sagacity will not be so lavish of acknowledgments as filial piety. There does not appear the least foundation for this remark in the scene, nor has the Poet given us the least room to doubt of Clitipho's being actually departed. To me, instead of an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, it appears a most absurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it most injudiciously tends to interrupt the course of Clinia's more interesting passion, so admirably delineated in this little scene.

(32) *'Tis now just day-break.*] *Lucescit hoc jam.* This is spoken with the eyes lifted up towards heaven; *hoc* has reference to *cælum*, which is understood. Thus Plautus in his Curculio. *Nam hoc quidem edepol haud multo post luce lucebit.*

It is beyond all doubt that this play was acted at two different and distinct times; the two first acts at night, after sun-set; and the three remaining acts the next morning, at break of day: the time between the second and third act was taken up with the carousal and supper given by Chremes. Menander, upon account of the feasts then celebrating, had a right to divide his comedy in this manner: Terence took the same liberty, and with the same justice, since his plays were represented at Rome upon the like solemn occasions. Eugraphius, who wrote notes upon this comedy, was of opinion that this method was without precedent; but he is mistaken. Aristophanes did the very same thing; the two first acts of his Plutus were performed in the evening, the three last early the next morning, and the time between the second and third act is employed by Plutus in paying a visit to the temple of Æsculapius, where he passes the whole night. If we could precisely tell the hour, at which Aristophanes opens his play, we should undoubtedly find he had not transgressed the unity of time (twelve hours) which is requisite to dramatic pieces. It is at least certain that Terence has not exceeded it here, and that he is as exact in this particular as in every other. The play begins a little after eight at night. The two first acts do not last above two hours; they then go to supper; this makes an interval of six or seven hours. The third act begins at the break of day, as Terence has taken care to point out *lucescit hoc jam;—'tis now just day-break.* So that the three acts, which could not last three hours, must have ended about seven in the morning. But what is chiefly remarkable is, that this third interval is interwoven with the subject-matter of the play, as well as it is in Aristophanes. Chremes, during that time observes the freedoms which pass between Clitipho and Bacchis; and this creates great part of the business of the third act. The critics were little attentive to this, when they cry out—*Vasta et hians et inanis comœdia est;—there is a void, a gap, an emptiness in this comedy.*—Which is far, very far from being true; for what they call so, has a very material connection with the play, and may be said to be almost

moſt the very ground-work of it. Had Terence divided it ſo, that this interval had not entered into the ſubject, it would indeed have been ridiculous and inſupportable. Were we to act one of Moliere's plays thus by piece-meal, the beginning to-night, and the end to-morrow morning, every body would laugh at the partition; but Terence and Menander, who were perfect maſters of the Drama, attempted it with ſucceſs. And indeed it might even now a-days be done with propriety, nay would become neceſſary, provided it could be executed with equal judgment and addreſs. DACIER.

The idea of the above note, as well as of ſeveral others of Madam Dacier, was firſt ſuggeſted by Scaliger, who, in the ſixth book of the Poeticks, firſt broached the notion of this diviſion of the comedy in the repreſentation, in order to vindicate our author from the imputation of having left an unwarrantable chaſm between the ſecond and third acts. And it is ſomething whimſical, that this great critic, after having depreciated our author's merit in the groſs, more than any of his predeceſſors, ſhould take it into his head to juſtify him againſt every objection that had been made to any particular paſſage in his works. But though Scaliger was ever dogmatical and poſitive in his opinion, yet that opinion was not always uncontrovertible: In the preſent inſtance I am ſo far from aſſerting with Madam Dacier that the fact is *beyond all doubt*, that I will venture to ſay there is not the leaſt ground for ſuch an aſſertion. Donatus, who mentions this play in his preface to the Phormio, does not afford the leaſt colour to ſuch an argument; nor do I believe there is any more countenance given to it by the ſcholiaſts on Ariſtophanes: whoſe comedies it would be an extremely difficult taſk to reconcile to an agreement with the Unities.

One of the chief points in diſpute between Hedelin and Menage, about this comedy, relates to this interval; and great part of the controverſy turns upon a very obſcure and uncertain part of literature, viz. whether the Athenian month Anthefterion be agreeable to our April or January. Both agree that a night elapſes between the ſecond and third act; but Hedelin, who is followed by Madam Dacier in the above note, contends that, according to the time of year, and circumſtances of the piece, it is an interval of ſix or ſeven hours, which Menage extends to thirteen or fourteen. Each of them lays out a deal of learning on this queſtion, but in my mind to very little purpoſe. It is agreed on all hands, that a whole night certainly paſſes, and the ſpectator has not time to enter into a minute diſquiſition, whether 'tis in June or December: nor indeed could any thing tend to make the obſervation of the unities appear ridiculous, ſo much as ſuch a trifling conſideration.—As to what Madam Dacier ſays of this interval's being interwoven with the ſubject; and of the ſuppoſed employments of the characters, in their abſence from the ſtage, being made conducive to the fable; it is perfectly juſt, and every ſkilful playwright ſhould contrive his intervals with the like art. But to fill up thoſe chaſms by occupying the audience alſo in the ſame manner, is, I think, a more curious device than any in the Rehearſal. Madam Dacier herſelf could not be inſenſible of the difficulty, and confeſſes that a play of Moliere's, ſo divided in the repreſentation, would appear very ridiculous; yet is willing to imagine that even a modern drama might be thus exhibited with propriety. Let us ſuppoſe, therefore that at the firſt opening of the theatre in the Hay-market, Sir John Vanburgh had written a comedy, in which he had introduced a maſquerade at the end of the ſecond act. The ſpectators aſſemble: two acts are played: then comes the maſquerade; and the ſpectators, in order to fill up the interval, ſlip on their dominos, game, drink, dance, and intrigue 'till day-light. With what appetite would they return to the repreſentation of the three laſt

acts? However such a partition might be received at Rome or Athens, I think it would never go down at Paris or London: and, were it not for the example of Madam Dacier, I should imagine, that even the most rigid French critic would think it more reasonable to be wafted from shore to shore by Shakespeare's chorus, than to adopt this extraordinary method of preserving the Unities.

(33) *Enter Menedemus.*] Menedemus comes out of his house at day-break to return to his work; for he has already declared that he will allow himself no respite. This is well conducted. DACIER.

(34) *Of my son, Chremes?*] Terence discovers uncommon judgment in preserving his characters. Menedemus, when he hears of good news, immediately enquires if they relate to his son, thinking nothing else worthy his notice. PATRICK.

(35) *My dear boy come? my Clinia?*] These repetitions are very natural. There is a passage very like this in the fourth act of the Captivi of Plautus.

(36) *How admirably madam's, &c.*] Chremes takes Bacchis for Clinia's mistress, and his own son is her real gallant. This *jeu de theatre* is admirable. DACIER.

(37) *A prince to her gallant.*] Satrapes *si fiet amator. Satrapes* is originally a Hebrew word, but in use too among the Persians, who gave this title to the governors of their provinces; who were generally very rich, and so many petty kings in the eastern nations. PATRICK.

(38) *Spirt about.*] *Pytissando. Pytissare* is a word originally Greek, and is, what we call, a verb of imitation, for its sound very much resembles the noise made by the action of spirting wine out of the mouth. PATRICK.

(39) *Why, let him have his will, &c.*] Here we have, drawn in lively colours, the picture of a man hasty in running from one extreme to another. This gives occasion to the expedient offered by Chremes, which comes in very naturally, and insensibly leads to the remaining part of the plot. PATRICK.

(40) *Have not clos'd my eyes, &c.*] Hedelin obstinately contends from this passage, that neither Chremes, nor any of his family, went to bed the whole night; the contrary of which is evident, as Menage observes, from the two next scenes. For why should Syrus take notice of his being up so early, if he had known that he had never retired to rest? or, would Chremes have reproached Clitipho for his behaviour the night before, had the feast never been interrupted? Eugraphius's interpretation of these words is natural and obvious; who explains them to signify, that the anxiety of Chremes to restore Clinia to Menedemus broke his rest.

(41) *In, in, &c.*] Chremes seizes this as a very plausible and necessary pretence to engage Menedemus to return home, and not to his labour in the field as he had at first intended. DACIER.

(42) *A dispute about their boundaries.*] This circumstance is a further confirmation that the scene lies in the country.

(43) *Much better than their own.*] These reflections have double force, when thrown out to the audience, who are conscious how applicable they are to Chremes as well as Menedemus.

(44) *The old age of an eagle.*] Most probably a proverb, signifying a vigorous and lusty old age, like that of the eagle; who, as naturalists say, never dies of old age, and preserves its life by perpetual drinking.

DACIER. PATRICK.

(45) *Not like the maids of old, &c.*] *Ita non ut olim, &c.* This is certainly the true meaning of the sentence. Syrus artfully flatters the vanity of Chremes; old men are generally apt to think every thing they have seen or heard in former times, far surpasses the productions of the present. DACIER.

(46) *And*

(46) *And now is with your wife.*] Antiphila is ſhortly to be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes. She is not therefore in company with the other women at the feaſt, who were no other than courtezans, but with the wife of Chremes, and conſequently free from reproach or ſcandal. DACIER.

(47) *There's no occaſion.*] Chremes is not allowed here to explain himſelf, being prevented by the coming of his wife; nor have any of the commentators given themſelves the trouble to do it for him. What ſeems moſt probable to me is this. He finds that Bacchis makes a demand of ten minæ, and offers Antiphila as a pledge for it; a bargain by which he was ſure to loſe nothing, and wherein Bacchis could not deceive him, the girl being already in his poſſeſſion. It is therefore likely that he intended to advance the money on thoſe conditions himſelf. DACIER.

The above conjectures of Madam Dacier would be a very ingenious way of accounting for a man's conduct in theſe circumſtances in real life; but in a play where the ſource of every action is induſtriouſly laid open by the poet, had this been the intention of Chremes, I ſhould think it would have been expreſt, and the motive, that influenced him to it, alſo aſſigned. The following note on this ſcene gives a much better account of this conference between Chremes and Syrus, and ſhews of how much uſe it is in the enſuing part of the fable.

" Syrus pretends to have concerted this plot againſt Menedemus, in or-
" der to trick him out of ſome money to be given to Clinia's ſuppoſed miſ-
" treſs. Chremes, however, does not approve of this: yet it ſerves to car-
" ry on the plot: for when Antiphila proves afterwards to be the daughter
" of Chremes, he neceſſarily becomes the debtor of Bacchis, and is obliged
" to lay down the ſum for which he imagines his daughter was pledged."
EUGRAPHIUS.

(48) *Madam, if ſo, my maſter gains a a loſs. Si ſic factum eſt, domina, ergo herus* DAMNO AUCTUS *eſt.* The moſt indifferent parts of an author commonly give the moſt trouble. The ſenſe of the original being ſomewhat dark, and the beſt conſtruction not very elegant, ſeveral attempts have been made to amend and alter the text. In this, as in moſt other caſes, I believe the common reading to be the right; and that it contains nothing more than a conceit from the ſlave, founded on the words *damno auctus*, which I have endeavoured to render in the manner of the original, *gains a loſs*. Some think by *his maſter* is meant Clitipho, others Chremes. Eugraphius explains the words to ſignify that Clitipho will be a loſer by a new-found ſiſter, who will be co-heireſs; and others will have them to imply the loſs to be ſuſtained by Chremes in paying Antiphila's portion.

(49) *The girl had been diſpatch'd.*] One cannot avoid being ſeized with a kind of horror, to think that, in a country ſo polite as Greece, men ſhould be ſo barbarous, as to murder their own children without remorſe, when they imagined it to be for the intereſt of their family. Philoſophy had long before this demonſtrated the horror, not only of theſe murders, but even of expoſing children. But philoſophy is always weak and unavailing, when oppoſed to cuſtoms authorized by long uſage. PATRICK.

(50) *She might have part of our poſſeſſions.*] The ancients imagined they were guilty of a moſt heinous crime, if they ſuffered their children to die without having poſſeſſed ſome part of their fortune: the women, therefore, who are generally ſuperſtitious, when they expoſed their children, put ſome jewel or other trinket among their cloaths, by this means thinking to diſcharge their claim of inheritance, and to clear their own conſcience. DIDEROT.

(51) *'Twas right: you thus preſerv'd, &c.*] The meaning of this paſſage is

this. Chremes tells his wife, that by having given this ring, ſhe had done two good acts inſtead of one; ſhe had cleared her conſcience, and preſerved her child: for had there been no ring or other token among the infant's things, the finder would ſcarce have been at the trouble of taking care of her, but might have left her to periſh, never ſuſpecting ſhe would ever be enquired after, or themſelves liberally rewarded for their pains of preſerving her. DACIER.

(52) *While ſhe went to bathe.*] Hedelin is groſsly miſtaken in ſaying that Antiphila bathed during the fourth act. It is ſo far from true, that, in the beginning of this ſcene, Soſtrata ſends the nurſe to ſee if Antiphila was not already come out of the bath. DACIER.

(53) *Undone! &c.*] Syrus is alarmed, fearing that, by the diſcovery of Antiphila, their plot on Menedemus would be baffled, and their impoſition on Chremes detected. EUGRAPHIUS.

(54) *Men cannot always, &c.*] This he ſays by way of palliating the cruelty of his former orders to put the child to death. DACIER.

(55) *Then nothing leſs.*] Here ends the act, and, by the diſcovery of Antiphila, to all appearance, the main ſtory of the piece. The following obſervation on the great art of our poet, in continuing it through two acts more, is extremely juſt and ingenious.

"What would become of the piece which Terence has called the Self-"Tormentor, if the poet, by an extraordinary effort of genius, had not con-"trived to take up the ſtory of Clinia anew, and to weave it in with the "intrigue of Clitipho?" DIDEROT.

(56) *My mind, &c.*] Madam Dacier, and moſt of the later criticks who have implicitly followed her, tell us that, in the interval between the third and fourth acts, Syrus has been preſent at the interview between Chremes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile to it the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he diſcovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, ſays ſhe, is eaſily anſwered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's ſtory, and finding things take an unfavourable turn, retires to conſider what is beſt to be done. But ſurely this is a moſt unnatural impatience at ſo critical a juncture: and after all, would it not be better to take up the matter juſt where Terence has left it, and to ſuppoſe that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late converſation between Chremes and Soſtrata, at which we know he was preſent; and which at once accounts for his apprehenſions, which he betrayed even during that ſcene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real ſtate of the caſe, till apprized of the whole by Clinia?

(57) *Suppoſe—the ſky ſhou'd fall.*] There is a remarkable paſſage in Arrian's account of Alexander, lib. 4. where he tells us that ſome ambaſſadors from the Celtæ, being aſked by Alexander, what in the world they dreaded moſt, anſwered, Δεδιεναι, μηποτε ὁ ὐρανος αὐτοις ἐμπεσοι, "that they "feared, leſt the ſky ſhould fall." Alexander, who expected to hear himſelf named, was ſurpriſed at an anſwer, which ſignified that they thought themſelves beyond the reach of all human power, plainly implying that nothing could hurt them, unleſs he would ſuppoſe impoſſibilities, or a total deſtruction of nature. PATRICK.

(58) *They ſleep: i'faith I'll rouſe them.*] *Dormiunt; ego pol iſtos commovebo.* Hedelin interprets theſe words literally; but ſurely nothing can be more plain, from the whole tenor of the ſcene, than that they are merely metaphorical, as Menage juſtly argues.

(59) *The villa of Charinus.*] *Villam Charini.* This paſſage alone is a ſufficient proof that the feaſt of Bacchis, mentioned in this play, was the

Dionyſia

Dionyſia in the fields; and conſequently that the ſcene is not laid in Athens, but in the country. DACIER.

(60) *Strickeſt law is oft the higheſt wrong.*] *Summum jus, ſæpe ſumma eſt malitia.* This, as Syrus himſelf ſays, was a proverb. Menander probably made uſe of it in this very play, as the ſame ſentiment is to be found among his fragments.

——————Καλον
Οἱ νομοι σφοδρ' εισιν· ὁ δ' ὁρων τους νομους
Διαν ακριβως, συκοφαντης μοι φαινεται.

The law, 'tis true, is good and excellent;
But he who takes the letter of the law
Too ſtrictly, is a pettyfogging knave.

(61) *How unjuſt, and abſolute is cuſtom!*] I am charmed with this ſentiment, and ſtill more with the good man's application of it. For in fact nothing can be more ridiculous, than that when a father beſtows his daughter upon a man, he muſt alſo beſtow part of his fortune with her. And as a proof, that cuſtom only authorizes ſuch a practice, in ancient times the very contrary was the caſe, money and preſents being given to the fathers by thoſe who demanded their daughters in marriage. MADAM DACIER.

(62) *And ſhe, I warrant you.*] Theſe two or three ſpeeches are differently divided in different editions. I have followed that order, which ſeemed to me to create the moſt lively and natural dialogue.

(63) *Whither a bed was* BROUGHT, &c.] Peter Nannius obſerves that the beds among the ancients were portable; and produces a paſſage from the Odyſſey, wherein Penelope orders the marriage-bed to be produced, to try whether Ulyſſes was really her huſband, or an impoſtor, by his manner of acknowledging it; becauſe this bed was formed out of the trunk of an olive, wrought into the apartment itſelf, and therefore, contrary to the nature of other beds, could not be removed. WESTERHOVIUS.

(64) *That which but even now you counſell'd me.*] One of the great beauties of this ſcene conſiſts in Chremes' retorting on Menedemus the very advice given by himſelf at the beginning of the piece. DACIER.

(65) *Exit Menedemus.*] The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, ſeeming to be in the midſt of a converſation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already ſuppoſed to be apprized of what had paſt between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that ſome verſes are loſt here. Madam Dacier ſtrains hard to defend the poet, and fills up the void of time by her old expedient of making the audience wait to ſee Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a ſufficient time is elapſed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a ſummary account of the cauſe of his father's anger. The truth is, that a too ſtrict obſervance of unity of place will neceſſarily produce ſuch abſurdities; and there are ſeveral other inſtances of the like nature in Terence.

(66) The art and addreſs of this ſtratagem of Syrus is excellent, and cannot be ſufficiently admired. DACIER.

(67) *He thinks himſelf a foundling.*] *Subditum ſe* SUSPICATUR. It is odd enough that Madam Dacier changes the tenſe here, according to an alteration of her father, and reads SUSPICETUR, *He* MAY *think himſelf a foundling* —and aſſigns as a reaſon for it, that Terence could not be guilty of the very impropriety which ſhe undertook to vindicate in the preceding ſcene. I have followed the common reading; becauſe Chremes, ordering her to

confirm

confirm her ſon's ſuſpicions, ſhews that he underſtood her words in a poſitive, not a potential, ſenſe. Clitipho, on his entrance in the next ſcene, ſeems to renew a requeſt already made; and it would be a poor artifice in the Poet, and, as Patrick obſerves, below the genius of Terence, to make Soſtrata apprehend that theſe would be her ſon's ſuſpicions, before ſhe had any reaſon to ſuppoſe ſo.

(68) *Becauſe my daughter's found.*] Madam Dacier, as well as all the reſt of the commentators, has ſtuck at theſe words. Moſt of them imagine ſhe means to ſay, that the diſcovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that ſhe is not barren. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes that ſhe intimates ſuch a proof to be eaſy, becauſe Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which ſenſe ſhe thinks immediately confirmed by the anſwer of Chremes. I cannot agree with any of them; and think that the whole difficulty of the paſſage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Soſtrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, becauſe ſhe could not poſſibly tell what it would be: but her own ſpeech is intended as an anſwer to his preceding one, which ſhe takes as a ſneer on her late wonderful diſcovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to inſinuate, that ſhe could at any time with equal eaſe make out the proofs of the birth of her ſon. The elliptical mode of expreſſion, ſo uſual in Terence, together with the refinements of commentators, ſeem to have created all the obſcurity.

(69) *Tho' from my brain, &c.*] I cannot help conſidering this as a touch of *comic* anger. However, all the commentators are of a different opinion; and it is generally imagined that this is the paſſage alluded to by Horace, when he ſays in his Art of Poetry.

Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

Yet Comedy ſometimes her voice may raiſe,
And angry Chremes rail in ſwelling phraſe.

(70) *I know not for the Gods.*] *Neſcio Deos.* Lambinus, in his admirable letter to Charles the 9th, accuſes Terence of impiety: but the charge is groundleſs. Nay, had Terence been ever ſo wicked, he would ſcarce have been ſo imprudent as to introduce impious expreſſions in a play which was to be licenſed by the magiſtrates. *Neſcio Deos* does not imply, *I care not for the Gods*, but, *I know not what the Gods will do.* This is farther confirmed by a paſſage in the fourth ſcene of the ſecond act. Antiphila, in anſwer to what Bacchis tells her of other women, ſays *Neſcio alias, &c. For my own part* (ſays ſhe) *I know not what other women may do, &c.* and not, *I don't care for other women.* DACIER.

(71) *To ſpeak immodeſtly before your mother.*] The Greeks and Romans were remarkably polite in this particular. They would, upon no account whatever, expreſs themſelves indecently before their wives. Religion, policy, and good manners forbade it. DACIER.

(72) *Be it ſo—&c.*] Terence's comedy of the Self-Tormentor is from the beginning to the end a picture of human life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one paſſage that could raiſe a laugh. STEELE'S SPECTATOR, No. 502.

The idea of this drama [Comedy] is much enlarged beyond what it was in Ariſtotle's time; who defines it to be, *an imitation of light and trivial actions*, provoking ridicule. His notion was taken from the ſtate and practice of the Athenian ſtage; that is, from the *old* or *middle* comedy, which anſwers to this deſcription. The great revolution, which the introduction of

of the *new comedy* made in the drama, did not happen till afterwards. This propoſed for its *object*, in general, the actions and characters of ordinary life; which are not of neceſſity ridiculous, but, as appears to every obſerver, of a mixt kind, *ſerious*, as well as *ludicrous*, and, within their proper ſphere of influence, not unfrequently even *important*. This kind of *imitation*, therefore, now admits the *ſerious*; and its ſcenes, *even without the leaſt mixture of pleaſantry*, are entirely COMIC. Though the common run of *laughers* in our theatre are ſo little aware of the extenſion of this *province*, that I ſhould ſcarcely have hazarded the obſervation, but for the authority of Terence, who hath confeſſedly very little of the *pleaſant* in his drama. Nay, one of the moſt admired of his comedies hath the gravity, and, in ſome places, almoſt the ſolemnity of *tragedy itſelf*.

HURD'S *Diſſertation on the ſeveral Provinces of the Drama.*

—Terence,—whether impelled by his native humour, or determined by his truer taſte, mixed ſo little of the *ridiculous* in his comedy, as plainly ſhews it might, in his opinion, *ſubſiſt intirely without it*. DITTO.

In the paſſages, ſelected from the ingenious and learned critic laſt cited, are theſe four poſitions. Firſt, that Ariſtotle (who founded his notion of Comedy on the Margites of Homer, as he did that of Tragedy on the Iliad) had not ſo enlarged an idea of that kind of drama, as we have at this time, or as was entertained by the authors of the *new comedy*: Secondly, that this kind of imitation, even without *the* LEAST MIXTURE *of pleaſantry, is entirely* COMIC: Thirdly, that Comedy might, in the opinion of Terence, *ſubſiſt intirely without the* RIDICULOUS: And fourthly, that the Self-Tormentor hath the gravity of *tragedy itſelf*.

The two firſt poſitions concerning Ariſtotle's idea of this kind of imitation, and the genius of Comedy itſelf, it is not neceſſary to examine at preſent; and indeed they are queſtions of too extenſive a nature to be agitated in a fugitive note: But in regard to the two laſt poſitions, with all due deference to the learned critic, I will venture to aſſert that the authority of Terence cannot be fairly pleaded in confirmation of the doctrine, that Comedy may ſubſiſt *without the leaſt mixture* of the *pleaſant* or *ridiculous*. *Terence*, ſay the French critics, *fait rire au dedans, & Plaute au dehors*. The humour of Terence is indeed of a more chaſte and delicate complexion than that of Plautus, Jonſon, or Moliere. There are alſo, it is true, many grave and affecting paſſages in his plays, which Horace in his rule of *Interdum tamen, &c.* and even "the common run of *laughers* in our theatre" allow and applaud in our gayeſt comedies. I cannot however think that he ever treſpaſſes on the ſeverity or ſolemnity of Tragedy: nor can I think that there are not touches of humour in every one of the plays, which he has left behind him; ſome humour of dialogue, more of character, and ſtill more of comic ſituation, neceſſarily reſulting from the artful contexture of his pieces. The Andrian, The Eunuch, The Brothers, and Phormio, eſpecially the ſecond and fourth, are confeſſedly *pleaſant* comedies, and the Eunuch in particular the moſt favourite entertainment of the Roman theatre. Inſtances of humour have been produced, by the ingenious critic himſelf, even from the Step-Mother; and the enſuing notes will probably point out more. As to the preſent comedy, the Self-Tormentor, I ſhould imagine that a man, with much leſs mercury in his compoſition than Sir Richard Steele, might have met with more than one or two paſſages in it that would raiſe a laugh. Terence indeed does not, like the player-clowns mentioned by Shakeſpeare's Hamlet, "ſet on the ſpectators to laugh, though in "the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be to be conſidered." He never ſtarts from the ſubject, merely to indulge himſelf in pleaſantries, like Plautus, and even Moliere, for whole ſcenes together. His humour always

ways ariſes from the occaſion, and flows from him in the natural courſe of the fable; in which he not only does not admit idle ſcenes, but ſcarce ever a ſpeech that is not immediately conducive to the buſineſs of the drama. His humour, therefore, muſt neceſſarily lie *cloſe* and *compact*, and requires the conſtant attention of the reader to the incidents that produce it, on which dramatic humour often in a great meaſure depends; but would of courſe unfold itſelf in the repreſentation, when thoſe incidents were thrown into action. In the preſent comedy, the character of Syrus, bating the deſcription in the ſecond act, muſt be allowed to be wholly comic; and that of Chremes ſtill more ſo. The conduct of the third and fourth acts is happily contrived for the production of mirth, and the ſituation of the two old men in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act is very pleaſantly imagined. The deep diſtreſs of Menedemus, with which the play opens, makes but a very inconſiderable part of Terence's comedy; and I am apt to think, as I have before hinted in another place, that the Self-Tormentor of Menander was a more capital and intereſting character. As our poet has contrived, the ſelf-puniſhment of Menedemus ends as ſoon as the play begins. The ſon returns in the very ſecond ſcene; and the chief cauſe of the grief of Menedemus being removed, other incidents, and thoſe of the moſt comic caſt too, are worked into the play; which, in relation to the ſubject of it, might, perhaps, with more propriety, have been entitled The Fathers, than The Self-Tormentor. I cannot, therefore, notwithſtanding the *pathos* and ſimplicity of the firſt ſcene, agree to the laſt poſition, "that this comedy hath the "gravity of tragedy itſelf."

NOTES

NOTES

ON

THE BROTHERS.

(1) *Lucius Æmilius Paulus,*] SURNAMED Macedonicus, becauſe he had obtained a victory over Perſeus king of Macedon; he died in the year of Rome 593, one hundred fifty-eight years before the nativity of Chriſt: he was ſo poor at the time of his deceaſe, that they were conſtrained to ſell his eſtate in order to pay his widow her dower. DACIER.

(2) *Q. Fabius Maximus & P. Cornelius Africanus.*] In ſome copies we read, *Q. F. M. & P. C. A. Ædilibus Curulibus.*——"Q. Fabius Maximus, "& P. Cornelius Africanus, Curule Ædiles."——This, as Scaliger, and other commentators are of opinion, muſt be erroneous: for the children and relations of the deceaſed, and not the Ædiles, had always the direction of the funeral games. Beſides, it is very certain, that P. C. Scipio Africanus, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius never was Ædile, the Conſulſhip having been conferred upon him the ſame year that he ſued for the Ædileſhip, though not yet arrived at the uſual age aſſigned for that high dignity, as we are told by Aurelius Victor in his little treatiſe of Illuſtrious Men. And this event did not happen till twelve years after the death of his father and the repreſentation of this play, Scipio being even then but thirty-ſix years of age, before which time no perſon could be elected Ædile.——Muret corrected the title after an ancient MS. he had ſeen at Venice. The Q. Fabius Maximus & P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were the two ſons of Æmilius Paulus, and had taken the ſurnames of the perſons who had adopted them. This is undoubtedly the true reading. The Ædiles that year were Q. Fulvius Nobilior & L. Marcius. DACIER.

(3) *Tyrian flutes.*] *Tibiis Sarranis.* Tyre by the ancient Phœnicians was called *Sor;* the Carthaginians, their deſcendants, called it *Sar*, from whence it came to be called *Sarra. Sarranis* therefore meant the ſame thing as *Tyriis.* Theſe Tyrian flutes were the equal left-handed flutes, and always uſed upon joyful occaſions.—And here ariſes a great difficulty; for how can we ima-

gine that the children of Æmilius would have allowed such music at their father's funeral? It is impossible. This title is not only corrupt, but defective: the true reading is *Acta primum tibiis Lydiis, deinde* TIBIIS SARRANIS. The Lydian flutes were grave and solemn, and consequently adapted to grave and solemn purposes. After the play had been acted at that solemnity, it was performed with left-handed flutes, and doubtless on some less mournful occasion. See the preface of Donatus to this comedy. DACIER.

There is much ingenuity in the above note of Madam Dacier, who has plainly proved that the title to this play is defective; and so, there is great reason to think, are the titles to the rest of our author's comedies. Yet I cannot entirely agree with her, that such music could not have been used at a funeral. The antients, we know, admitted all kinds of games at such solemnities. The music was most probably suited to the comedy, rather than to the occasion, on which it was exhibited; and Donatus, to whom she refers, tells us in express words, that it was so in the present instance. *Modulata est autem tibiis dextris, id est, Lydiis*, ob seriam gravitatem, qua fere in omnibus comœdiis utitur hic poeta. *Sæpe tamen, mutatis per scenam modis, cantica mutavit: quod significat titulus scenæ, habens subjectas personis litteras* M. M. C. "It was composed for right-handed flutes, that is, Lydian, *because of the* " *serious vein, which generally prevails in all our author's comedies;* the mu- " sic however, was frequently varied in the course of the scene, as is shewn " from the letters M. M. C. that is *mutatis modis cantici*, subjoined to the " names of the characters." The learned reader, who will be at the pains to consult Madam Dacier, I believe will agree with me, that she has but partially cited and inaccurately translated the above extract from the preface of Donatus.

I cannot conclude the notes on this title, without taking notice of the happy and elegant use made of the occasion, on which the play was first represented by my late friend Lloyd, in his Prologue to this Comedy, when acted at Westminster school in the year 1759, soon after the melancholy news of the public loss sustained by the death of that most eminent military character, General Wolfe. The learned reader, I dare say, will not be sorry to see it entire.

PROLOGUS in ADELPHOS, 1759.

Cum Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
Scenis extinctum condecorasse ducem.
Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hac qui spectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cœptis,
Qua Sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
Successus etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.
Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ,
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure
Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus!
Nec moriere omnis.—Quin usque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonum quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,

Quod

Quòd tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc ſtudio viſendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flamma corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidiſſe heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

(4) *Synapothneſcontes.*] A Greek [Συναποθνησκοντες] ſignifying *dying together.* Varro ſomewhere declares that Plautus was not the author of the comedy, called *Commorientes*, a Latin word of the like import; but he certainly ſpeaks of ſome other play which bore the ſame title, or the opinions of men muſt have differed in his days concerning this matter; ſome giving it to Plautus, others to Aquilius. Terence however, in my opinion, is an authority moſt to be depended upon. The play of Plautus is loſt. DACIER.

(5) *Diphilus.*] Diphilus, as well as Philemon, was a comic poet, cotemporary of Menander.

(6) *If this be theft, &c.*] Nothing can ſet the Greek poets in a more exalted light, than to ſee them, even from the earlieſt days of the Romans, not only ſo eagerly read, but ſo attentively and ſo carefully tranſlated, that the Latin authors ſeldom or ever attempted any thing of their own: Donatus, in his preface to this comedy, ſays of TERENCE, *minus exiſtimans laudis proprias ſcribere, quam Græcas transferre,*—"thinking it leſs praiſe to invent "new plays, than to tranſlate Greek ones." S.

(7) *Certain noble perſons.*] Scipio, Lælius, & Furius Publius. DONATUS. See the notes to the author's life.

(8) *In war, peace, &c.*] In war, ſignifies Scipio; in peace, Furius Publius; in counſel, Lælius. DONATUS.

(9) *Ho, Storax!*] *Storax! non rediit hac nocte a cœna Æſchinus.* Some conſider Micio as aſking a queſtion in theſe words, but they are miſtaken. He calls Storax; and finding he does not anſwer, concludes that neither Æſchinus, nor any of his ſervants are come home. DONATUS.

(10) *Who went to ſee for him.*] *Qui advorſum ierant.* The ſervants, who went to meet their maſters, and defend them home, were called *Adverſitores.* DONATUS.

(11) *And 'tis in my opinion, &c.*] Theſe ſentiments are adopted by Ben Johnſon in his Every Man in his Humour, where they are put into the mouth of Knowell.

There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modeſty, than fear:
Force works on ſervile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodneſs, may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By ſoftneſs and example, get a habit.
Then if they ſtray, but warn them; and the ſame
They ſhou'd for virtue have done, they'll do for ſhame.

(12) *Comes to wrangle.*] There are ſeveral fine paſſages in this ſpeech, and good obſervations on human life; yet it is too long a ſoliloquy. COOKE.

(13) *Oho! well met.*] The Poet has in this place improved on Menander, in repreſenting Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother, than to return his compliments. DONATUS.

(14) *Burſt open doors, &c.*] The character and paſſion of Demea is finely marked in the account which he gives of the riot; in which he dwells on every minute particular, endeavouring to multiply and exaggerate the offences of Æſchinus, and concealing every palliating circumſtance. DONATUS.

(15) *And if we needs muſt draw compariſons.*] There is much humour in this paſſage, when it appears that the ſon ſo much commended is the moſt in fault. DONATUS.

(16) *Does he treat? or drink? &c.*] The mild character of Micio is contraſted by Tully to that of a furious, ſevere father, as drawn by the famous comic poet Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the oration for Cælius, in the compoſition of which it is plain that the orator kept his eye pretty conſtantly on our poet.—The paſſages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and ſeverity, which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the ſtile of that author.

Nunc demum mihi animus ardet, nunc meum cor cumulatur ira.
O infelix, O ſcelus!———
Egone quid dicam? egone quid velim? quæ tu omnia tuis fœdis factis facis, ut nequidquam velim.
Cur te in iſtam vicinitatem meretriciam contuliſti? cur illecebris cognitis non refugiſti? cur alienam ullam mulierem noſti? dide ac diffice, per me licebit. Si egebis, tibi dolebit: mihi ſat eſt, qui ætatis quod reliquum eſt, oblectem meæ.

Now my ſoul burns, now my heart ſwells with anger.
—— Oh wretch, oh monſter!——
What can I ſay? what can I wiſh? when you
By your vile deeds make all my wiſhes vain?
Why did you go into that neighbourhood?
Why, knowing her allurements, not avoid them?
And why maintain an intercourſe ſo vile?
——Spend, ſquander, diſſipate, I give you leave.
If want o'ertakes you, you alone will feel it:
For my remains of life I've yet enough.

(17) *His miſtreſſes perhaps will ſhut him out.*] *Fortaſſe excludetur foras* I once underſtood this paſſage thus: *perhaps I may turn him out of doors:* but on further conſideration I think the ſenſe which I have followed more agreeable to the character of Micio. The fondneſs he expreſſes in this ſentiment is very remarkable: he does not abſolutely ſay, Æſchinus's miſtreſſes *will* turn him out of doors, *excludetur foras;* but *fortaſſe excludetur foras*, PERHAPS *they* MAY *turn him out of doors.* He is ſo extremely partial to his adopted ſon, that he thinks his miſtreſſes would certainly careſs him, even though he made them no preſents. This expreſſion *fortaſſe* has an admirable effect, as was obſerved by Donatus. DACIER.

(18) *Micio alone.*] Terence ſeems inclined to favour the part of mild fathers. He repreſents Micio as affected at his ſon's irregularities; leſt, if he ſhould appear wholly unmoved, he might ſeem to corrupt his ſon, rather than to treat him with a proper indulgence. Wherefore, through all his moderations he ſtill betrays a fatherly emotion. DONATUS.

(19) *He told me he propos'd to take a wife.*] The art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant perſons ſhall open the plot: as in the preſent inſtance, which gives us to underſtand that Æſchinus had mentioned to Micio his intentions of taking a wife, though he had not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the enſuing part of the fable, without foreſtalling any of the circumſtances. DONATUS.

(20) *I'm a Procurer.*] He ſays this to Æſchinus to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the Procurers at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republic from their traffic in ſlaves. It was forbid to abuſe

abuſe them, on pain of diſinheritance. Hence in Lucian a young man, complaining of being diſinherited by his father, ſays, τις πορνοβοσκος ὑβρισαι; "what ſlave-merchant accuſes me of having mal-treated him?"

DACIER.

(21) *D'ye know who I am?*] *Noſtin' qui ſim?* A law term, ſignifying, "Do I owe you any thing?" DONATUS.

(22) *A Pimp; the common bane, &c.*] This ſeems to be a tranſlation from Diphilus, from whom this part of the fable was taken.

Ουκ εστιν ουδε τεχνιον εξωλεστερον
Της πορνοβοσκης.

No calling is more baneful and pernicious,
Than that of a Procurer. WESTERHOVIUS.

The Procurer was a common character in the comedy of the antients; but if we may pronounce from their remains, we may venture to ſay that the character was never ſo finely painted in any part of their works, as in the following lines of Shakeſpeare.

Fie, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd.
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! Go, mend, mend.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

(23) *By due courſe of law I claim her.*] *Ego liberali illam aſſero cauſa manu.* Law terms. The defenders of the liberty of another were called *Aſſertores*, and the ſuit commenced on that account called *Liberalis cauſa*, an action of freedom. DONATUS.

(24) *Nick'd me to a hair.*] *In ipſo articulo oppreſſit.* Literally, "hit me in "the very joint."

(25) *At Cyprus-fair.*] The merchants uſed to buy up ſlaves in all parts of Greece, to ſell them at Cyprus, where a celebrated fair was kept for that purpoſe. DACIER.

(26) *Well, have you calculated what's your due?*] *Jamne enumeraſti id, quod ad te rediturum putes?* I have tranſlated theſe words according to the interpretation of Donatus. Madam Dacier puts another ſenſe upon them, and thinks they rather mean Sannio's calculation of his profits at Cyprus. The ſubſequent converſation between Syrus and Sannio inclined me rather to adopt the former opinion.

(27) *Scrape together by ſome means ten Minæ.*] Syrus knew very well that Æſchinus was ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he might be glad to take his bare principal, and think himſelf well off into the bargain. DONATUS.

(28) *Æſch. Where is that raſcal? San. He enquires for me.*] The character of Sannio is well ſuſtained. He immediately takes to himſelf the name of infamous raſcal, and acknowledges it with joy, thinking he is enquired after, in order to be paid; and droops afterwards, not on account of hard

words

words and ill uſage, but only for fear he ſhould not get his money. DONATUS.

(29) *Almoſt fly your country.*] In Menander the young man was on the point of killing himſelf. Terence has ſoftened this circumſtance. DONATUS.

We know that the circumſtance of carrying off the Muſic-Girl was borrowed from Diphilus: yet it is plain that there was alſo an intrigue of Cteſipho's in the play of Menander: which gives another proof of the manner in which Terence uſed the Greek Comedies.

(30) *Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.*] A piece of arch malice in Syrus, in order to teaze Sannio. DONATUS.

(31) *Whoſoe'er you are, excuſe me.*] Geta's reply is founded on a frolicſome, but ill-natured cuſtom, which prevailed in Greece; to ſtop the ſlaves in the ſtreets, and deſignedly keep them in chat, ſo that they might be laſhed when they came home, for ſtaying out ſo long. DACIER.

(32) *What? our Æſchinus? &c.*] *Noſtrumne Æſchinum, &c.* There is ſomething extremely touching in this manner of ſpeaking. Shakeſpeare, whoſe works contain examples of every ſpecies of beauty in poetry, affords us a very elegant inſtance of this irregular manner, which, addreſſing itſelf to the paſſions, affects us more ſenſibly than ſet forms of ſpeech. The turn of phraſe, in which Deſdemona pleads for Caſſio, is a good deal ſimilar to the way in which Soſtrata here ſpeaks of Æſchinus.

——————What? Michael Caſſio?
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! OTHELLO.

(33) *Upon his father's lap.*] The Græcians, as ſoon as they had a child born, immediately put it on the grandfather's knee if he were living. Phœnix in the ninth Iliad ſays that his father loaded him with curſes, and invoked the Furies, conjuring them that no child of his ſon might be placed on his knees.

——Πατηρ δ' εμος, αυτικ' οισθεις,
Πολλα κατηρατο, συγερας δ' επεκεκλετ' Ερινυς,
Μη ποτε γουνασιν οισιν εφεσσεσθαι φιλον υιον
Εξ εμεθεν γεγαωτα. Iliad, l. ix. v. 453.

Mr Pope's tranſlation not having preſerved that idea, the liberty has been taken, of adding two lines.

My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."
Never, dread ſiſters, never may I ſee
A child, his offspring, plac'd upon my knee!
See Pope's Iliad, b. 9. v. 582.

This cuſtom did not prevail among the Romans: our author, notwithſtanding, as he tranſlated his play from the Greek, judiciouſly preſerves that uſage. DACIER.

(34) *Well, I agree 'twere better to diſcloſe it.*] *Accedo, ut melius dicas.* Nothing can be plainer than theſe words. Yet they have been the occaſion of great

great perplexity to commentators and tranſlators. Madam Dacier gives them a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that which I have followed. *Ah qu'allez vous faire? je vous en prie changez de ſentiment.* Echard, who keeps his eye more conſtantly on the French tranſlation, than on the original, ſays much to the ſame purpoſe, *D'ye think ſo? Pray think on't again.* Cooke has it, *How? let me adviſe you to think better of it.* Weſterhovius ſuppoſes Soſtrata to have ſeemed angry with Geta, and therefore explains *ut melius dicas* to ſignify *ut bona verba loquaris—that you may ſpeak mildly.* Patrick juſtly thinking that this is too ſtrained, and no ſatisfying anſwer to Soſtrata; and, from what follows, ſeeing the neceſſity of explaining Geta's anſwer, ſo as to make it imply an aſſent, ſuppoſes an elleipſis, and ſupplies it thus: *Accedo tibi, ut* qui *melius dicas—I ſubmit to you, as you ſeem to ſpeak with more juſtice.* All theſe interpretations are founded on the ſuppoſition that *melius* is the accuſative governed by *dicas.* I have no doubt but that *melius* is here uſed adverbially, which will lead us to this eaſy conſtruction, *Accedo, melius ut dicas;—I agree, that you may better tell it;* implying Geta's coming into her opinion on the point in diſpute. The remark of Donatus on this paſſage, *ut conſentiam, velut qui melius poſſim dicere,* is certainly corrupted; but if we read, as we are told it ſtands in ſome copies, *veluti melius potens ſis dicere,* it will give the ſame ſenſe that I have followed. Eugraphius in his long note on the words *Hera, lacrumas mitte! weep not, miſtreſs!* plainly underſtands them in this manner. But, as a greater authority than all commentators, I ſhall appeal to Terence himſelf; and ſubmit the whole context, as it ſtands in the original, to the judgment of the learned reader. Theſe verbal criticiſms are dry and unpleaſant both to the writer and reader. I very frequently avoid them: but in a controverted paſſage, where the ſenſe is materially concerned, it would ſeem indolence or arrogance not to ſubmit to them.

G. Hera, lacrumas mitte, ac potius, quod ad hanc rem opu', porro proſpice.
Patiamurne an *narremus* cuipiam? C. au, au mi homo, ſanun' es?
An hoc *proferendum* tibi uſquam eſſe videtur? G. mihi quidem non placet.
Jam primum, illum alieno animo a nobis eſſe, res ipſa indicat.
Nunc ſi hoc *palam proferimus*, ille inficias ibit, fat ſcio;
Tua fama, et gnatæ vita in dubium veniet, tum ſi maxume
Fateatur, cum amet aliam, non eſt utile hanc illi dari.
Quapropter, quoquo pacto *tacito* eſt opus. S. ah, minime gentium:
Non faciam. G. quid ages? S. *proferam.* G. hem, mea Soſtrata, vide quam rem agas.
S. Pejore res loco non potis eſt eſſe, quam in hoc, quo nunc ſita eſt.
Primum indotata eſt: tum præterea, quæ ſecunda ei dos erat,
Periit: pro virgine dari nuptum non poteſt: hoc reliquum eſt,
Si inficias ibit, teſtis mecum eſt annulus, quem amiſerat.
Poſtremo, quando ego conſcia mi ſum, a me culpam hanc procul eſſe, nec
Pretium, neque rem ullam interceſſe illa aut me indignam; *experiar*, Geta.
G. Quid iſtic? accedo, ut melius *dicas.* S. tu, quantum poteſt, abi, &c.

(35) *Hegio, of our tribe*] We are told that the Athenians were divided into tribes, but writers are not agreed as to their number. Some ſay twelve, in imitation of the Jewiſh tribes: but what connection was there between the Athenians and Jews? It is probable that this number was derived from the twelve months of the year: for we find that there were alſo in every tribe thirty ſub-diviſions, alluding to the number of days in a month. PATRICK.

(36) *This*

(36) *This is the tenth month.*] Lunar months: the common method of computation before Julius Cæsar. WESTERHOVIUS.

(37) *Ah me! &c.*] This is the second instance in our author of the out-cries of a woman in labour: a circumstance not easily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly considered as no indecorum in those days. I shall not defend the practice; but cannot help observing, that allowing such an incident, Terence in the present instance makes a most pathetic and oratorical use of it.

(38) *He was my kinsman.*] In Menander, Hegio was the brother of Sostrata. WESTERHOVIUS.

(39) *What he advises, I will follow, Hegio.*] *Quod mihi de hac re dederit consilium, id sequar.* Madam Dacier rejects this line, because it is also to be found in the Phormio. But it is no uncommon thing with our author to use the same expression or verse in different places, especially on familiar occasions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemistich is rather lame without it. The propriety of consulting Micio, or Demea's present ill-humour with him, are of no consequence. The old man is surprized at Hegio's story, does not know what to do or to say, and means to evade giving a positive answer by saying that he would consult his brother.

(40) *The wolf in the fable.*] *Lupus in fabula.* A proverb, signifying that the person, of whom we are speaking, is at hand.

(41) *I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers.*] The poet artfully contrives to detain Demea in town, his presence being necessary in the subsequent part of the fable. DONATUS.

(42) *When you've past'd that, turn short upon the left, &c.*] It is observed by Theobald in his edition of Shakespeare, that the perplext direction given by Lancelot seems to be copied from this of Syrus.

"Turn up, on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turn "of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand, but turn "down indirectly to the Jew's house." *Merchant of Venice.*

(43) *The city-gate, just by the pond.*] This gives us to understand that Demea would be sent quite to the further part of the town---The pond also is naturally mentioned, for Varro tells us that near the gate was always a large pond, to water the horses, and supply the inhabitants in case of fire. DONATUS.

(44) *Tables with oaken legs.*] It was usual with the Græcians to sit and drink in the sun. Syrus therefore being asked a sudden question, is supposed to have sufficient presence of mind to give this circumstantial answer, that he might the better impose on Demea. DONATUS.

(45) *Dinner's spoil'd.*] The Greeks and the Romans generally had but one repast a day, which was their supper. The dinner here mentioned was therefore an instance of luxury and debauch. DACIER.

(46) *For they whose fortunes, &c.*] This fine sentiment is supposed to be built on the following lines of Menander. If so, I think our poet has improved on his original.

Προς απαντα δειλος ὁ πενης εστι πραγματα, &c.

The poor man in all things acts fearfully,
Suspecting all despise him. But the man
Who's more at ease, with greater constancy
Bears up against misfortunes, Lamprias!

(47) *By the law is forc'd to marry her.*] This appears in many instances to

to have been a law in force with the Athenians, and was probably handed down to them by the Phœnicians, who originally received it from the Jews. *And every daughter that poſſeſſes an inheritance in any tribe of the children of Iſrael, ſhall be wife unto one of the family of the tribe of her father, that the children of Iſrael may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers.* Numbers, chap. xxxvi. v. 8. DACIER.

(48) *Miletus.*] A colony of the Athenians in Pontus. DONATUS.

(49) *Who betroth'd, &c.*] Theſe queſtions, which enumerate all the proofs requiſite to a marriage, are an indirect, and verly delicate reproof of Æſchinus for the irregular and clandeſtine manner in which he had conducted this affair. DONATUS.

(50) *Mock you? I? wherefore?*] We may very innocently banter a friend, and frighten him with falſe alarms, when it is in our power to undeceive him immediately, and to ſurpriſe him with good news. But none but an enemy would buoy one up with falſe hopes, in order to daſh them with bitterneſs and trouble. Micio therefore diſcovers a benevolent emotion at even being ſuppoſed to trifle with him in this reſpect. DONATUS.

(51) *The ſooner hear your prayers.*] Donatus obſerves that there is great delicacy in this compliment of Æſchinus to Micio, which, though made to his face, does not carry in it the leaſt appearance of flattery. Madam Dacier imagines Terence refers here to a line in Heſiod, which ſays that it is the buſineſs of old men to pray. I ſhould rather imagine our author had an eye to the following fine lines of Menander, which have already been recommended to the public notice by the learned critic in the Adventurer, No. 105.

Εἰτις δὲ θυσιαν προσφέρων, ω Παμφιλε, &c.

The man who ſacrifices, Pamphilus,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or ſheep;
Or prepares golden veſtments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Moſt groſsly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanneſs, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,
In queſt of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,
* Even a needleful of thread; for God,
Who's always near thee, always ſees thy deeds.

* This ſeems to have been a proverbial expreſſion, as we find it occur in another fragment of Menander.

(52) *To ſhun all follies.*] Donatus juſtly obſerves, that it is plain from this ſoliloquy, that Terence takes the part of mild fathers; meaning to ſhew that gentle reproofs, mingled with tenderneſs, will have more effect on an ingenuous mind than railing and ſeverity. That critic alſo is more minute than uſual in pointing out the great beauties of the foregoing ſcene; commenting on almoſt every ſpeech, and obſerving how finely the two characters of Micio and Æſchinus are ſuſtained throughout their whole converſation. It was impoſſible to lay before the Engliſh reader all the little particularities dwelt upon by Donatus: and indeed the reader muſt have very little ſenſibility,

who cannot of himſelf diſcern, even through the medium of this tranſlation, the many amiable touches of good-humour, mildneſs, and affection that diſtinguiſh Micio's character, as well as the natural ſtrokes of paſſion, and ingenuous ſhame in Æſchinus. The whole ſcene is remarkably beautiful, and perhaps more characteriſtic of the genius of Terence than any other in his works.

(53) *The life of man is like a game at tables.*] Menander might poſſibly borrow this moral maxim from a paſſage in the tenth book of Plato's Republic, where it is ſaid, "That we ſhould take counſel from accidents, and as "in a game at dice, act according to what has fallen, in that manner which "reaſon directs us to be the beſt." DACIER.

(54) *Not in the leaſt, nor do I mean to ſell her.*] Micio is here involved in a ridiculous dilemma, in which he had rather appear abſurd, than betray Cteſipho. DONATUS.

(55) *Dance hand in hand with them.*] *Reſtim ductans ſaltabis. Reſtim ducere*; literally, *to lead the cord*; which would induce one to imagine that when many perſons were dancing together in thoſe days, they held a cord—but why a cord? might they not as well take hold of each other's hands? I am perſuaded that they did, and agree with Donatus that the expreſſion is merely metaphorical. DACIER.

(56) *In the midſt of this diſturbance, &c.*] The gravity of Demea and drunkenneſs of Syrus create a very humourous contraſt, and are admirably calculated to excite mirth in the ſpectators. DONATUS.

(57) *No welcome roarer—*] *Comiſſatorem haud ſane commodum.* The chief beauty lies in the word *Comiſſator*, which ſignified one who came to join a jovial party, burſting in upon them unexpectedly with much noiſe and clamour. DONATUS. DACIER.

(58) *Forces open our ſtreet-door' &c.*] I forgot to obſerve before, that in Athens the ſtreet-doors were made to open outwards; ſo that when any one was coming out, the noiſe of the door (which is often mentioned in theſe comedies) ſerved to give notice to thoſe in the ſtreet, that they might eſcape being hurt, and make way for the opening of the door. DACIER.

(59) *I muſt help the boy.*] The character of Micio appears extremely amiable through the four firſt acts of this comedy, and his behaviour is in many reſpects worthy imitation. But his conduct in conniving at the irregularities of Cteſipho, and even aſſiſting him to ſupport them, is certainly reprehenſible. Perhaps the Poet threw this ſhade over his virtues, on purpoſe to ſhew that mildneſs and good humour might be carried to an exceſs.

(60) *There are in nature, &c.*] Madam Dacier makes an obſervation on this ſpeech ſomething like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above; and ſays that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumſtances of the caſe, thinks to confound Demea by a nonſenſical galimatia. I cannot be of the ingenious lady's opinion in this matter: for I think a more ſenſible ſpeech could not be made, nor a better plea offered in favour of the young men, than that of Micio in the preſent inſtance.

(61) *Act 5. Scene 1.*] This ſcene, which I have placed the firſt of the fifth act, ſtands in Madam Dacier's tranſlation, and in all thoſe editions and tranſlations who have followed her, as the ſecond. I think it is plain from the end of the foregoing ſcene, that Micio and Demea quitted the ſtage, and entered the houſe together; and it ſeems to be equally evident, from the meſſage that Syrus brings to Demea in the ſcene immediately ſucceeding this, that Demea had left the company within—*Rogat frater, ne abeas longius—your brother begs, you'd not go further off.* But what had ſtill more weight with me, and was a more forcible motive to induce me to begin the fifth

fifth act with this ſoliloquy, was the propriety, and indeed neceſſity of an interval in this place. The total change of character, whether real or affected, is in itſelf ſo extraordinary, that it required all the art of Terence to bring it about: and the only probable method of effecting it, is to ſuppoſe it the reſult at leaſt of ſome little deliberation, and reflection on the inconveniencies he had experienced from a contrary temper. Donatus obſerves the great art with which Terence has preſerved the gradation of Demea's anger and diſtreſſes, which can be puſhed no further than the diſcovery of Cteſipho; and this admirable climax of incidents, if I may hazard the expreſſion, is finely completed in the ſcene with which I have cloſed the fourth act. To ſay the truth, the fable itſelf in a manner ends there; and though there is much humour and pleaſantry in the remaining part of the play, yet many good critics have objected to it. Terence however, or rather Menander, muſt be allowed to have ſhewn an uncommon effort of genius, if not of judgment, in theſe adſcititious ſcenes, which he has founded on the converſion of Demea: a circumſtance which grows out of the foregoing incidents, and ſupplies the materials for a pleaſant fifth act, like the giving away the Rings in Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice, in which play alſo, as well as this of Terence, the main buſineſs of the plot is concluded in the fourth act.

(62) *What, honeſt Syrus.*] Here the Poet ſhews how aukwardly a man of an oppoſite diſpoſition endeavours to be complaiſant; and that a miſer, meaning to be generous, runs into profuſion. DONATUS.

(63) *Ne'er mind fingers, &c.*] The bride was uſually thus attended, and Lucian ſpeaks of this retinue, and I believe took the paſſage from Menander, where he ſays, Και αυλητριδας, και Φορυδον, και υμεναιον αδοντας τινας, &c. "the players on the flute, the company, and ſingers of the nuptial ſong." DACIER.

(64) *Ho! order Babylo immediately to pay him twenty minæ.*] *Jube nunc jam dinumeret illi Babylo viginti minas.* All the commentators and tranſlators have been extremely puzzled at this paſſage. It does not become the laſt comer to be poſitive, where ſo many conjectures have already been offered and rejected. But if one may determine from the context, which is commonly the beſt way as well as the moſt obvious, it ſhould ſeem that Demea means to give an order to one of his ſervants to give Æſchinus twenty minæ. He has aleady determined to be very generous, and another inſtance of his bounty occurs in the laſt ſcene, where he pays down the money for the freedom of Phrygia. In this very ſpeeeh he is pleaſantly conſidering within himſelf the expence, which he diſregards ſo as he can but get into favour. In conſequence of which reſolution it is natural to ſuppoſe that he immediately gives an order for iſſuing money to defray the charges of pulling down walls, entertaining company, &c.

(65) *Obliging father!*] Obliging indeed!

The Poet's conduct here is juſtly liable to cenſure: the only conſideration that can be urged in his defence is, that he meant to ſhew the inconveniencies ariſing from too unbounded a good-nature. But Micio has all along been repreſented ſo agreeable, and poſſeſſed of ſo much judgment, good ſenſe, and knowledge of the world, that this laſt piece of extravagance muſt ſhock probability, and offend the delicacy of the ſpectator. PATRICK.

Apud Menandrum ſenex de nuptiis non gravatur. Ergo Terentius *ωρητικως*. DONATUS.

It is ſurpriſing that none of the critics on this paſſage have taken notice of this obſervation of Donatus, eſpecially as our loſs of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of this laſt act followed

Menander: and in the preſent circumſtance, though he has adopted the abſurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus, that he rather improved on his original by making Micio expreſs a repugnance to ſuch a match, which it ſeems he did not in the play of Menander.

(56) *In mid day prepare an entertainment.*] *Apparare* de die *convivium.* The force of this paſſage conſiſts in the words *de die*, becauſe as has been obſerved in another place, the chief meal of the Græcians was at ſupper, and an entertainment in the day-time was conſidered as a debauch. DACIER.

(67) *It will encourage others.*] The grave irony of this paſſage is extremely humourous. DONATUS.

(68) *Whence flows all this extravagance? &c.*] *Quod proluvium? quæ iſtæc ſubita eſt largitas?* A paſſage borrowed from the comic poet Cæcilius. DACIER.

(69) *To ſhew you that the reaſon, &c.*] I would have characters ſeparated from each other; but I muſt own that a direct contraſt diſpleaſes me.

But the moſt ſure method to ſpoil a play, and to render it quite inſupportable, would be to multiply ſuch contraſts.

See what would be the reſult of theſe antitheſes. I call them Antitheſes; for the contraſt of character is, in the plan of the drama, what that figure is in converſation. It is happy; but it muſt be uſed with moderation; and in an elevated ſtile, totally excluded.

What is the moſt common ſtate of ſociety; that where characters are contraſted, or where they are only different?

What is the intention of contraſt in character? Doubtleſs to render one of the two more ſtriking. But that effect can only be obtained, where they both appear together. What a monotony will this create in the dialogue? what a conſtraint will it impoſe on the conduct of the fable? How can I attend to the natural chain of events, and proper ſucceſſion of ſcenes, if I am engaged by the neceſſity o always bringing the two oppoſite characters together? How often will it happen that the contraſt will require one ſcene, and the true courſe of the fable another?

Beſides, if the two contraſted characters are both drawn with equal force, the intention of the drama will be rendered equivocal. To conceive the whole force of this reaſoning, open the Brothers of Terence. There you will ſee two brothers contraſted, both drawn with equal force; and you may challenge the moſt ſubtle critic to tell you which is the principal character, Micio or Demea? If he ventures to pronounce before the laſt ſcene, he will find to his aſtoniſhment, that He, whom he has taken, during five acts, for a man of ſenſe, is a fool; and that He, whom he has taken for a fool, may be a very ſenſible man.

One would ſuppoſe at the beginning of the fifth act, that the author, embarraſſed by the contraſt which he had eſtabliſhed, was obliged to abandon his deſign, and to turn the intereſt of his piece topſy-turvy. But what is the conſequence? That we no longer know which ſide to take; and after having been all along for Micio againſt Demea, we conclude without knowing, whether we are for one, or the other. One would almoſt deſire a third father to preſerve the golden mean between the two characters, and to point out the faults of each of them. DIDEROT.

Here Demea returns to his own character, and the conduct of Terence is admirable in the leſſon given to Micio. The oppoſite characters of theſe two brothers, and the inconveniences reſulting from each, perfectly point out to fathers the middle way which they ought to purſue in the education of their children, between the too great ſeverity of the one, and the unlimited indulgence of the other. DACIER.

(7)

(70) *I conſent that he ſhall have her.*] This complaiſance of Demea in allowing Cteſipho to retain the muſic-girl, would be very criminal in a modern father; but the Greeks and Romans were not ſufficiently enlightened to be ſenſible of the ſin. DACIER.

(71) *All now is as it ſhou'd be.*] It has been ſaid that l'Ecole des Maris [The School for Huſbands] was a copy of the Brothers of Terence: if ſo, Moliere deſerves more praiſe for having brought the taſte of ancient Rome into France, than reproach for having ſtolen his piece. But the Brothers furniſhed nothing more than the bare idea of the Ecole des Maris. There are in the Brothers two old men of oppoſite humours, who give each of them a different education to the children that they educate; there are in like manner in the Ecole des Maris two guardians, of which one is ſevere, and the other indulgent: there lies the whole reſemblance. There is ſcarce any intrigue in the Brothers; that of the Ecole des Maris is delicate, intereſting and comic. One of the women in Terence's piece, who ought to be the principal character, is never ſeen or heard except in her lying-in. The Iſabella of Moliere is almoſt for ever on the ſtage full of grace and ſpirit, and ſometimes mingles a decency even in the tricks which ſhe plays her guardian. There is no probability in the cataſtrophe of the Brothers: It is not in nature, that a moroſe, ſevere, covetous old fellow of ſixty ſhould become all at once gay, complaiſant, and liberal. The cataſtrophe of the Ecole des Maris is the beſt of all the pieces of Moliere. It is probable, natural, grounded on the plot; and what is of full as much conſequence, extremely comic. The ſtile of Terence is pure, ſententious, but a little cold; as Cæſar, who excelled in all, has reproached him. The ſtile of Moliere in this piece is more chaſte than in any of his others. The French author almoſt equals the purity of the diction of Terence; and goes far beyond him in the intrigue, the characters, the cataſtrophe, and humour.

VOLTAIRE'S *Contes des Guillaume Vade.*

It is impoſſible for any reader, who is come freſh from the peruſal of the Brothers of Terence, and the Ecole des Maris of Moliere, to acquieſce in the above deciſion, and I would venture to appeal from Monſ. Voltaire to any member of the French academy for a reverſal of it. The reputation of Moliere has taken too deep root to be rendered more flouriſhing by blaſting that of Terence; nor can ſuch an attempt ever be made with a worſe grace than when the imitation is blindly preferred to the original. Moliere, ſo far from having taken only the idea of his piece from the Brothers, has tranſlated ſome paſſages almoſt literally, and the latter part of the ſecond ſcene of the Ecole des Maris is a very cloſe imitation of one in the fourth act of the Brothers. In point of fable, I make no ſcruple to prefer the piece of Terence to that of Moliere. The intrigue of the four firſt acts of the Brothers is more artfully conducted than that of any other of Terence's pieces.

In the Andrian, was all the Epiſode of Charinus to be omitted, the play would be the better for it. In the Eunuch, as has been before obſerved, there is a lameneſs in the cataſtrophe, and the concluſion of Thraſo's buſineſs in the laſt ſcene becomes epiſodical. In the Self-Tormentor the intrigue in a manner ends with the third act. In the Phormio, the loves of Antipho and Phædria have no further relation to each other, than that Phormio is uſed as an engine to both.* But in the play before us, the intereſt which Æſchinus takes in Cteſipho's affairs, combines their ſeveral amours ſo naturally, that they reciprocally put each other in motion.

I can-

* The plot of the Step-Mother, ſo admired by the moderns for its ſimplicity, ſhall be examined in another place.

I cannot think the fable of the Ecole des Maris quite ſo happy. In Terence we ſee a good-humoured uncle adopting one of his nephews, while the other lad remains under the tuition of the ſevere father. This is natural enough; but in Moliere we have two young women left by their father's will as the intended wives of their antiquated guardians. Is there not ſome abſurdity in ſuch an idea? Micio and Demea are confeſſedly the archetypes of Ariſte and Sganarelle; but in my mind infinitely ſuperior, and exhibited in a greater variety of ſituations: nor do the two ſiſters, Iſabelle and Leonore play into each others hands, like Æſchinus and Cteſipho. In the Brothers, the buſineſs and the play open together; in Moliere the firſt ſcene is a mere converſation-piece. In Moliere, the plot is thin, ſeems to have been only calculated for the intrigue of a *petite piece*, and the circumſtance of Iſabelle's embracing Sganarelle and giving her hand to Eraſte is purely farcical. In Terence, the fable is more important, and the incidents naturally unfold themſelves one after another; and the manner in which Demea gradually arrives at the knowledge of them is extremely artful and comic. What then is intrigue? If it be the Dramatic Narration of a ſtory, ſo laid out as to produce pleaſant ſituations, I will not ſcruple to pronounce, that there is more intrigue in the Brothers than in the Ecole des Maris. The reader has already ſeen ſeveral ſtrictures on the fifth act, but the particular objection made by Monſ. de Voltaire to the cataſtrophe is founded on a miſtake: the complaiſance, gaiety, and liberality of Demea being merely aſſumed; and his aukwardneſs in affecting thoſe qualities full as comic as the admired cataſtrophe of the Ecole des Maris; which being produced in a forced manner by the diſguiſe of Iſabelle, and the broad cheat put upon Sganarelle before his face, is certainly deficient in the probability neceſſary to the incidents of legitimate comedy. It is not without reluctance that I have been drawn into an examination of the comparative merits of theſe two excellent pieces: nor do I think there is in general a more invidious method of extolling one writer, than by depreciating the productions of another.

Baron, the author of the Andrine, has alſo written a comedy called l'Ecole des Peres, [The School for Fathers] built on this play of Terence. The piece opens with a very elegant, though pretty cloſe verſion, of the firſt act of the Brothers; but on the whole I think this attempt leſs happy than his firſt. The bringing Clarice and Pamphile on the ſtage has no better effect, than his introduction of Glicerie in the Andrian. Telamon and Alcee are drawn with neither the ſtrength nor delicacy of Micio and Demea; and the old man's change of character in the fifth act is neither rejected nor retained, but rather mangled and deformed. On the whole, it were to be wiſhed, that Baron had adhered ſtill more cloſely to Terence, or, like Moliere, deviated ſtill further from him: for, as the play now ſtands, his attention to the Roman Poet ſeems to have thrown a conſtraint on his genius, and taken off the air of an original; while his alterations have rendered the Ecole des Peres but a lame imitation, and imperfect image of the Brothers of Terence.

In our own language, the Squire of Alſatia of Shadwell is alſo founded on this play: But the Muſe of White Friers has but little right to the praiſes due to that of Athens and Rome. Shadwell's play, though drawn from ſo pure a ſource, is rather a farce of five acts than a comedy; nor has it the leaſt comparative merit either in the plan or execution, except in the intention to give the character of Cteſipho more at large than it is drawn in the original.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

THE STEP-MOTHER.

(1) *Exhibited at, &c.*] THE title to this play varies extremely in different editions. That given here is taken chiefly from Weſterhovius.

(2) *From the Greek of Apollodorus.*] Critics differ about the name of the Greek Poet from whom this play was taken. It is generally ſaid to be Apollodorus; and moſt agree that this comedy was not taken, like the four firſt of our author, from Menander.

(3) *Hurricane.*] *Calamitas.* This word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the firſt ſcene of the Eunuch —Nothing can be more evident than that this was the prologue to the ſecond attempt to exhibit this comedy.

(4) *That he might profit by a ſecond ſale.*] See the laſt note to the ſecond prologue.

(5) *Others, his plays, you have already known.*] According to Voſſius, the Step Mother was not attempted to be revived till after the repreſentation of the Brothers. If ſo, they had already ſeen all the reſt of Terence's pieces. DRYDEN.

(6) *Another Prologue.*] Theſe two prologues are by ſome blended together, but moſt learned and judicious editors make two of them. Faernus ſays that in ſome copies the name of L. Ambivius is over them, in great letters; thus, L. AMBIVIUS PROLOGUS: and the ſame diſtinction is made in the Baſilican copy. Eugraphius ſays poſitively that the prologue was ſpoken by Ambivius Turpio. COOKE.

(7) *I come a pleader, &c.*] *Orator ad vos venio.* Madam Dacier, and ſome who follow her, tranſlate *Orator* by the word *Ambaſſador.* Her explanation of the original (though in this inſtance, as well as many others, ſhe does not acknowledge it) is taken from Donatus. But what is very extraordinary, Donatus, in his comment on the very next line, gives the word a quite different ſignification; and tells us that *Orator* ſignifies a perſon entruſted with the defence of a cauſe; in one word a *Pleader:* and that *Exorator* ſignifies

nifies him who has gained the cauſe. The word is undoubtedly uſed in this latter ſenſe in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor—Oratorem *voluit eſſe me, non* Prologum—and it ſeems to be the beſt and eaſieſt conſtruction in this place alſo.

(8) *Cæcilius.*] A famous comic Poet among the Romans. His chief excellencies are ſaid to have been the gravity of his ſtile, and the choice of his ſubjects. The firſt quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, &c. and the laſt by Varro. *In argumentis Cæcilius poſcit palmam, in etheſi Terentius.*—"In the choice of ſubject Cæcilius demands the preference, in the manners "Terence."—Madam Dacier indeed renders *in argumentis* "in the diſpoſi-"tion of his ſubjects." But the words will not bear that conſtruction. *Argumentum*, I believe, is uniformly uſed for the argument itſelf, never implies the conduct of it—as in the Prologue to the Andrian, *non tam diſſimili argumento*—"*in argument leſs different.*"—Beſides, the diſpoſition of the ſubject was the very *art* attributed by the critics of thoſe days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very ſame line with the gravity of Cæcilius, diſtinguiſhing them as the ſeveral characteriſtics of each writer.

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

See Hurd's notes to the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

(9) '*Tis yours to give theſe games their proper grace.*] There is great force and eloquence in the actor's affecting a concern for the ſacred feſtivals, which were in danger of being deprived of their chief ornaments, if by too great a ſeverity they diſcouraged the poets, who undertook to furniſh the plays during the celebrity. DACIER.

(10) *Bought at my expence.*] *Pretio emtas meo.* Theſe words I have rendered literally, tho' there are great diſputes among the commentators concerning them. Donatus, and, after him, Madam Dacier, explains *pretio* by *æſtimatione pretii*, importing that Ambivius valued the play, when the Ædiles were to purchaſe it. Madam Dacier therefore ſuppoſes the caſe to be thus. When the Ædiles had a mind to purchaſe a copy for the Stage, they gave it to the Maſter of the Company, to peruſe, and ſet a price upon it. If it failed, the maſter was bound to return the money to the Magiſtrates; which made it the intereſt of the actors to ſupport the piece, as the loſs, if it was rejected, fell upon themſelves.—This it muſt be owned is ingenious, but has nothing to ſupport it but conjecture. We are entirely unacquainted with the nature of theſe tranſactions between the Ædiles, Players, and Poet, and therefore cannot pronounce with certainty about them. Beſides, I believe it will be hard to find an inſtance where *Pretium* is put for *Æſtimatio Pretii.* I am therefore more inclined to think, that on ſome occaſions the Ædiles, on others the maſter of the company, bought the play; of which laſt kind was the purchaſe of the Step-Mother. But how in either caſe, if it was not received by the public, the poet could claim a right to a ſecond ſale, as is mentioned in the firſt prologue, is a matter not eaſily determined at this diſtance of time. PATRICK.

Madam Dacier's reaſoning on this dark point of theatrical hiſtory is certainly inconcluſive; not only for want of proof, but becauſe no method of *ſettling the aſſize* of plays could be more unworthy the Magiſtrate, more detrimental to authors, or more hurtful to the credit of the Stage: for if the Actor was to abide by the loſs, his intereſt would incline him to ſet the very loweſt value on the piece.—Taking the whole prologue together, may not one conjecture, that the firſt time a play was exhibited it was purchaſed, as

is

is mentioned in other prologues, by the Ædiles: but if it failed, or, for the ſake of Gladiators and Rope-dancers, was then refuſed a hearing, the Poet had a right to withdraw his piece without returning the copy-money; and if it was brought on again by the manager, it was at his own hazard and expence. This conjecture explains the paſſage in the firſt prologue concerning a ſecond ſale, and gives an additional force to every thing urged by Ambivius in the ſecond; in which, ſuppoſing the actor to be ſpeaking to the audience concerning a theatrical uſage with which they were all familiarly acquainted, the whole obſcurity of both the prologues vaniſhes. We immediately comprehend the manner of his revival of the plays of Cæcilius, and ſee how eſſentially his intereſt is concerned in the reception of this of Terence. It gives us alſo a very high opinion of the penetration and humanity of Ambivius.

From theſe two prologues, and ſome paſſages in Horace, we may collect that riots, parties, &c. were as common in Rome as in England; and that a firſt night was as terrible, and the town as formidable to Cæcilius, and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio, (the actor who ſpoke this Prologue, and probably the Manager of the Company) as well as the eſteem which Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the town-critics of thoſe times, who could liſten to ſuch a plea urged by the actor, and ſo candidly acquieſce in all that he ſaid in his own commendation. We have ſeen indeed, and it is to be hoped ſhall ſee again, an acting manager in our time, to whom modern authors have as much reaſon to be partial, as Terence to Ambivius: but though he has helped out many a lame play with a lively prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make ſuch an addreſs to the public as this now before us.

(11) *Imbrus.*] An iſland near Thrace.

(12) *Retir'd into the country.*] This is very well conducted: for ſuppoſing the old gentleman to have remained in town, the whole perplexity and intricacy of the fable would be prevented. DONATUS.

(13) *The bride conceiv'd a diſguſt to Soſtrata.*] The explanation of things is very artfully reſerved to its proper place; for, in truth, Parmeno is deceived, and Philumena did not withdraw herſelf from any real diſguſt to her ſtep-mother, but pretends a pique through ſhame. DONATUS.

(14) *There's a ſtranger here, &c.*] Here Philotis aſſigns a reaſon for her never appearing in the reſt of the play. DONATUS.

It were to be wiſhed, for the ſake of the credit of our author's acknowledged *art* in the Drama, that Philotis had aſſigned as good a reaſon for her appearing at all. Eugraphius juſtly ſays, *Ea igitur meretrix, quæ hic eſt, longe a fabula eſt conſtituta.* "The courtezan in this ſcene is a character quite "foreign to the fable." Donatus alſo ſays much the ſame thing in his preface, and in his firſt note on this comedy; but adds, "that Terence choſe "this method, rather than to relate the argument by means of a prologue, "or to introduce a God ſpeaking from a machine." I will venture to ſay that the Poet might have taken a much ſhorter and eaſier method than either; I mean, to have begun the play with the very ſcene which now opens the ſecond Act. Parmeno's narration muſt be allowed to be beautiful; but to introduce two characters entirely foreign to the play, merely to hear this ſtory, is almoſt as inartificial, as relating it directly to the audience: but what is ſtill worſe, when the tale is all told, the information we receive from it is idle and impertinent, and only ſerves to foreſtal incidents, and throw a coldneſs on the ſucceeding ſcenes; for there is not a ſingle circumſtance in Parmeno's narration but what unfolds itſelf in the courſe of the play; and

whoever begins this Comedy at the second act, will take in the whole story as completely, as by beginning at the first. I may venture therefore to pronounce this act to be redundant, and to assign it as one of the causes of the general complaint of the want of vivacity in the fable of this comedy. A whole act consumed in narration is not artificial; but when that narration is useless and superfluous, it becomes still more inexcusable.

(15) *Laches, Sostrata.*] Donatus remarks that this scene opens the intention of Terence to oppose the generally received opinion, and to draw the character of a good Step-Mother. It would therefore, as has been already observed, have been a very proper scene to begin the play, as it carries us immediately into the midst of things; and we cannot fail to be interested where we see the persons acting so deeply interested themselves. We gather from it just so much of the story, as is necessary for our information at first setting out: We are told of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witnesses of the confusion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The absence of Laches, which had been in a great measure the occasion of this misunderstanding, is also very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Sostrata.—The character of Laches is very naturally drawn. He has a good heart, and a testy disposition; and the poor old gentleman is kept in such constant perplexity, that he has perpetual occasion to exert both those qualities.

(16) *Phidippus, tho' I own, &c.*] This expostulation of Laches with Phidippus is a most faithful and elegant copy of nature. His peace of mind being disturbed by the disorders he finds in his family, his ill-humour, like that of most married men, breaks out first upon his wife. But as family-scenes, whether sweet or bitter, are seldom agreeable to a third person, the presence of Phidippus immediately puts an end to their dialogue. But the circumstance which I most admire is, that although Laches had just before thrown the whole blame on Sostrata, he no sooner sees Phidippus than he endeavours to exculpate his own family, and to insinuate that the whole fault lies on that of his neighbour.

(17) *See there!*] *Heia vero!* These words, seemingly so easy, have yet puzzled Commentators. Donatus makes them an adverb of interruption. Madam Dacier interprets them as addressed by Phidippus to his daughter, in reference to their conversation within, signifying, "Did not I tell you "they would be offended at your absence?" For my part, I take it to be an emotion of surprize mixed with discontent. Phidippus, while he is yet discoursing with his daughter, is suddenly accosted by Laches, and in language too that he did not much like. Upon which he exclaims, *Heia vero!* which words seems to answer pretty nearly to our phrase, *Look ye there now!* a phrase often used on the like occasions. PATRICK.

(18) *I can tell how deeply, &c.*] Here the Poet very artfully prepares a reason to be assigned by Pamphilus for his pretended discontent at the departure of his wife. DONATUS.

(19) *Ha, Sostrata!*] This is extremely artful. The answer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What then can we suppose could make the house so disagreeable to her in his absence, but the behaviour of Sostrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all against her. Supposing this to be the first act of the play, it would be impossible for a comedy to open in a more interesting manner.

(20) *Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.*] It was the custom of those times, for the husband returning from abroad to send a messenger before, to give his wife notice of his arrival. DACIER.

(21) *For*

21 *For all our family are odious to them.*] The Poet very artfully devises a reason to prevent not only Parmeno, but Sostrata, also from entering the house. DONATUS.

(22) *Which Æsculapius, and thou, Health, &c.*] She invokes the Goddess of Health together with Æsculapius, because in Greece their statues were always placed near each other, so that to offer up prayers to the one and not to the other, would have been held the highest indignity to the power neglected. Lucian in his Hippias says ϗ εικονες εν αυτω λιυ λευκυ της αρχαιας εργασιας, η μεν Υγειας, ηδε Ασκληπιυ. *It contains two white marble statues of very ancient workmanship, the one of the Goddess of Health, the other of Æsculapius.* DACIER.

(23) *But in, good mother.*] The behaviour of Pamphilus in this scene is most faithfully copied from nature. Being shocked with the discovery he has made, he leaves the house in great anguish, which, though he wishes to dissemble, he is unable to conceal. He cannot receive his mother as he ought, or give an answer of above two words: and finding himself unfit for conversation or company, he finds means to remove Sostrata and Parmeno as soon as possible. When any unexpected grief takes hold of us, witnesses lay a constraint on our behaviour, and we are apt to wish to be alone in order to deliver ourselves up entirely to the natural emotions of the mind. There is a very superior instance of the like beauty in Othello, in the scene where the Moor is worked up to jealousy by Iago. He first testifies his uneasiness by half-words and short speeches; but soon finding it impossible to smother his disorder much longer, he orders Iago to leave him; upon which he immediately bursts into an agony of passion.

(24) *And it is now the seventh since your union.*] There are many doubts concerning the interpretation of this line in the original: *Tum postquam ad te venit, mensis agitur hic jam septimus*—Not being able to adjust this dispute, I have rendered the line by a translation equally equivocal. Some imagine that it means the seventh month from their marriage; and others explain it to be the seventh month from the time that Pamphilus had knowledge of his wife. The words *Postquam ad te venit* seem to countenance the former interpretation, but what Phidippus says in the next act rather favours the latter.

It is necessary to the understanding the fable of this Comedy, that the English reader should know that the Græcians had a power of putting away their wives on refunding the portion.

There are several circumstances in the plot of this play rather irreconcilable to modern ideas of delicacy; but as they have in them no moral turpitude, they gave no offence to the antients. There are no less than three of the six plays of Terence, in which we have a lady in the straw, and in two we absolutely hear her cry out. The moderns on the contrary have chosen, as subjects of ridicule, things which the antients would have considered with horror. Adultery has been looked upon by Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburgh, as a very good joke, and an inexhaustible fund of good humour and pleasantry; and "our English writers," as Addison observes, "are as frequently severe upon that innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were upon an eating Parasite, or a vain-glorious Soldier."

(25) *That my poor girl unworthily sustain'd*] It is rather extraordinary that Myrrhina's account of the injury done to her daughter should not put Pamphilus in mind of his own adventure, which comes out in the fifth act. It is certain that had the Poet let the audience into that secret in this place, they would have immediately concluded that the wife of Pamphilus, and the lady whom he had ravished, were one and the same person.

(26) *To him alone I formerly reveal'd, &c.*] I cannot help thinking this circumſtance a more than ordinary overſight in ſo correct a writer as Terence. By entruſting the inquiſitive and babbling Parmeno with this ſecret, he certainly appears to acquaint him with more of the real truth, than it was even his own intention to have him ſuppoſed to know. In the laſt ſcene of the play Pamphilus conceals from him the diſcovery concerning Philumena; but that ſhe had retired home, merely for the purpoſe of lying-in, is a fact which it would not be in his power to conceal. In regard to Laches, Phidippus, and Soſtrata, this fact indeed is of no conſequence: but Parmeno, who had been entruſted with the ſecret of his maſter's abſtinence, muſt either conclude the child to be no ſon of Pamphilus, and conſider his maſter as a contented cuckold, or gueſs at the real ſtate of the caſe. Either way, the intention of the Poet is defeated; and what is ſtill worſe than even Parmeno's being acquainted with it himſelf, we know that he had communicated it to a couple of courtezans; ſo that this myſtery is indeed likely to be what the French call *le ſecret de la Comedie*, though not in the ſenſe that Terence himſelf propoſed.

(27) *Until Philumena's deliver'd*] It is obſerved by the Rev. Mr Joſeph Warton in his judicious critical papers in the Adventurer, that "Terence "ſuper-abounds in ſoliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial, or "improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them:" and we may add to this obſervation, that there is no play of Terence, in which he has ſo much tranſgreſſed that way, as in the Step-mother. The preſent long ſoliloquy is a moſt flagrant inſtance of want of art and propriety. There are in it many affecting touches, and it informs us, at a proper period, of a very important part of the fable; though Monſ. Diderot thinks that the return of Pamphilus would have been infinitely more intereſting, if this diſcovery had been made before. The ſame ingenious French writer lays it down as a rule without exception, that "a ſoliloquy is an interval of repoſe in the action, and of agitation in the character." This rule, I believe, ought to be unexceptionably followed in writing ſoliloquies: but the fact is directly oppoſite in the ſoliloquy now before us. The plot proceeds; but the action is carried on by the worſt method poſſible, that of converting one of the perſonages into a kind of chorus, interpreting between the Poet and audience, like Hamlet to Ophelia. The agitation of Pamphilus alſo is very different from that of Othello, referred to in a former note. It does not conſiſt, as it ought in nature to have done, merely of deliberation and paſſion; but he enters into a minute detail, and repeats methodically every circumſtance ſuppoſed to have paſt within. How much more dramatic would it have been to have had his bitter reflections interrupted by the intervention of Myrrhina; which would have given the Poet an opportunity of throwing that narrative part of the ſoliloquy into an affecting ſcene! I cannot help thinking that the tedious length of this ill-timed ſoliloquy, together with the want of vivacity in the firſt and laſt acts, was the chief reaſon of the low reputation of this piece among the critics of antiquity.

(28) *The Citadel.*] This is no doubt to be underſtood, as Madam Dacier ſuppoſes, of the Fort, or Citadel, that defended the Piræus. It was at a conſiderable diſtance from the city, and therefore better ſuited to the deſign of Pamphilus, which was to keep Parmeno for ſome time at a diſtance. PATRICK.

(29) *That he had made a vow, &c.*] This is a facetious alluſion to the cuſtom among the ancients, of perſons engaged in a dangerous voyage vowing to perform particular acts, in caſe they came home in ſafety. DONATUS.

(30) *Conſiſtent*

(30) *Conſiſtent with my duty : for my parents, &c.*] This reflection ſeems to be rather improper in this place: for the diſcovery of Philumena's labour betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure: after which diſcovery his anxiety proceeds entirely from the ſuppoſed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made uſe of merely as a pretence.

(31) *And have you brought, &c.*] *Tum tu igitur nihil attuliſti hac plus una ſententia ?* This is taken notice of by Donatus as a particular happy ſtroke of character: and indeed the idea of a covetous old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth ſtopped with a moral precept, is truly comic. See Hurd's Horace, vol. 1. p. 272.

(32) *And vent my ſpleen and anger upon her.*] There are few ſcenes of comedy more truly humourous than the ſituation and behaviour of the two old gentlemen at the concluſion of this act. The natural, but uncommon conduct of Pamphilus; its effect on Phidippus; *his* treatment of Laches and a brupt departure; and then again the emotions of Laches on the uſage he had experienced from his ſon and his neighbour, are all very pleaſant, and muſt produce an admirable effect in the repreſentation.

(33) *Soon as my wife perceiv'd, &c.*] *Uxor ubi me ad filiam ire ſenſit, ſe duxit foras.* Madam Dacier joins this ſcene to the third act, and aſſigns this verſe as her reaſon for it. I have choſen rather to follow the old diviſion, which ſeems to me to be the right. This ſcene brings on a new part of the plot; which occupies the reſt of this fourth act. The continuity of the ſcenes being broken at the departure of Myrrhina proves nothing, or too much: for Terence often takes that liberty in the middle of an act, and the ſcene is certainly left vacant by Laches. Beſides, Myrrhina does not, as Madam Dacier aſſerts, leave the houſe immediately on the entrance of Phidippus, in order to avoid him; but is frightened out of doors by his running to Philumena's chamber on hearing the cries of the child. This, it is moſt natural to ſuppoſe, happened ſome time after he had returned home, and all theſe circumſtances are with much greater propriety made to fill the interval between the two acts, than huddled into the compaſs of ſix lines. Terence, indeed, ſometimes runs into that very abſurdity; but I think we need not induſtriouſly force him out of his way on purpoſe to make him guilty of it.

(34) *A Ring from off her finger.*] This is a preparation for the Cataſtrophe; for the Ring produces the diſcovery. DONATUS.

This preparation being made by a ſoliloquy, which tells the circumſtance directly to the audience, is not ſo artful as might be expected from Terence.

(35) *That no one may regret my lengthen'd life, &c.*] This idea of the long life of a Step-Mother being odious to her family is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner by Shakeſpeare.

> Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
> Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
> Another moon: but, oh, methinks how ſlow
> This old moon wanes! She lingers my deſires,
> Like to a Step-Dame, or a Dowager,
> Long withering out a young man's revenue.
>
> *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

(36) *Here, altho' undeſervedly, I ſee, &c.*] Though Soſtrata induſtriouſly endeavours to ſtifle her reſentment, yet, in ſpite of herſelf, ſome little indignation, ariſing from a ſenſe of the ill uſage ſhe has received, will mix in what ſhe ſays; which the Poet has purpoſely thrown into her diſcourſe, in order to paint the manners, and expreſs the character. DONATUS.

(37) *And*

(37) *And let it be!*] *Fors fuat pol!* Madam Dacier refines prodigiously on these three words, and supposing great difficulty in them, explains them by a very long periphrasis. Donatus seems to consider them as mere words of assent, agreeable to the mild character of Sostrata; and if I might venture to correct a French translation, I would say that Madam Dacier might have rendered them more properly by the common expression of *A la bonne heure!*

(38) *The old man and old woman.*] *Odiosa hæc est ætas adolescentulis. E medio æquom excedere est. Postremo jam nos fabulæ sumus, Pamphile. Senex atque Anus.* There is nothing I suppose, in these words, which provokes a smile. Yet the *humour* is strong. In his solicitude to promote his son's satisfaction, he lets fall a sentiment truly characteristic, and which old men usually take great pains to conceal; I mean the acknowledgment of *that suspicious fear of contempt, which is natural to old age.* So true a picture of life in the representation of this *weakness*, might in other circumstances, have created some *pleasantry;* but the *occasion*, which forced it from him, discovering, at the same time, the *amiable disposition* of the speaker, covers the ridicule of it, or more properly converts it into an object of *esteem.*

HURD's *Dissertation on the several Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot help thinking that the latter part of this ingenious remark is rather too refined. If the *characteristic humour* of the passage is strong, the ridicule seems rather intended to be heightened by the comic turn of expression. The complections of men are so different, and the muscles of some are so much more easily relaxed into a smile than those of others, that it is difficult to pronounce exactly in what degree such a sober piece of pleasantry would act upon them. But there are many instances of passages of true humour, which do not immediately raise a laugh, or even provoke a smile: and it is sufficient if they are conceived in the same vein of pleasantry, that runs through the rest of the work. The stroke of character before us seems to me to be just in the same stile with that which this critic takes notice of, in the third act, and of which he says, that "it is an observation drawn naturally and forcibly from Laches; and this too without *design*; which is "important, and shews the distinction of what, in the more restrained sense "of the word, we call *humour*, from other modes of *pleasantry*."

(39) *How explain?*] *Quo pacto hoc aperiam?* This is the common reading, which Bentley and Madam Dacier convert to *operiam, how shall I* hide it? I see no occasion for any alteration. Pamphilus did not mean to divulge the secret; but in his present embarrassment he might easily be perplexed how to assign plausible reasons for his way of acting.

(40) *Take the child.*] According to law, the Male Children always followed the father. DONATUS.

(41) *When his own father abandons him, I educate him?*] *Quem ipse neglexit pater ego alam?* Donatus on this passage takes notice of a reading, which entirely changes the sense *Quem* ipsa *neglexit, pater;* where we have *ipsa* for *ipse*, and *Pater* is a vocative. "Shall I, father take care of a child, whom "the mother herself has abandoned?" But the other reading is certainly the best. It is full of passion, and is strongly descriptive of the situation of Pamphilus There is indeed an objection that may be offered, from a supposition, that this were betraying Philumena. But we are to imagine it a start of passion, and that Laches, totally ignorant of that secret, catches at the last words *Ego alam?* "I educate him?" which the actor might deliver with greater energy than the preceding. PATRICK.

(42) *But wou'd you have me present &c.*] Phidippus utters these words with an air of disinclination to be present at this conference; and the character

racters are well ſuſtained in this inſtance: for it would not become him to diſcourſe coolly with a courtezan whom he ſuppoſed to be the ſeducer of Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly adviſe ſuch a converſation, as conducive to the peace of both families. DONATUS.

(43) *Since he was married.*] *Me ſegregatum habuiſſe, uxorem ut duxit, a me Pamphilum.* How ſhall we reconcile this ſolemn proteſtation of Bacchis to a paſſage in the firſt act?

Ph. *Quid interea? ibatne ad Bacchidem?*

Par. *Cotidie.*

Ph. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?

Par. Every day.

Are we to ſuppoſe that Bacchis, who behaves ſo candidly in every other inſtance, wantonly perjures herſelf in this? or that the Poet, by a kind of infatuation ſtrangely attending him in this Comedy, flatly contradicts himſelf?

(44) *What others of my calling wou'd avoid.*] Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great ſucceſs. In this comedy he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good Step-Mother, and an honeſt courtezan; but at the ſame time he ſo carefully aſſigns their motives of action, that by him alone every thing ſeems reconcilable to truth and nature; for this is juſt the oppoſite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all poets, "to paint good matrons, and wicked "courtezans." DONATUS.

(45) *Go in; remove their doubts, &c.*] It is not unlikely that the method of bringing about the diſcovery by means of Bacchis going in to the family, gave Sir Richard Steele the hint of ſending Sealand to Indiana's lodgings for the ſame purpoſe. When we are profeſſedly imitating one part of an author, we naturally enough make uſe of other paſſages in his works; and, what inclines me the more to this conjecture, is that Steele makes exactly the ſame uſe of the Bracelet, as Terence does of the Ring, though the preſence of Iſabella rendered it not ſo neceſſary. Such an inconſiſtency might very poſſibly proceed from imitation.

(46) *Laches alone.*] This ſoliloquy ſeems to be rather idle and unneceſſary: but it is but juſtice to obſerve of this act in general, that the perplexity of the fable is very artfully increaſed, and that the incidents tending to the cataſtrophe are well contrived and moſt naturally introduced.

(47) *Run quick, &c.*] Parmeno is drawn as of a lazy and inquiſitive character. Terence therefore humourouſly contrives to keep him in continual employment and total ignorance. DONATUS.

(48) *Bacchis alone.*] The reſt of the argument is told in ſoliloquy. DONATUS. So much the worſe.

(49) *Prithee, my deareſt Pamphilus, &c.*] Terence ſtudies brevity: for in the Greek theſe things are acted, not related. DONATUS.

This is ſo curious a piece of information, communicated by Donatus, that I am ſurpriſed that no former editors or tranſlators have taken notice of it. If it means, that in the Greek the circumſtances of the cataſtrophe were thrown into action Terence may indeed have ſtudied brevity, but he has not much conſulted the entertainment of his audience. That this is the meaning of this paſſage in Donatus, I think is plain. The converſation, of which Bacchis here ſpeaks, muſt have taken place before the opening of the play; ſo that it can hardly be ſuppoſed to have been introduced as a ſcene in the original Greek: beſides, the note of Donatus immediately preceding ſeems to confirm this interpretation, as well as what he ſays ſoon after,

concluſit

concluſit narrationem fabulæ, more ſuo: ne hæc in futuro actu expectaremus. "He "has here concluded the ſtory of the fable, after his uſual manner: that we "may not expect theſe things to come out in a future act."

(50) *I told all this ſtory: whence 'twas diſcovered, &c.*] It is not ſufficient, oh thou writer of comedy! to have ſaid in your plan, "I will introduce a young man but weakly attached to a courtezan; he ſhall quit her; ſhall marry, and be fond of his wife; the wife ſhall be amiable, and her huſband promiſe himſelf a happy life with her. Moreover, he ſhall lie by her for two months without touching her, and yet ſhe ſhall prove with child. I muſt have a good Step-Mother, and a Courtezan of ſentiment. I cannot do without a rape; and I will ſuppoſe it to be committed in the ſtreet by a young man drunk."—Very well: Courage! Go on; huddle ſtrange circumſtances one upon another; I conſent to it. Your fable will be wonderful, to be ſure. But do not forget, that you muſt redeem all this *marvellous* in your plot by a multitude of common incidents that atone for it, and give it the air of probability. DIDEROT.

The above extract from Monſ. Diderot's Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry is a very elegant compliment to the genius of our poet, and the art diſplayed in the play before us. The outline of the fable is undoubtedly beautiful; but on the whole, I cannot think that outline ſo well filled as might be expected from the maſter-hand of Terence. There are many circumſtances happily contrived to create an agreeable perplexity, but in other parts of the piece there prevails an uncommon coldneſs and want of ſpirit. The ſame ingenious French critic has a very fine paſſage in the Eſſay above-mentioned. "Although," ſays he, "the quickneſs of the movement varies according "to the different ſpecies of the Drama, yet the action always proceeds. "It does not ſtop even between the acts. 'Tis a maſs looſened from the "top of a rock: its velocity increaſes in proportion to its deſcent; and it "bounds from place to place, according to the obſtacles which it meets "with in its way."—According to this compariſon, which is, I think, as juſt as it is beautiful, what ſhall we ſay to the firſt act of this comedy? Inſtead of a maſs falling from a rock, it ſeems an unweildy maſs, which can with difficulty be heaved from the ground: or, to change the alluſion, the Poet treats his fable, as the Savoyards do a clock-work figure, which they are obliged to wind up, before they can ſet it in motion.—And then of what does the laſt act conſiſt? All the materials, which ſhould compoſe it, are exhauſted in the interval ſuppoſed to paſs between that act and the fourth, a fault, which dramatic writers, of inferior genius to Terence, are very apt to fall into. But ſurely there cannot be an error more fatal to the cataſtrophe of a piece; nor any fault more fatal to the piece than an inanimate cataſtrophe: "for if," continues Monſieur Diderot, "the above com-"pariſon is juſt; if it is true that there will be ſo much leſs of diſcourſe as "there is more of action, there ought to be more dialogue than incident in "the former acts, and more incident than dialogue in the latter."

(51) *As in a Comedy.*] Terence here with reaſon endeavours to make the moſt of a circumſtance peculiar to his play. In other comedies, every body, actors as well as ſpectators, are at laſt equally acquainted with the whole intrigue and cataſtrophe; and it would even be a defect in the plot, were there any obſcurity remaining. But Terence, like a true Genius, makes himſelf ſuperior to Rule, adds new beauties to his piece by forſaking them. His reaſons for concealing from part of the perſonages of the Drama the principal incident of the plot, are ſo plauſible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending againſt manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the play. DACIER.——See the notes to the third act of this Comedy.

(52) *Clap*

(52) *Clap your hands!*] Terence had recourſe to the expedient of *double-plots*. And this, I ſuppoſe, is what gained him the reputation of being the moſt *artificial* writer for the ſtage. The Hecyra [The Step-Mother] is the only one of his comedies, of the true ancient caſt. And we know how it came off in the repreſentation. That ill ſucceſs and the ſimplicity of its conduct have continued to draw upon it the ſame unfavourable treatment from the critics, to this day; who conſtantly ſpeak of it, as much inferior to the reſt; whereas, for the genuine beauty of dramatic deſign, and the obſervance, after the ancient Greek manner, of the nice dependency and coherence of the *fable*, throughout, it is indiſputably, to every reader of true taſte, the moſt maſterly and exquiſite of the whole collection.

HURD's Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

Though I would not attempt to juſtify the town-critics of the days of Terence, who paſſed a ſentence of abſolute condemnation on this comedy, yet I cannot think that it failed merely for want of duplicity of intrigue; nor that the critics of Horace's time eſteemed Terence the moſt *artificial* writer for the ſtage, only becauſe he combined two ſtories into one. May we not, at this day, ſpeak of the *uncommon art* of Terence in the preparation of his incidents and conduct of his fable, without being ſuppoſed to imply a particular commendation of his *double plots?* and may we not allow the beauty of deſign in writing on a *ſingle plot*, and yet at the ſame time diſcover ſo many capital defects in the conduct of a particular piece, as may reduce it to a much lower ſtandard of merit than that of other comedies conſtructed on a leſs correct model? *Tous les genres*, ſays Monſ. Voltaire, *ſont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* For my part, I had much rather ſee or read the comedy of the Provoked Huſband, which ſo flagrantly tranſgreſſes the unity of action that it is almoſt two plays in one, than the cold production of any affected lover of ſimplicity, who on the ſole merit of a *ſingle plot*, tells a dull ſtory in a dull manner, without any intereſt of incident, ſtrength of character, or vivacity of dialogue. It is not the inſertion of an Epiſode that will enliven the fable; but the juſt delineation of character and proper conduct of the plot, ſimple or complicated, that gives it ſpirit. Monſ. Voltaire juſtly obſerved, in his letters on our nation, that the Love-Epiſode in Addiſon's Cato throws a languor on the whole piece. The Theatre affords a conſtant evidence of the ſame fact in Tate's alteration of King Lear; and to inſtance rather in Comedy, the Andrian of our Author would be much better without the ſtory of Charinus. Intereſting incidents, however, there muſt be: or inſipidity will enſue, unleſs the attention be diverted from examining the plot, by buffoonery; which is as vicious in the *manners*, of Comedy, as Pantomine changes in the *fable*. Terence, "whoſe taſte was abhorrent from ribaldry," has, I think, in this play ſuffered the *intereſt* of his piece to languiſh; and if there is any juſt obſervation in the preceding notes, there is a lameneſs, notwithſtanding the ſimplicity, in the conduct of the fable. The firſt act, being entirely conſumed in narration, is very inartificial, and what is ſtill worſe, redundant; the diſcovery of the main incident is made in the moſt unintereſting manner, by a long ſoliloquy in the third act; and the cataſtrophe itſelf is managed in the ſame cold manner, by another long ſoliloquy; the incidents, that ſhould have filled the fifth act, being injudiciouſly precluded by what is ſuppoſed to paſs in the preceding interval. In point of character alſo, The Step-Mother has much leſs merit than the reſt of our author's pieces. Laches and Phidippus are far inferior to Simo, Menedemus, Chremes, Micio, Demea, &c. nor is Pamphilus equal to the Pamphilus of the Andrian, or Phædria, or Æſchinus, &c. This play has by ſome critics been coupled with the Self-Tormentor for purity of ſtile and beauty of ſentiment. It is not void of thoſe graces, no more than it is wholly deſti-

tute of art in the conſtruction of the plot; but ſurely it poſſeſſes them in a much leſs eminent degree than the Self-Tormentor. Can the narration of Parmeno, not to dwell on its being needleſs, be compared with that of Menedemus? or with that of Simo in the Andrian? or that of Geta in the Phormio?—I have endeavoured to omit no opportunity of taking notice of the beautiful paſſages of this play; and I have indeed been more than ordinarily aſſiduous to point them out in order to ſhew, that in the moſt indifferent productions of a great author, there are ſome things worthy our attention and imitation. On the whole, however, I am ſorry to be obliged to differ once more from the learned and ingenious critic above cited: And I cannot help thinking it rather ſingular, that he, who every where maintains that *character* is the chief object of Comedy, ſhould yet ſeem to draw concluſions directly oppoſite to theſe premiſes; and not only prefer Terence (whoſe *artificial* fables rendered him popular) to all other Comic Dramatiſts, but alſo rank the Step-Mother, merely on account of "the nice de-"pendency and coherence of the *fable*," higher in merit than any other of his pieces, confeſſedly more rich in *character*. I muſt own that, ſo far from being able to acquieſce in the opinion, that "it is, indiſputably, to every "reader of true taſte, the moſt maſterly and exquiſite of the whole collec-"tion," I am, in this inſtance, much rather inclined to ſay with Volcatius,

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex iis fabula.

"The laſt, and leaſt in merit of the ſix."

Monſ. Diderot, ſo often mentioned in theſe notes, has given us two excellent ſerious Comedies, Le Fils Naturel, and Le Pere de Famille: in the conduct of the firſt, if I am not deceived, he ſeems to have kept his eye on the Step-Mother, and in the ſecond on The Brothers; and, in my opinion, he has gone as far beyond Terence in the Fils Naturel, as he has fallen ſhort of him in the Pere de Famille.

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

PHORMIO.

(1) *Acted at the Roman Sports.*] DONATUS says, "At the Megalesian Games:" but he is certainly wrong. For this comedy was played after the Eunuch had been brought on the stage, though in the very same year; it could not consequently be at the same festival on which the Eunuch was played, but some succeeding one. The Megalesian Games happened in April, and the Roman Spo ts in the month of September. DACIER.

(2) *Acted four times.*] FACTA QUARTO. The words *quarto* and *quartum* have afforded matter of much dispute. When Pompey was just about to consecrate the Temple of Victory, a difficulty arose how he should express his third Consulship; whether it should be *Consul tertio*, or *Consul tertium?* The learned men of Rome were divided in their opinions about it, and even Cicero left the question undecided; for in order to satisfy all parties, he directed it should be thus abbreviated, *Consul tert. Facta quarto* here can mean nothing else but that the Phormio was acted four times in one year, to distinguish its merit; and not, as Donatus interprets, that it was Terence's fourth play in order of composition. DACIER

(3) *The old Bard.*] Luscius Lavinius, the same mentioned in former prologues.

(4) *The characters are low, and mean the stile.*] *Tenui esse oratione, & scriptura levi.* The Poet here shews the want of judgment in the censures of the critic, who objects to him as a fault, what ought to be the chief excellence of comic stile. It is true indeed that Terence was in this instance held inferior to Menander; and condemned for using less sublime language than his original: from which censure he here endeavours to vindicate himself by saying, that such a raised stile rather belonged to the province of Tragedy.

DONATUS.

The opinion of Donatus on this paſſage is pretty clear from the above note: yet this line has created much diſpute among commentators. The learned author of the Notes on the Art of Poetry almoſt directly contradicts Donatus, and ſays, "The ſenſe of this paſſage is not as commentators have "idly thought, *that his ſtyle was low and trifling*, for this could never be pre- "tended, but *that his dialogue was inſipid, and his characters, and in general his* "*whole compoſition*, WITHOUT THAT COMIC HEIGHTENING, *which their vi-* "*tiated taſtes required.*" Whoever conſults the whole context, I think, muſt accede to the interpretation of Donatus, rather than that of the Annotator upon Horace. The objection of Lavinius to the plays of Terence was not *that they were without that comic heightening, &c.* but, that the Poet did not aſpire to the Tragic Sublime. The next line puts it beyond doubt. *Becauſe he ne'er deſcribed, &c.* All which circumſtances, ſays Donatus, are tragical, and would be vicious in comedy.

In a note to the Andrian on the lines

Non ita diſſimili ſunt argumento ſed tamen
Diſſimili oratione ſunt factæ, ac ſtilo.

Donatus gives this explanation. Orationem *in ſententiis dicunt eſſe* ſtilum *in verbis*, argumentum *in rebus*.—"*Oratio* refers to the ſentiments, *ſtilus* to the "diction, and *argumentum* to the plot." Agreeably to this interpretation I rendered that paſſage

——————————— In argument
Leſs different, than in ſentiment, and ſtile.

But here the inſtance immediately ſubjoined ſeeming to point out the word *Oratione* as referring to Character, as *Scriptura* relates to the language, I have tranſlated the verſe according to that idea.

(5) *A mad-brain'd youth.*] This verſe illuſtrates the foregoing; for here the Poet gives us a ſpecimen of his rival's genius and taſte. He was fond of introducing characters extravagant, unnatural, and overſtrained: hence the language muſt be of a piece, impetuous, turbulent, full of rant and affectation. No wonder therefore if he could not reliſh the compoſitions of our poet whoſe characters are drawn from nature, and the language ſuitably artleſs and ſimple. PATRICK.

(6) *Epidicazomenos.*] A Greek word, [Επιδικαζομενος] ſignifying a perſon who demands juſtice of another; meaning Phormio, who is the plaintiff in the Law-ſuit, which is the ground of the intrigue in this pleaſant comedy.

(7) *The ſame ill fortune now, &c.*] Alluding, as is generally ſuppoſed, to the diſturbances on the firſt attempts to repreſent the Step-Mother.

(8) *Davus alone.*] Terence here follows the ſame method, that he purſues in ſome other of his comedies, of introducing a Protatic perſonage, that is, a character foreign to the fable; that, while the ſtory is opened to him, the audience may be informed of as much as is neceſſary for them to know. But although this ſcene is introduced merely for the inſtruction of the ſpectator, yet the Poet has contrived to ſeaſon it with a great deal of wit and humour; and indeed that is the higheſt pitch of dramatic art, to ſeem to intend nothing but the amuſement of the ſpectator, and to carry on the plot, while you are actually endeavouring to prepare them for the incidents that are to follow. DONATUS

I have already more than once delivered my opinion concerning the Protatic

tatic perſonage. The ſcene before us is indeed moſt exquiſitely beautiful, and ſo admirable a model of narration, that it gives one pain to make the ſlightest objection to it. But I cannot help thinking that the Trinummus of Plautus, a comedy which has ſome ſimilarity to this of our author, is opened with more art and vivacity. Davus is rather idly introduced, brings money to no end, and hears the ſtory to no purpoſe. In the Andrian, Simo has ſome ſort of excuſe for opening the myſtery of his conduct to Sofia, as he belongs to the family, and it was propoſed to make uſe of his aſſiſtance. But Davus has ſo very little relation to the parties concerned, that we do not know whoſe ſervant he is; nor does he take any part in the ſucceeding events. In the Trinummus, on the contrary, an old gentleman, who thinks the conduct of his friend reprehenſible, comes to chide him for his behaviour; and the perſon accuſed, in his own vindication, explains himſelf at once to his angry monitor and to the ſpectators. This character alſo is not merely introduced as a Protatic perſonage, but acts afterwards in concert with his friend.

(9) *Geta, my worthy friend and countryman.*] *Amicus ſummus meus & popularis Geta. Popularis* properly ſignifies one of the ſame town; and though not born in it, a perſon who has been regiſtered with the inhabitants. The very names Davus and Geta plainly prove they could not be *countrymen* in the ſtrict ſenſe and meaning of that word. DACIER.

(10) *What he ſcarce, ounce by ounce, &c.*] *Quod ille unciatim, &c.* Theſe verſes are extremely fine and elaborate, and make an exact climax, almoſt every word, as Donatus has obſerved, having a conſiderable emphaſis and energy; the touches are ſtrong, forcible, and natural. The images of poverty and diſtreſs are greatly heightened by the contraſt which immediately follows. DACIER.

(11) *From ſhort allowance.*] *E demenſo ſuo. Demenſum* was a meaſure of corn, containing, as is commonly ſuppoſed, four buſhels, which was delivered out to the ſlaves monthly, as their allowance. DONATUS.

(12) *Shall be* STRUCK *for more.*] FERIETUR *alio munere.* Here the familiar Latin phraſe exactly anſwers to the Engliſh one.

(13) *And they initiate him.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of Initiation among the antients, of which there were ſeveral kinds. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes it to ſignify their being initiated in the grand myſteries of Ceres, which was commonly done, while they were yet very young. PATRICK.

(14) *My angry Genius for my ſins ordain'd it.*] The antients had a perſuaſion that each man had a Genius or Guardian Deity, and that when he fell into any misfortune, or was guilty of any crime, it was becauſe his Genius had abandoned him. PATRICK.

(15) *To kick againſt the pricks.*] *Adverſum ſtimulum calces.* To kick againſt the pricks.—Originally an old Greek proverb, Προς τα κεντρα λακτιζειν.—προς κεντρα κωλον τελλειν.——So our Saviour, (Acts, chap. ix. v. 5.) *it is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks.* WESTERHOVIUS.

(16) *Made your market.*] *Sciſti uti foro.* An alluſion to merchants, who fix the price of commodities in proportion to the demand there is for them.

(17) *To lead her out to ſchool.*] Muſic-Schools, where the Slave-merchants ſent their girls to attain accompliſhments, which might enhance their price. COOKE.

(18) *A Barber's ſhop.*] Barbers ſhops in Athens and Rome were places of public reſort for converſation, much of the nature of our Coffee-houſes. PATRICK.

(19) *Came a young man in tears.*] In Apollodorus this young man is no other than the Barber himſelf, who was juſt returned from cutting off the

WOMAN'S

woman's hair, which was one of the usual ceremonies of mourning among the Greeks. This circumstance Terence has judiciously altered, that he might not shock the Roman spectators with manners so very foreign to their own. DONATUS.

(20) *Lamenting her dead mother.*] The Poet has managed this part of the narration with so much address that we are not so much affected at the death of the mother, as at the distress of the beautiful virgin: especially as we find in the catastrophe, that the death of this woman gives the poet a better opportunity of establishing the general happiness. DONATUS.

(21) *Gentleman-Usher to the Musick Girl.*] *Quid Pædagogus ille.* The servants who attended children to and from school were by the Greeks called Pedagogues. Socrates was satirically called the Pedagogue of Alcibiades: and Davus humourously applies this name to Phædria, who as Geta had told him, attended the girl to and from the music-school. DACIER.

(22) *And give it Dorcium.*] *Da hoc Dorcio.—Dorcio* from Dorcium, the name of a woman, as Planesium, Glycerium. DONATUS.

(23) *Defend myself? Impossible!*] *Purgem me? Laterem lavem.—Laterem lavare*, "to wash a brick," was a proverb, signifying to labour in vain.

(24) *Wherefore ev'ry man, &c.*] *Quamobrem omnes, &c.* This passage is quoted by Tully in the third book of his Tusculan Questions, and the maxim contained in these lines was a favourite principle among the Stoicks. But I cannot help thinking that the introduction of it in this place has commonly been considered too seriously; and I have scarce any doubt but that Terence intended it as a stroke of character. Commentators in general, are never so happy as when they light upon a sentence in a classic author which they can extol as a lesson of sound morality: but in dramatic writings we are not merely to confine ourselves to the consideration of what is said, but who says it. Donatus, in his preface to this play, says "that it is founded on passions "almost too high for comedy; but that the Poet contrives to temper every "circumstance by his art." In the present instance, the old gentleman is indeed in a violent passion, but his anger is so managed throughout the scene, that it becomes truly comic: And Donatus very properly refers us to a similar passage in the Brothers, where Demea in like manner delivers moral precepts, which are in like manner turned into ridicule, and archly parodied by the impudent slave.

(25) *Give her, according to the law, a portion?*] By this proposal Terence artfully prepares us for the imposition of Phormio, who extorts money from the old gentleman on this very foundation. DONATUS.

(26) *Who wou'd advance him money in your life?*] Alexander ab Alexandro, Genial. Dier. L. I. takes notice of an antient decree of Senate, derived to the Romans from a law of Solon, in which, in order to provide against young men borrowing money during the life of their fathers, it was ordained that in case of non-payment, the lender should have no remedy at law. The mischief meant to be guarded against by this decree was that left the sons of rich men, being involved in debt, should be tempted to extricate themselves by dishonourable means, or even to hasten the death of a parent.

WESTERHOVIUS. PATRICK.

(27) *The girl's Patron.*] *Ipsum Patronum mulieris.* They who undertook to carry on a law-suit for another were called *Patroni*, Patrons.

(28) *I'll home and thank the Gods for my return.*] It was the custom for those returning from a voyage or journey to give thanks in a formal manner to the Gods, even before they saw their wives or friends. And every citizen had at home Household Gods (usually called *Penates*, *Domestici*, or *Lares*) which

which he and his family worſhipped in private, and conſidered as the particular guardians of the family. WESTERHOVIUS

(29) *And Antipho, you ſay, &c.*] It is ſaid that this play being once rehearſed before Terence and ſome of his moſt intimate acquaintance, Ambivius, who acted the part of Phormio, came in drunk, which threw the author into a violent paſſion: but Ambivius had ſcarce repeated a few lines, ſtammering, and ſcratching his head, before Terence became pacified declaring that when he was writing thoſe very lines, he abſolutely had juſt ſuch a paraſite, as Ambivius then repreſented, in his thoughts. DONATUS.

(30) *Turn'd upon me.*] In this ſcene Terence exhibits the lower order of Paraſites, who ingratiated themſelves by ſharping and roguery; as in the Eunuch he deſcribes the Paraſites of a higher rank, and of a newer ſpecies, who obtained their ends by flattery DONATUS

(31) *End in the ſtocks at laſt.*] *In nervum erumpat denique.* Several interpretations are given of theſe words. By ſome *in nervum erumpere* is ſuppoſed to allude to the drawing of a bow till the ſtring break: but the phraſe is more generally ſuppoſed in this place to imply ſome corporal puniſhment inflicted on malefactors. *Quia ſæpe* in nervum conjiciebantur, *ex aliquo maleficio in carcerem miſſi*, ſays Donatus. Weſterhovius explains this paſſage thus: *Eſt autem* Nervus *vinculi lignei genus, in quod pedes conjecti arctantur*; which is a pretty exact deſcription of the ſtocks

(32) *They'll ſeize my perſon.*] *Ducent damnatum domum* Literally they will lead me condemned home. For, as Donatus obſerves on this paſſage, Inſolvent Debtors were by the law made over as ſlaves to their creditors

(33) *You at free coſt, &c.*] This paſſage is not taken from Apollodorus, but from the ſixth book of the ſatires of Ennius.

Quippe ſine cura, lætus, lautus, cum advenis,
Infertis malis, expedito brachio,
Alacer, celſus, lupino expectans impetu,
Mox dum alterius abligurias bona: quid
Cenſes Dominis eſſe animi? proh divum fides!
Ille triſtis cibum dum ſervat, tu ridens voras.

Gay, void of care, anointed when you come,
With ſmacking jaw, and arm prepar'd to carve,
Keen, eager, and impatient as the wolf,
Expecting every moment to fall on,
And gorge yourſelf at his expence; what, think you,
Poſſeſſes then the maſter's mind? Good heaven!
He ſits and with a melancholy air
Broods o'er the feaſt, which laughing you devour.
DONATUS.

(34) *A doubtful Banquet.*] *Cæna dubia.* Phormio explains this expreſſion himſelf. Horace, who takes frequent opportunities of imitating our author, has adopted this phraſe.

(35) *I've forgot the name.*] In the Trinummus of Plautus, where a ſharper is employed, like Phormio, to carry on an impoſture, He in like manner forgets the name of the perſon from whom he pretends to come; and what renders the circumſtance ſtill more pleaſant is, that he happens to be engaged in converſation with the very perſon himſelf. The Trinummus, taken all together, is, I think, inferior to this play of our author; but there are in it ſome ſcenes of uncommon pleaſantry.

(36) *Becauſe*

(36) *Because You're Lord alone.*] *Quandoquidem solus regnas.* An invidious sneer; because in Athens, where the people were tenacious of liberty and the laws, arbitrary acts were particularly odious. Thus Sannio in the Brothers; *Regnumne Æschine, hic tu possides?* "Do you reign King here, Æschinus?" DONATUS.

(37) *I'm more uncertain now than I was before.*] I believe there is no scene of Comedy more highly seasoned with the *Ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comic, and it is worked up with all that simplicity and chastity, so peculiar to the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himself in twenty little conceits on this occasion; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely surpasses, as true humour, all the drolleries, which perhaps even those great masters of Comedy, Plautus or Moliere, might have been tempted to throw out. It is the highest art of a Dramatic Author on some occasions to leave a good deal to the Actor. It has been remarked by Heinsius and others, that Terence was particularly attentive to this circumstance; and Donatus in his preface to this Comedy says, that it is *tota diverbiis facetissimis, et gestum desiderantibus scenicum.*

(38) *But here he comes in time.*] *Sed eccum ipsum video in tempore huc se recipere.* Here, in all the common books, ends the second act: and the scenes that make up the residue of it here, in them compose the third. Madam Dacier saw the absurdity, but follows the old division, arbitrarily omitting the above line, in order to break the palpable continuity of the scenes; and make the stage appear to be vacant. But the line in question is in all the copies; nor is it likely that in so busy a play, the author would have devoted a whole act to the Episode of Phædria and his Music-Girl. The division of the acts in this play is so extremely confused in all the books I have seen, that I have varied from them all. I have endeavoured to find out the natural rests or pauses in the action, and to divide the acts in such manner, as to assign particular business to each. See the first note to Act V.

(39) *From his old school.*] *Ab sua Palæstra.—Palæstra* was properly the School of Gymnastic Exercises for the Græcian youth. Geta therefore, in allusion to that, pleasantly calls the Procurer's house the *palæstra* of Phædria, much in the same vein of humour that he used in talking of him at the opening of the play.

(40) *This pimp, I fear, will work himself no good.*] *Metuo lenonem, nequid sua sponte sapiat.* This passage has much puzzled the commentators. I have followed Madam Dacier, though I do not think that her interpretation of the passage, or any other comment that I have seen, makes very good sense of it.

(41) *I have a wolf by the ears.*] *Auribus teneo lupum.* A proverb; the meaning of which is explained in the next line.

(42) *Let's to him quickly then!*] After this, in some books, is inserted a speech of Phædria; *Abi, dic, præsto ut sit domi.* "Go, tell him to be at "home." But it confounds the sense in this place, and it is plain that Phædria and Geta go out together.

(43) *Put spoke myself, &c.*] *Ut me excutiam.* Alluding to the manners of the Greek and Eastern nations, who always shook their cloaths at the doors of the houses that they abandoned. DACIER.

(44) *A Great Talent.*] *Talentum Magnum.* Among the ancient writers we meet sometimes with the word *Talent* simply; sometimes it is called *A Great Talent;* and sometimes an *Attick Talent;* which all import the same, when to be understood of Grecian money. PATRICK.

(45) *Let him bring a thousand writs, &c.*] *Sescentas scribito jam mihi dicas.* Donatus observes on this passage that *Six Hundred* was used by the Romans for

for an indefinite number, as *Ten Thousand* was among the Greeks; wherefore Terence, according to the different genius of the two languages, renders the *μυριας* of Apollodorus by *sexcentas*. I have in like manner rendered the *sexcentas* of Terence by *a Thousand*, as being most agreeable to the English idiom.

(46) *Commit it to this fellow.*] *Huic mandes, quod quidem recte curatum velis.* In some editions and manuscripts we read, instead of this verse, *Huic mandes, qui te ad scopulum e tranquillo inferat.*—But the most judicious critics have rejected it as spurious. PATRICK.

(47) *I'm thinking where I shall find, &c.*] This is intended as a transition to the next scene; but I think it would have been better if it had followed without this kind of introduction. The scene itself is admirable, and is in many places both affecting and comic, and the discovery of the real character of Phanium is made at a very proper time.

(48) *My daughter's nurse.*] Among the ancients the nurses, after having brought up children of their own sex, never quitted them; which is the reason that in their plays nurses are most generally chosen for confidantes. ROUSSEAU'S EMILE.

(49) *Shoot not beyond the mark.*] *Ita fugias ne præter casum.* Literally, "Fly so, as not to pass the house." Commentators have been pleased to consider this as the most difficult passage in any part of our author's works. But the occasion on which the proverb is here used, and the whole tenor of Demipho's speech, make the import of it impossible to be mistaken: Donatus long ago properly explained it, *Queritur senex se, dum avari infamiam fugeret, in stulti reprehensionem incidisse.*—"The old man complains, that "while he was endeavouring to avoid the charge of being a miser, he had "laid himself open to the imputation of being a fool."

(50) *You've only changed hands, Geta.*] *Vorsura solvere*, to change one creditor for another. DONATUS.

(51) *You're quite beset.*] *Plagæ crescunt. Plagæ* is generally understood here to signify *blows*: but as Geta is full of metaphors in this speech, I am apt to think the words mean "the snares increase," which agrees better with the following clause, *nisi prospicis*, and is a sense in which the plural of *plaga* is often used.

(52) *Conference with Nausistrata.*] *Ejus orationem. Ejus* here is not to be understood of Phormio, but Nausistrata: and perhaps Terence wrote *hujus*.

(53) *As with you cash, &c.*] Alluding to the money borrowed of her to pay Phormio; and, as Donatus observes in another place, it is admirably contrived, in order to bring about a humourous catastrophe, that Chremes should make use of his wife's money on this occasion.

(54) *Exit Nausistrata.*] The perplexed situation of the characters in this scene is truly comic.

(55) *O Fortune, O best Fortune, &c.*] *O Fortuna! O Fors Fortuna! Fortuna* signied simply chance; but *Fors Fortuna* meant Good Fortune, and there was a Temple to this Goddess near the Tiber. DONATUS.

(56) *The women's lodging.*] *Gynæceum*; from the Greek *γυναικειον, οικημα* understood. The Gynæceum was an interior part of the house appropriated to the women. WESTERHOVIUS.

(57) *Antipho. I have heard something, &c.*] In all the editions which I have seen, Bentley's excepted, this speech is put into Phormio's mouth: but that learned critic tells us it is attributed to Antipho in a copy at Cambridge. I am sure it is very improper for Phormio, who had just before said,

Nonsense! as if she did not know her father! COOKE.

(58) *Away with me then instantly! d'ye linger?*] *Quin ergo rape me. Cessas?* Antipho is so rejoiced at Geta's news, that he jumps upon his shoulders, and is carried off in triumph. This was a sort of stage-trick, and was extremely diverting to the audience. DACIER.

I believe Madam Dacier has not the least foundation for this extraordinary piece of information; and I must confess that I have too high an opinion both of the Roman Audience and Actors to believe it to be true.

(59) *I'm overjoy'd, &c.*] *Gaudeo, &c.* Pro *gaudeo* Guyetus *Plaudite:* et scenas sequentes spurias esse pronuntiat; neminemque, *siquidem sanus fuerit* a se dissensurum putat. Credasne hunc hominem sanæ tum mentis fuisse, cum hæc effutiret? certe ad Anticyras relegandus tum erat; non nunc argumentis refutandus. Nihil in toto Terentio sequentibus scenis pulchrius, venustius, urbanius, moratius: sine quibus reliqua fabula, quæ nulli cedit, ex fulgore in fumum exiret. BENTLEY.

See the last note to the fifth act.

(60) ACT V.] I have divided what is commonly received as the fifth act into two, nor is there any other way of removing the flagrant absurdity in the old division of this play, except doing the same thing by the first act, which is the method followed by Echard, who in his translation concludes the first act with the parting of Davus and Geta; and it must not be dissembled, that Donatus lays out the play in the same manner. But in a comedy so full of action *(tota motoria*, as Donatus calls it) it is surely needless to make the first act consist entirely of narration, like the meagre Step-Mother. In the division here observed, I have endeavoured to assign a particular portion of the business of the play to each act. The first contains the previous circumstances related by Geta, and the return of Demipho. The second contains the conference of Phormio and Demipho, the consultation of the lawyers, and the altercation between Dorio and Phædria. In the third act, as it ought, the situation of affairs becomes more critical: Chremes returns; we find that the old gentleman had particular reasons to be uneasy at the marriage of Antipho; this naturally paves the way for their being bubbled by Phormio and Geta; and the act closes with the discovery of Phanium by Chremes. The fourth act communicates that discovery, in a very pleasant manner, to Demipho, and by another way, equally entertaining, to Geta, Phormio, &c. The fifth contains the endeavour of the old men to recover their money, which effort very naturally produces the catastrophe, that betrays the whole secret to all the parties interested in the event. I hope it is needless to observe, that Phormio's retiring in order to wait for the coming forth of the old men, leaves the stage vacant, where I have ended the fourth act, and forms a proper interval between that act and the fifth.

(61) *Has not she, as I said, a liberal air?*] One cannot conceive any thing more happy or just than these words of Chremes. Demipho's thoughts are wholly taken up how to recover the money, and Phormio is equally sollicitous to retain it; but Chremes, who had just left his daughter, is regardless of their discourse, and, fresh from the impressions which she had made on him, longs to know if his brother's sentiments of her were equally favourable, and naturally puts this paternal question to him. PATRICK.

(62) *Give an order for the repayment, &c.*] *Argentum jube rursum rescribi. Scribere, rescribere, prescribere*, were technical terms in use among merchants and bankers: *scribere* is, to borrow money; *rescribere*, to repay it; *prescribere*, to employ it on your own occasions. And all these dealings were carried on then, as they are now, with us, by draughts, bills of exchange, &c. BAETH.

(63) *I've*

(63) *I've some with portions too.*] *Etiam dotatis solet.* Donatus explains these words, as alluding to Nausistrata; others suppose that Phormio confines his thoughts to no particular instance; but I think it is plain from the sequel, as well as the general tenor of the scene, that Phormio still keeps Phanium in his eye; and expresses himself obscurely in this place, because the old men were not yet aware of the intelligence he had received on that head, though every subsequent speech leads gradually to an explanation, tends to create an open rupture between him and the old gentlemen, and brings on the final discovery to Nausistrata.

(64) *What shall be carry off, &c.*] The different characters of the two brothers are admirably preserved throughout this scene. Chremes stands greatly in awe of his wife, and will submit to any thing, rather than the story should come to her ears: But Demipho cannot brook the thoughts of losing so much money, and encourages his brother to behave with spirit and resolution, promising to make up matters between him and his wife. PATRICK.

(65) *They're growing desperate, &c.*] *Hi gladiatorio animo ad me affectant viam.* Alluding to the Gladiators.

(66) *Run you, and hold him, while I call the servants.*] In consequence of this line, most of the translations introduce the servants here; but I think the scuffle between Phormio and the old men would be much more comic in the representation without the intervention of servants: And it is remarkable that Phormio addresses himself solely to Demipho and Chremes, and that the imperatives used by themselves also, are all in the singular number; and may therefore most naturally be supposed to be addressed to each other, while in conflict with Phormio, without the aid of servants—*Rape hunc—Os opprime—Pugnos in ventrem ingere, &c.*

(67) *Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, &c.*] This is commonly translated, "that it is no wonder, that you defend your brother:" but it is a mere insulting speech of Phormio, alluding to the miserable condition to which Chremes was reduced by Demipho's advice. Thus, in the foregoing scene, Phormio says much in the same spirit,

> ——But, Demipho,
> You have but ill consulted for your brother,
> To urge me to extremities.——

(68) *Whoever would attend, &c.*] *Exsequias Chremeti, &c.* What creates the drollery of this speech is, that Phormio here makes use of the same terms, which it was customary to use at the proclamation of funerals—*L. Titio exsequias ire cui commodum est, jam tempus est, ollus defertur.*

(69) *Fall a victim.*] *Mactatum infortunio.* There is an elegant humour in the combination of these words; *mactatum* being a term used at sacrifices.

(70) *Farewell, clap your hands!*] These three last scenes [the same that compose the fifth act in this translation] are perhaps the most beautiful of any in the Phormio; yet Guyetus has declared such a cruel war against them, that he cuts them off at one stroke, without giving quarter to so much as a single verse: but it is impossible not to say, that this is rather the disgust of a sick man, than the wholesome delicacy of a judicious critic. DACIER.

This remark of Madam Dacier is as just as it is elegant, and the false delicacy of Guyetus is as inconsistent as it is ill founded. For if he considered these scenes as superfluous, those, which here compose the fourth act, are superfluous also; and the play should end with the interview between Chremes and Sophrona; for when Phanium is discovered to be his daughter, nobody

can doubt of her being permitted to remain the wife of Antipho, since it is the very thing which the two old gentlemen were labouring to bring about. But the truth is, that Terence in this play has displayed an address something similar to that observed by Monsr. Diderot in the Self-Tormentor; for tho' Chremes has discovered his daughter himself, yet he is particularly anxious to conceal that incident from every personage in the comedy, except Demipho; and the gradual unfolding that circumstance to all the other characters of the play, gives the poet an opportunity of continuing his piece with all that humour and pleasantry, with which we see he has accomplished it: and his uncommon art in thus adding to the interest of his comedy, instead of suffering it to languish, after so important a discovery, is worthy our particular observation. These scenes have indeed generally procured our poet the approbation of the severest critics. Bentley, in the last note to the fourth act, speaks of them in the handsomest terms, and is so far from endeavouring to bring them within "the proscribing book," that he declares Guyetus to be an absolute madman for his unmerciful sentence of amputation.

But though there are few readers, who would not on this occasion concur in the opinion of Bentley and Dacier, yet I do not think that this comedy has in general received the encomiums it deserves. The plot indeed, being *double*, is so far faulty; and the story of Phanium and Antipho would certainly of itself afford sufficient materials for a comedy, without the episode of Phœdria and the music-girl. It must however be acknowledged that, allowing that episode, the construction of the fable is extremely artful, and contains a vivacity of intrigue, perhaps even superior to that of the Eunuch, particularly in the Catastrophe. The diction is pure and elegant, and the first act as chastely written as that of the Self-Tormentor itself. The character of Phormio is, as Donatus has observed, finely separated from that of Gnatho, and is, I think, better drawn than that of any Parasite in Plautus. Nausistrata is a lively sketch of a shrewish wife, as well as Chremes an excellent draught of an hen-pecked husband, and more in the stile of the modern drama than perhaps any character in antient comedy, except the Miser of Plautus. On the whole, if Terence copied as closely from his original in this play, as he is supposed to have done in the four which he drew from Menander, it must give us no mean opinion of the dramatic merits of Apollodorus.

Moliere has given us a contemptible travestie of this excellent comedy in his miserable farce of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, "The cheats of Scapin." It would be too injurious to the memories both of Terence and Moliere to enter into any particular comparison between the two pieces. I shall therefore conclude these notes with the well-known lines of Boileau.

Etudiez la cour, et connoissez la ville:
L'une & l'autre est toujours en modeles fertile.
C'est par la que Moliere, illustrant ses ecrits,
Peut-etre de son Art eut remporté le prix;
Si moins ami du peuple, en ses doctes peintures,
Il n'eut point fait souvent grimacer ses figures;
Quitte pour le bouffon, l'agreable & le fin,
Et sans honte a Terence allie Tabarin.
Dans ce sac ridicule, ou Scapin s'envelope,
Je ne reconnois plus l'Auteur du Misanthrope.

ART POETIQUE, *Chant troisieme.*

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